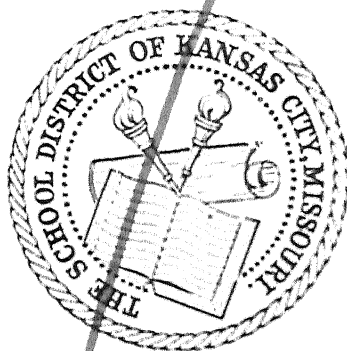


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A SUPPLEMENT
TO
DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS.

VOL. II.

A SUPPLEMENT



TO

DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS.

EDITED BY

THOMAS AMYOT, J. PAYNE COLLIER, W. DURRANT COOPER,
REV. A. DYCE, BARRON FIELD, J. O. HALLIWELL,
AND THOMAS WRIGHT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. II.

COVENTRY MYSTERIES.

MARRIAGE OF WIT AND WISDOM

MORAL PLAY OF WIT AND SCIENCE.

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INTRODUCTION.

THREE complete collections of ancient English mysteries have descended to modern times, or rather are now known to be preserved, which are generally distinguished by the titles of the Chester, the Townley, and the Coventry Mysteries; and, with the exception of a few detached pieces of far inferior importance, we derive nearly all our actual knowledge of the early English drama from these series of plays, which have been long known to every one interested in this class of literary pursuits, as some of the most curious and valuable relics of bygone times; not merely as important records of our early stage, but also as illustrating, in a very interesting manner, the customs, language, and manners of the periods to which they belong. The only one of these series (which is, perhaps, the most important of all), that has yet been printed, is the Townley, which was published by the Surtees Society, with a very interesting and learned preface by Mr. Hunter. The Coventry is contained in the following volume; and the Chester, so ably commented upon by Mr. Markland, a gentleman to whom belongs the distinction of being the first in recent times to direct public

attention to these researches, has already been under the consideration of the Council of the Society under whose auspices the present volume is produced.*

Mr. Collier, in the second volume of his excellent *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, has carefully analyzed the *Coventry Mysteries*, with occasional notices of resemblances or dissimilarities in the method in which the same subjects are treated in the other collections. It will, therefore, be unnecessary for me in this place to enter on the general question of the chain in the evidence of dramatic history which these mysteries afford.

The *Coventry Mysteries* are contained in a quarto volume, the principal part of which was written in the year 1468, now preserved in the Cottonian collection of manuscripts, under the press-mark *Vespas. D. viii.* The date of the MS. is ascertained from the verso of fol. 100, a fac-simile of which page will be found at the commencement of this work. The history of the manuscript is unfortunately wrapped in obscurity, and it cannot be distinctly traced back to those who are presumed to have been its former possessors — the Grey Friars of Coventry. The principal authority for its appropriation to this body is contained in the following memorandum on the fly-leaf of the manuscript in the hand-writing of Dr. Richard James, librarian to Sir

* I am not without hopes of one or two more collections turning up. In MS. Addit. 4791, fol. 157, is given a list of the plays represented at Dublin on Corpus Christi day, 1468, which differs materially from the contents of any known series. The play of the "Sacrifice of Abraham," in Trinity College, Dublin, may be one of these. It has been printed by Mr. Collier.

Robert Cotton:—"Contenta Novi Testamenti scenice expressa et actitata olim per monachos sive fratres mendicantes: vulgo dicitur hic liber Ludus Coventriæ, sive Ludus Corporis Christi: scribitur metris Anglicanis." The MS. was previously in the possession of Robert Hegge of Christ Church, Oxford, who died in 1629,* and was, most probably, purchased by James about that time for Cotton, as it appears from a letter in the same library† that James was engaged about that period at Oxford in procuring manuscripts for his patron.

James, in his MS. collections in the Bodleian, does not notice the MS. of the Ludus Coventriæ, and I have been unsuccessful in endeavouring to trace either the destination of Hegge's library, or the authority for James's assertion that this volume was commonly (vulgo dicitur) known under the above title.‡ That it was so, there cannot, I imagine, be the slightest doubt, for what object could James—a man who was, most probably, uninterested about the subject of the manuscript, and

* Wood's *Athenæ*, by Bliss, vol. ii., p. 458. Hegge does not allude to the MS. in any of his writings.

† MS. Cotton. Julius, C. iii., fol. 193. James was then resident at Oxford.

‡ In the old catalogue of the Cottonian library, commenced in the year 1621, in MS. Harl. 6018, there is no notice of the present MS. I find, however, in a list of books "lent out of my study befor this 23 Aprill, 1621," an entry which may be interesting to the reader: "Ælfricus Grammar Saxon to Ben: Jonson." This was doubtlessly "the most ancient grammar written in the Saxon tongue and character," which Kynaston saw in his hands. See Gifford's *Jonson*, vol. ix., p. 254.

inserted the account above given as Cotton's librarian, according to his usual custom—have had in making a misrepresentation? It must be remembered, also, that the last leaf, or, perhaps, the last few leaves, are now deficient, and there is no improbability in the conjecture that these may not have been lost when James wrote his description, and that a colophon supplied him with his information.

Robert Hegge has given us his autograph in two places, and in both added the cognomen of “Dunelmensis.” On this account, some writers have conjectured that the volume originally came from Durham; but this supposition is not supported by any evidence and very little probability. The principal mark of dialect which the *Mysteries* contain, viz., *x* for *sh* in such words as *xal*, *xulde*, &c., belong to that part of the country in which Coventry is situated.

If, then, we have not complete and absolute evidence that *Ludus Coventriæ* is the proper title of these *Mysteries*, yet the probabilities are greatly in favour of the correctness of this appellation, and no urgent reasons have been given for any different conclusion. By this name, at all events, the MS. has been known since the time of Dr. James, who died in 1639.

The external evidence is also greatly in favour of the claim of Coventry to these plays. Coventry was a place formerly famous for the performance of its *Corpus Christi* plays by the Grey Friars, in the same manner as Chester was for the performances of its trading companies. Mr. Sharp's *Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries*, 4to., Cov. 1816, contains a most curious and valuable collec-

tion of information* relative to the plays once performed there, and the manner in which the actors were dressed. In 1456, Queen Margaret was at Coventry, when she saw “alle the pagentes pleyde save domesday, which might not be pleyde for lak of day.” Even as late as 1575, “certain good harted men of Coventree” had the honour of performing before Queen Elizabeth in the celebrated entertainment at Kenilworth, and gained considerable applause.† And Heywood, in a passage which has been frequently quoted, alludes to the devil as a famous character in the old Coventry mysteries:—

“ For as good happe wolde have it chaunce,
Thys devyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce;
For oft, in the play of Corpus Christi,
He hath played the devyll at Coventry.”‡

The Coventry Mysteries attracted the attention of the antiquary, Dugdale, at an early period, and he has given us the following curious and important account of them:—

“ Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants that were play’d therein, upon Corpus-Christi day; which occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and

* Collected from the records of the corporation. Mr. Sharp has also printed a Coventry play of a later date, which does not contain the dialectical peculiarity mentioned above.

† Laneham’s Letter, 12mo. Lond. 1575, p. 32.

‡ *Playe called the foure P P.* sig. d. ii. Sharp has given us many particulars relative to this character. See also Collier’s *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 262-266.

near, was of no small benefit therto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friers of this house, had theaters for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators: and contain'd the story of the New-Testament, composed into old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. [in bibl. Cotton. sub effigie Vesp. D. 9.] intituled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventriæ*. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eye-witnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city." * — *Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire*, fol. Lond. 1656, p. 116, col. 1.

I scarcely think, however, that this notice of the

* The reader will not perhaps be displeased to see this passage as it stands in the original MS. of Dugdale's work:—"Before the suppression of the monasteries, this cittye was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon Corpus Christi day. These pageants were acted with mighty state and reverence by the fryers of this house, and conteyned the story of the New Testament which was composed into old English rime. The theatres for the severall scenes were very large and high; and, being placed upon wheeles, were drawne to all the eminent places of the cittye, for the better advantage of the spectators. In that incomparable library belonging to Sir Thomas Cotton, there is yet one of the bookes which perteyned to this pageant, entitled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventriæ*. I myselfe have spoke with some old people who had, in their younger yeares, bin eyewitnesses of these pageants soe acted; from whom I have bin told that the confluence of people from farr and neare to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded noe small advantage to this cittye."

MS. affords much evidence in favour of James's title, except so far as it shows that Dugdale himself had no doubt whatever about its correctness. It will be observed that Dugdale does not give a right reference to the press-mark of the manuscript, and he had probably not examined the volume with much attention, or he could scarcely have omitted to notice the following passage at the end of the prologue, which has been adduced to prove that these mysteries were not exclusively* performed before the "gentlyllys and 3em-anry" of Coventry:—

" A Sunday next, yf that we may,
At vj. of the belle we gynne oure play
In N. towne."

"The letter N," observes Mr. Collier,† "is placed for the *nomen* of the town, which was to be filled up as occasion required, by the person making the proclamation." If the opinion I have formed of their locality be correct, I can account for this by supposing that the prologues of the vexillators belong to another series of plays, or that these mysteries were occasionally performed at other places. The summaries of the pageants, as given in the prologue, are often confusedly numbered; and it must be confessed that the conclusion would suit a company of strolling players much better than the venerable order of the Grey

* "It appears, by the latter end of the prologue, that these plays or interludes were not only played at Coventry, but in other towns and places upon occasion." — *Wright's Historia Histrionica*, 8vo. Lond. 1699, p. 17.

† *History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 156.

Friars. In the order of the pageants, I have not regarded the speeches of the vexillators; and the divisions in the MS. being very incorrectly given, I have endeavoured to make as correct an arrangement as possible, taking the two other series of mysteries as my guide.

At the commencement of the twenty-ninth pageant, *Contemplatio*, an allegorical personage, who acts as prologue-speaker, explains the events and moralises on occasion, but who is in no way concerned in the action, says—

“ We intendyn to procede the matere that we lefte the last yere :”

which proves that the remainder of these pageants were not played the same year as the preceding twenty-eight mysteries.

In offering the first edition of the *Coventry Mysteries* to the members of the *Shakespeare Society*, I am anxious to state that I have endeavoured to give the reader as faithful a copy of the original manuscript as was possible, with all its errors and defects. These are not few, for the MS. is evidently the work of a scribe who was not very well acquainted with his copy. He makes barbarous work of the few Latin passages which occur, and verbal errors are of frequent occurrence; and yet, on mature deliberation, I came to the conclusion that it would be more advisable to leave these corrections for the notes, and thus give the reader an opportunity of forming his own opinion on passages which are certainly corrupt, but which may possibly admit of more than one method of explanation.

The frequent occurrence of the double letter *ff* in the manuscript, and in places where it could not be used for the capital letter, implies a dialectical distinction, the exact meaning of which has not yet been discovered. I have carefully preserved them in the text.

The Glossary will be found useful to those who are learned in the philology of our early language, as there are many words of very unfrequent occurrence; but I have constructed it more especially with a view to the wants of those who have not made our early poetry a matter of study. In doing so, I thought that I should be consulting the best interests of the Shakespeare Society, as a large majority of its members belong, in all probability, to the latter class.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

Alfred Place, London,

June 21st, 1841.

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THE
COVENTRY MYSTERIES.

Prologue.

Primus vexillator.

Now gracyous God, groundyd of alle goodnesse,
As thi grete glorie nevyr begynnyng had,
So thou socour and save alle tho that sytt and sese,
And lystenyth to oure talkyng with sylens style and sad,
ffor we purpose us pertly style in this prese,
The pepyl to plese with plays ful glad.
Now lystenyth us, lovely, bothe more and lesse,
Gentyllys and zemanry of goodly lyff lad,
This tyde.

We xal 3ou shewe, as that we kan,
How that this werd ffyrst began,
And how God made bothe molde and man,
Iff that 3e wyl abyde.

Secundus vexillator.

In the ffyrst pagent, we thenke to play
How God dede make, thorowe his owyn myth,
Hevyn so clere upon the fyrst day,
And therin he sett angelle fful bryth.

Than angelle with songe, this is no nay,
 Xal worchep God, as it is ryth ;
 But Lucyfer, that angelle so gay,
 In suche pompe than is he pyth,
 And set in so grete pride,
 That Goddys sete he gynnyth to take,
 Hese lordys pere hymself to make,
 But than he ffallyth a ffend ful blake,
 ffrom hevyn in helle to a[bide.]

Tertius vexillator.

In the secunde pagent by Godys myth,
 We thenke to shewe and pley, be-dene,
 In the other sex days, by opyn syth,
 What thenge was wrought ther xal be sene ;
 How best was made and foule of flyth,
 And last was man made, as I wene ;
 Of mannys o ryb, as I 3ow plyth,
 Was woman wrougth mannys make to bene,
 And put in paradyse.
 Ther were floures bothe blew and blake,
 Of alle frutes thei myth ther take,
 Saff frute of cunnyng thei xulde forsake,
 And towche it in no wyse.

The serpent toke Eve an appyl to byte,
 And Eve toke Adam a mursel of the same,
 Whan thei had do thus a3ens the rewle of ryte,
 Than was oure Lord wrothe and grevyd al with grame.
 Oure Lord gan appose them of ther grete delyte,
 Bothe to askuse hem of that synful blame,
 And than Almyghty God, ffor that gret dyspite,
 Assygned hem grevous peyn, as 3e xal se in game,
 In dede, .
 Seraphyn, an angelle gay,
 With brennyng swerd, this is verray,

From paradise bete hem away,
In Bybyl as we rede.

Primus vexillator.

We purpose to shewe in the thryd pagent,
The story of Caym and of hese brother Abelle,
Of here tythynges now be we bent
In this pagent the trewþe to telle.
How the tythyng of Abel with feyr was brent,
And accept to God, yf 3e wyl dwelle,
We purpose to shewe, as we have ment,
And how he was kyllyd of his brother so felle;
And than
How Caym was cursyd in al degré,
Of Godys owyn mowthe, ther xal 3e se,
Of trewe tythyng this may wel be,
Exaw[m]ple to every man.

Secundus vexilator.

The iii.^{de} pagent is now 3ow tolde;
The ffourte pagent of Noe xal be,
How God was wrothe with man an molde,
Because fro synne man dede not fle.
He sent to Noe an angel bolde,
A shyp ffor to makyn and swymmen on the se,
Upon the water bothe wood and coolde,
And viij. sowles ther savyd xulde be.
And j. peyre of everiche bestes in brynge.
Whan xl.^{ti} days the flode had fflowe,
Than sente Noe out a crowe,
And after hym he sent a dowe,
That brouth ryth good tydyng.

Tertius vexillator.

Of Abraham is the fyfte pagent,
And of Ysaac his sone so fre,

How that he xulde with fere be brent,
 And slayn with swerd, as 3e xal se.
 Abraham toke with good atent
 His sone Ysaac, and knelyd on kne,
 His suerd was than ful redy bent,
 And thouth his chylde ther offered xuld be,
 Upon an hylle ful ryff.
 Than God toke tent to his good wyl,
 And sent an angel ryth sone hym tyl,
 And bad Abraham a shep to kyl,
 And savyd his chyldys lyff.

Primus vexillator.

The sexte pagent is of Moyses,
 And of tweyn tabelys that God hym took,
 In the whiche were wrete, without les,
 The lawes of God to lerne and lok.
 And how God charged hym be wordys these,
 The lawes to lerne al of that book,
 Moyses than doth nevyr more sese,
 But prechyth duly both 3ere and woke,
 The lawes as I 3ow telle.
 The ten comaundementes alle be-dene,
 In oure play 3e xal hem sene,
 To alle tho that there wyl bene,
 If that 3e thenke to duelle.

Secundus vexillator.

Off the gentyl Jesse rote,
 The sefnt pagent forsothe xal ben,
 Out of the whiche doth sprynge oure bote,
 As in prophecye we redyn and sen;
 Kyngys and prophetes with wordys fful sote,
 Schulle prophesye al of a qwene,
 The whiche xal staunche oure stryff and moote,

And wynnyn us welthe withoutyn wene,
 In hevyn to abyde.
 They xal prophecye of a mayde,
 Alle ffendys of here xal be affrayde,
 Here sone xal save us, be not dismayde,
 With hese woundys wyde.

Tertius vexillator.

Of the grete bushop Abyacar,
 The tende pagent xal be without lesyng,
 The whiche comaundyth men to be war,
 And brynge here douteres to dew weddyng;
 Alle that ben xiiij. 3ere and more,
 To maryage he byddyth hem bryng,
 Wherevyr thei be, he chargyth sore,
 That thei not ffayle for no lettyng,
 The lawe byddyth so serteyn than.
 Than Joachym and Anne so mylde,
 Thei brynge forth the Mary that blyssyd chylde,
 But she wold not be defylyde,
 With spot nor wem of man.

In chastyté that blysfyl mayde
 Avowyd there here lyff to lede.
 Than is the busshop sore dysmayde,
 And wonderyth sore al of this dede;
 He knelyd to God, as it is sayde,
 And prayth than for help and rede.
 Than seyth an angel, "be not afrayde,
 Of this dowte take thou no drede,
 But for the kynrede of Davyd thou sende;
 Lete hem come with here offryng,
 And in here handys white 3erdys brynge,
 Loke whose 3erde doth floure and sprynge,
 And he xal wedde that mayden hende."

Primus vexillator.

In the x.^{te} pagent, sothe to say,
 A masangere fforth is sent;
 Davydis kynrede without delay
 They come fful sone with good entent.
 Whan Joseph offeryd his 3erde that day,
 Anon ryth fforth in present
 The ded styk do floure fful gay,
 And than Joseph to wedlok went,
 Ryth as the angel bad.
 Than he plyth to his wyff,
 In chastyté to ledyn here lyff,
 The busshop toke here iij. maydenys ryff,
 Som comforte there she had.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xj.^{de} pagent goth Gabryelle,
 And doth salute oure lady ffre,
 Than grett with chylde, as I 3ow telle,
 That blyssyd mayde, forsothe is she.
 Tho iij. maydenys that with here dwelle,
 Here gret speche, but noon thei se,
 Than they suppose that sum angelle,
 Goddys masangere that it xuld be.
 And thus
 The Holy Gost in here is lyth,
 And Goddys sone in here is pygth,
 The aungelle doth telle what he xal hyght,
 And namyth the chylde JHÆSUS.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xij. pagent, as I 3ow telle,
 Joseph comyth hom fro fer countré,
 Oure ladyes wombe with chylde doth swelle,
 And than Joseph ful hevy is he ;

He doth forsake here with hert ful felle,
 Out of countré he gynnyth to fle,
 He nevyr more thenkyth with here to dwelle,
 And than oure lady ryth sore wepyth she.
 An angelle seyð hym ryf,
 “God is with thi wyff sertayn,
 Therfore, Joseph, turne hom agayn.”
 Than is Joseph in herte ful fayn,
 And goth ageyn onto his wyff.

Primus vexillator.

The xiiij.^{te} pagent, I sey 3ow be-dene,
 Xal be of Joseph and mylde Mary,
 How they were sclawndryd with trey and tene,
 And to here purgacion thei must hem hy.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xv. pagent shewe we xal,
 How Joseph went withoute varyauns,
 ffor mydwyvys to helpe oure lady at alle,
 Of childe that she had delyverauns.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xvj. pagent Cryst xal be born,
 Of that joy aungelys xul synge,
 And telle the shepherdys in that morn
 The blysseful byrth of that kyng.
 The shepherdys xal come hym befforn,
 With reverens and with worchepyng,
 ffor he xal savyn that was forlorn,
 And graunt us lyff evyr more lestyng,

I-wys.

This gle in grythe
 Is mater of myrthe,
 Now Crystys byrthe,
 Bryng us to his blys!

Primus vexillator.

The xv.^{te} pagent come kynges iij.,
 With gold, myrre, and ffrankynsens,
 Kyng Herowdys styward hem doth se,
 And bryngyth alle to his presens.
 The Kynges of Coleyn with hert ful ffre,
 Tolde kyng Herownde here dylygens,
 That thei south in that countré
 A kyng of kynges, ffrom fere then
 A sterre led hem the way.
 The chylde is 3oung and lyth in stalle.
 He xal be kyng of kynges alle,
 Beffore hym we thynk on kne to ffalle,
 And worchep hym this day.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xvj. pagent as wroth as wynde
 Is kyng Herownde, the sothe to say,
 And cruel knytes and unkende
 To sle male chylderyn he sendyth that day.
 But Cryst Jhesu thei may not ffynde,
 For Joseph hath led that childe away
 Unto Egypt, as we have mende,
 As angele to Joseph dyd byd and say
 In hyzht.
 Tho chylderyn that syt in here moderes lap,
 To sowkyn ful swetly here moderes pap,
 The knyhtes do sle hem evyn at a swap,
 This is a rewly syth.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xvij. pagent the knyhtes, be-dene,
 Shulle brynge dede childeryn befor the kyng;
 Whan kyng Herownde that syth hath sene,
 fful glad he is of here kylling.

Than kyng Herownde, withowtyn wene,
 Is sett to mete at his lykyng,
 In his most pride xal come gret tene,
 As 3e xal se at oure pleyng.
 His sorwe xal awake ;
 Whan he is sett at hese most pryde,
 Sodeyn deth xal thrylle his syde,
 And kyllle his knyttes that with hym byde ;
 The devyl ther soulys xal take.

Primus vexillator.

In the xviiij. pagent we must purpose,
 To shewe whan Cryst was xij. 3er of age,
 How in the temple he dede appose
 And answerd doctoris ryth wyse and sage.
 The blyssyd babe withowte glose,
 Overcam olde clerkes with suyche langage,
 That thei meveylyd, 3e xal suppose,
 How that he cam to suche knowlage.
 And in this whyle,
 Thre days he was oute
 ffro his modyr, without doute,
 Wepying she sowth hym rownde aboute
 Jherusalem many a myle.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xix. pagent xal seynt Jhon
 Baptyse Cryst, as I 3ow say,
 In the watyr of flom Jordone,
 With which devys, as we best may,
 The Holy Gost xal ovyr hym on,
 The ffaderes voys xal be herd that day,
 Out of hevyn that blisful trone,
 The fadyr xal be herd, this is no nay,
 And forth with pleyn.

The Holy Gost xal be hys gyde
 Into desert therin to abyde,
 Xl.th days a terme ful wyde,
 And xl.th nyghtes to faste serteyn.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xx.th pagent alle the develys of helle,
 They gadere a parlement, as 3e xal se,
 They have grete doute the trewth to telle,
 Of Cryst Jhesu whath he xulde be.
 They sende Sathan, that ffynde so ffelle,
 Cryst for to tempte in fele degré :
 We xal 3ow shewe, if 3e wyl dwelle,
 How Cryst was temptyd in synnys thre
 Of the deyvl Sathane ;
 And how Cryst answeyrd onto alle,
 And made the ffende away to falle,
 As we best may this shewe we xalle,
 Thorwe grace of God and man.

Primus vexillator.

The xxj.th pagent of a woman xal be,
 The whiche was take in adultrye
 The Pharysewys ffalsed ther 3e xal se,
 Cryst to convycte how they were slye.
 They conseyyd this sotylté,
 Yf Cryst this woman dede dampne trewly,
 Ageyn his prechyng than dede he,
 Whiche was of peté and of mercy ;
 And yf he dede here save,
 Than were he azens Moyses lawe,
 That byddyth with stonys she xulde be slawe,
 Thus they thowth undyr ther awe
 Cryst Jhesu ffor to have.

Secundus vexillator.

The grettest meracle that evyr Jhesus

In erthe wrouth beforh his passyon,

In xxij.^u pagent we purpose us

To shewe in dede the declaracion.

That pagent xal be of Lazarus,

In whos place and habytacion

Cryst was logyd, the Gospel seyth thus,

And ofte tymes toke ther consolacion.

But 3yt

Lazarus, as I 3ow say,

Was iiij. days ded and beryed in clay,

ffrom deth to lyve the iiij.^e. day,

Cryst reysed hym ffrom that pyt.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xxiiij.^u pagent, Palme Sunday,

In pley we purpose ffor to shewe,

How chylderyn of Ebrew with ffloures ful gay,

The wey that Cryst went thei gun to strewe.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxiiij.^u pagent, as that we may,

Cryst and his apostelys alle on rewe,

The mawnde of God ther xal they play,

And sone declare it with wordys ffewe.

And than

Judas that fals traytour,

ffor xxx.^u platys of werdly tresour,

Xal betray oure Savyour

To the Jewys certan.

Secundus vexillator.

ffor grevous peyn, this is no les,

In the xxv.^u pagent, Cryst xal pray

To the fadyr of hevyn that peyn for to ses,
 His shamful deth to put away.
 Judas that traytour, befor gret pres,
 Xal kys his mouthe and hym betray,
 Alle his dyscyples than do dyscres,
 And forsake Cryst, the sothe to say,
 ffor doute thei do hem hede.
 Hese dyscyplys alle everychone
 Do renne away and leve hym alone,
 They lete hym stondyn amonge his ffon,
 And ronne away ffor drede.

Tertius vexillator.

Than in the xxvj.th pagent,
 To Cayphas Cryst xal be brouth,
 Tho Jewys fful redy ther xul be bent,
 Cryst to acuse with worde and thouth.
 Seynt Petyr doth folwe with good intent,
 To se with Cryst what xuld be wrouth;
 ffor Crystes dysciple whan he is hent,
 Thryes he doth swere he knew hym nowth,—
 A kok xal crowe and crye;
 Than doth Petyr gret sorwe make,
 ffor he his lord thus dede forsake,
 But God to grace hym sone doth take,
 Whan he doth aske mercye.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxvij. pagent, sere Pylat
 Is sett in sete as hy justyce;
 Whan he is set in his astat,
 Thre thevys be brout of synful gyse,
 And Cryst that lovyd nevyr stryff nor bat,
 But trewthe and goodnesse on every wyse,

As for a thef with ryth gret hat,
 Is browth to stondyn at that same syse.
 And than, as I 3ow say,
 The wyff of Pylat goth to rest,
 Coveryd with clothis al of the best,
 Than ffor to slepe she is ful prest,
 Alle this we thenke to play.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xxviij. pagent xal Judas,
 That was to Cryst a ffals traytour,
 With wepyng sore evyr crye, alas,
 . That evyr he solde oure Savyour.
 He xal be sory ffor his trespas,
 And brynge a3en alle his tresour,
 Alle xxx. pens to sere Cayphas,
 He xal them brynge with gret dolowre,
 ffor the whiche Cryst was bowth.
 ffor gret whanhope, as 3e xal se,
 He hangyth hymself upon a tre,
 ffor he noth trostyth in Godys peté,
 To helle his sowle is browth.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xxix. pagent, to Pylatus wyff
 In slepe aperyth the devyl of helle,
 ffor to savyn Crystes lyff,
 The devyl here temptyth, as I 3ow telle.
 Sche sendyth to Pylat anon ful ryff,
 And prayth that Cryst he xuld not qwelle ;
 Than Pylat is besy and ryth blyff,
 Cryst for to savyn he 3evyth councele,
 ffor he dede nevyr trespas.
 The Jewys do crye fast ffor to kylle,
 The rythful man thei aske to spylle,

A thef thei save with herty wylle,
That callyd is Barrabas.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxx. pagent thei bete out Crystes blood,
And nayle hym al nakyd upon a rode tre,
Betwen ij. thevys, i-wys they were to wood,
They hyng Cryst Jhesu, gret shame it is to se.
Vij. wurdys Cryst spekyth hangyng upon the rode,
The weche 3e xal here alle tho that wyl ther be,
Than doth he dye ffor oure allether good ;
His modyr doth se that syth, gret mornyng makyth she,
ffor sorwe she gynnyth to swowne.
Seynt John evyn ther as I 3ow plythe,
Doth chere oure lady with al his mythe,
And to the temple anon forth rythe,
He ledyth here in that stownde.

Secundus vexillator.

We purpose to shewe in oure pleyn place,
In the xxxj.^a pagent, thorwe Godys mythe,
How to Crystes herte a spere gan pace,
And rent oure lordys bryst in ruly plyth.
ffor Longeus that olde knyth, blynd as he was,
A ryth sharpe spere to Crystes herte xal pythe,
The blod of his wounde to his oyn xal tras,
And thorwe gret meracle ther hath he syth.
Than in that morn,
Crystes soule goth downe to helle,
And ther ovyrcomyth the fend so felle,
Comforyth the soulys that therin dwelle,
And savyth that was fforlorn.

Tertius vexillator.

Joseph and Nycodemus to Cryst trew servaunt
In the xxxij. page[nt] the body thei aske to have.

Pylat ful redyly the body doth hem graunt,
 Than thei with reverens do put it in grave.
 The Jewys more wyckyd than ony geawunt,
 ffor Crystes ded body keepers do thei crave,
 Pylat sendyth iiij. knytes that be ryth hardaunt,
 To keep the bloody body in his dede conclave.
 And 3it be his owyn myth,
 The body that was hevy as led,
 Be the Jewys nevyr so qwed,
 Aryseth from grave that ther lay ded,
 And ffrayth than every knyth.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxiiij. pagent the soule of Cryst Jhesu
 Xal brynge alle his ffrendys ffrom helle to paradyse,
 The soule goth than to the grave, and be ryth gret vertu
 That body that longe ded hath loyn to lyf a3en doth ryse.
 Than doth Cryst Jhesu onto his modyr sew,
 And comfertyth alle here care in temple ther she lyse,
 With suche cher and comforth his modyr he doth indew,
 That joy it is to here ther speche for to devyse.
 And than
 Oure lady of hefne so cler,
 In herte sche hath ryth glad chere,
 Whan here sone thus doth apere,
 Here care away is tan.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xxxiiij. pagent xal Maryes thre
 Seke Cryst Jhesu in his grave so coolde ;
 An aungel hem tellyth that aresyn is he ;
 And whan that this tale to them is tolde,
 To Crystes dyscyplis with wurdys fful fre,
 They telle these tydynges with brest ful bolde.
 Than Petyr and John, as 3e xal se,

Down rennyn in hast over lond and wolde,
 The trewth of this to have.
 Whan thei ther comyn, as I 3ow say,
 He is gon ffrom undyr clay,
 Than thei wytnesse anoon that day,
 He lyth not in his grave.

Tertius vexillator.

Onto Mary Mawdelyn as we have bent,
 Cryst Jhesu xal than apere,
 In the xxxv.th pagent,
 And she wenyth he be a gardenere.
 Mary, be name verament,
 Whan Cryst here callyth with speche ful clere,
 She fallyth to ground with good entent,
 To kys his fete with gladsom chere.
 But Cryst byddyth here do way,
 He byddyth his feet that sche not kys,
 Tyl he have styed to hefne blys,
 To Crystes dyscyplys Mary i-wys
 Than goth the trewthe to say.

Primus vexillator.

In the xxxvj.th pagent xal Cleophas
 And Sent Luke to a castel go,
 Of Crystes deth as thei fforth pas
 They make gret mornyng and be ful wo,
 Than Cryst them ovyrtoke, as his wyl was,
 And walkyd in felachep fforth with hem too,
 To them he doth expowne bothe more and las
 Alle that prophetes spake ad of hymself also;
 That nyth in fay,
 Whan thei be set within the castelle,
 In brekyng of bred thei know Cryst welle,
 Than sodeynly, as I 3ow telle,
 Cryste is gon his way.

Secundus vexillator.

In the xxxvij. pagent than purpos we,
 To Thomas of Ynde Cryst xal apere,
 And Thomas evyn ther, as 3e xal se,
 Xal put his hands in his woundes dere.

Tertius vexillator.

In the xxxviij.^a pagent up styne xal he
 Into hefne that is so clere,
 Alle hese apostele there xul be,
 And woundere sore and have gret dwere,
 Of that fferly syth.
 Ther xal come aungelle tweyne,
 And comfforte hem, this is certeyne,
 And tellyn that he xal comyn ageyne,
 Even by his owyn myth.

Primus vexillator.

Than ffolwyth next sekyrly,
 Of Wyttsunday that solempne ffest,
 Whyche pagent xal be ix. and thretty,
 To the apostelys to apere be Crystes hest ;
 In Hierusalem were gaderyd xij. opynly,
 To the Cenacle comyng ffrom West to Est,
 The Holy Gost apperyd fful vervently,
 With brennyng ffere thyrlyng here brest,
 Procedyng from hevyn trone.
 Alle maner langage hem spak with tung,
 Latyn, Grek, and Ebrew amonge,
 And affter thei departyd and taryed not long,
 Here deth to take ful sone.

Secundus vexillator.

The xl.^a pagent xal be the last,
 And domysday that pagent xal hyth,

Who se that pagent may be agast
To grevyn his lord God eyther day or nyth ;
The erthe xal qwake, bothe breke and brast,
Beryelys and gravys xul ope ful tyth,
Ded men xul rysyn and that therin hast,
And ffast to here ansuere thei xul hem dyth,
Beffore Godys fface.
But prente wyl this in 3our mende,
Who so to God hath be unkende,
ffrenchep ther xal he non ffynde,
Ne ther get he no grace.

Tertius vexillator.

Now have we told 3ow alle be-dene
The hool mater that we thynke to play ;
Whan that 3e come, ther xal 3e sene
This game wel pleyd in good aray.
Of holy wrytte this game xal bene,
And of no fablys be no way,
Now God them save from trey and tene,
ffor us that prayth upon that day,
And qwyte them wel ther mede.
A Sunday next, yf that we may,
At vj. of the belle we gynne oure play,
In N. towne, wherfore we pray,
That God now be 3oure spede. *Amen.*

I. THE CREATION.

Deus. Ego sum alpha et ω , principium et finis.

My name is knowyn, God and kyng,

My werk for to make now wyl I wende,
In myself restyth my reynenge,

It hath no gynnyng ne non ende;
And alle that evyr xal have beyng,

It is closyd in my mende,
Whan it is made at my lykyng,
I may it save, I may it shende,

After my plesawns.

So gret of myth is my pousté,
Alle thyng xal be wrowth be me,
I am oo God in personys thre,
Knyt in oo substawns.

I am the trewe trenyté,
Here walkyng in this wone;

Thre personys myself I se,
Lokyn in me God alone.

I am the ffadyr of powsté,
My Sone with me gynnyth gon,
My Gost is grace in magesté,
Weldyth welthe up-in hevyn tron.

O God thre I calle,

I a fadyr of myth,
My sone kepyth ryth,
My gost hath lyth,
And grace with alle.

Myself begynnyng nevyr dyd take,
 And endeles I am thorw myn own myth,
 Now wole I begynne my werke to make,—
 ffyrst I make hevyn with sterrys of lyth
 In myrth and joy evermore to wake,
 In hevyn I bylde angelle fful bryth,
 My servauntes to be, and for my sake,
 With merth and melody worchepe my myth ;
 I belde them in my blysse.
 Aungelle in hevyn evyrmore xal be,
 In lythful clere bryth as ble,
 With myrthe and song to worchip me,
 Of joys thei may not mys.

Hic cantent angeli in cælo. “Tibi omnes angeli, tibi
 coeli et universæ potestates, Tibi cherubyn et seraphyn
 incessabili voce proclamant,—Sanctus ! Sanctus ! Sanc-
 tus ! Dominus Deus Sabaoth.”

Lucifer. To whos wurchipe synge 3e this songe,
 To wurchip God or reverens me ?
 But 3e me wurchipe 3e do me wronge,
 ffor I am the wurthyest that evyr may be.
Angeli boni. We wurchipe God of myth most stronge,
 Whiche hath fformyd bothe us and the,
 We may nevyr wurchyp hym to longe,
 ffor he is most worthy of magesté.
 On knes to God we ffalle.
 Oure lorde God wurchyp we,
 And in no wyse honowre we the,
 A gretter lord may nevyr non be,
 Than he that made us alle.

Lucifer. A worthyer lorde forsothe am I,
 And worthyer than he evyr wyl I be,
 In evydens that I am more wurthy,
 I wyl go syttyn in Goddes se.

Above sunne and mone and sterres on sky

I am now set, as 3e may se ;

Now wurchyp me ffor most mythty,

And for 3our lord honowre now me,

Syttyng in my sete.

Angeli mali. Goddys myth we forsake,

And for more wurthy we the take,

The to wurchep honowre we make,

And ffalle down at thi ffete.

Deus. Thu Lucyfere ffor thi mekyl pryde,

I bydde the ffalle from hefne to helle ;

And alle tho that holdyn on thi syde,

In my blysse nevyr more to dwelle.

At my comawndement anoon down thou slyde,

With merthe and joye nevyr more to melle,

In myschyf and manas evyr xalt thou abyde,

In byttyr brennyng and fyer so felle,

In peyn evyr to be pyht.

Lucyfer. At thy byddyng thi wyl I werke,

And pas fro joy to peyne smerte,

Now I am a devyl ful derke,

That was an aungelle bryht.

Now to helle the wey I take,

In endeles peyn ther to be pyht.

ffor fere of fyre a fart I crake,

In helle doonjoone myn dene is dyth.

Deus. Now hevyn is made ffor aungelle sake,

The fyrst day and the fyrst nyth ;

The secunde day watyr I make,

The walkyn also ful fayr and bryth.

The iiij.^{de} day I parte watyr from erthe,

Tre and every growyng thyng,

Bothe erbe and floure of suete smellyng,

The iij.^{de} day is made be my werkyng.

Now make I the day that xal be the fferthe.

Sunne and mone and sterrys also,

The forthe day I make in same ;

The v.^{te} day werme and ffysche that swymme and go,

Byrdys and bestes, bothe wylde and tame ;

The sexte day my werk I do,

And make the man Adam be name,

In ertheleche paradys withowtyn wo,

I graunt the bydyng, lasse thou do blame :

fflesche of thi fflesche, and bon of thi bone,

Adam here is thi wyf and make,

Both ffysche and foulys that swymmyn and gone,

To everyche of hem a name thou take ;

Both tre and frute and bestys echone,

Red and qwyte, bothe blew and blake,

Thou 3eve hem name be thiself alone,

Erbys and gresse both beetes and brake ;

Thi wyff thou 3eve name also.

Lok that 3e not ses,

3owreffru te to encres,

That ther may be pres

Me worchipe for to do.

Now come fforthe Adam to paradys,

Ther xalt thou have alle maner thyng,

Bothe flesche and ffysche and frute of prys,

Alle xal be buxum at thi byddyng.

Here is pepyr, pyan, and swete lycorys,

Take hem alle at thi lykyng,

Bothe appel and pere and gentyl rys,

But towche nowth this tre that is of cunnyng,

Alle thyng saff this ffor the is wrought ;

Here is alle thinge that the xulde plese,
Alle redy made onto thin ese,
Ete not this frute ne me dysplese,
 ffor than thou deyst, thou skapyst nowth.

Now have I made alle thyng of nowth,
 Hevyn and erthe, foulle and best :—
To alle thyng that myn hand hath wrowth,
 I graunt myn blyssyng that evyr xal lest;
My way to hefne is redy sowth,
 Of werkyng I wole the vij.^{te} day rest,
And alle my creatures that be abowth,
 My blyssyng 3e have both est and west.
 Of werkyng the vij.^{te} day 3e sees ;
And alle tho that sees of laboryng here,
The vij.^{te} day withowtyn dwere,
And wurchyp me in good manere,
 Thei xal in hefne have endles pes.

Adam go forthe and be prynce in place,
 ffor to hefne I sped my way ;
Thi wyttys wel loke thou chase,
 And gostly governe the, as I say.

II. THE FALL OF MAN.

Adam. Holy ffadyr blyssyd thou be,
ffor I may walke in welthe anow,
I ffynde datys gret plenté,
And many ffele frutes ful every bow ;
Alle this wele is 3evyn to me,
And to my wyf that on me lowh,
I have no nede to towche 3on tre,
A3ens my lordys wyl to werke now ;
I am a good gardenere ;
Every frute of ryche name,
I may gaderyn with gle and game,
To breke that bond I were to blame
That my lord bad me kepyn here.

Eva. We may bothe be blythe and glad,
Oure lordys comaundement to fulfyllé,
With ffele frutys be we ffayr ffad,
Woundyr dowcet and nevyr on ille.
Every tre with frute is sprad,
Of them to take as plesyth us tylle,
Oure wytte were rakyl and ovyr don bad,
To fforfete ageyns oure lordys wyllé
In ony wyse.
In this gardeyn I wyl go se,
Alle the ffloures of fayr bewté,
And tastyn the frutes of gret plenté.
That be in paradyse.

Serpens. Heyl ffayr wyff and comely dame !

This ffrote to ete I the counselle,
Take this appyl and ete this ssame,
This ffrote is best as I the telle.

Eva. That appyl to ete I were to blame,
ffrom joy oure lorde wolde us expelle,
We xuld dye and be put out with schame,
In joye of paradyse nevyr more to duelle.

God hymself thus sayde,
What day of that frute we ete,
With these wurdys God dyd us threte,
That we xuld dye our lyff to lete,
Therffore I am affrayde.

Serpens. Of this appyl yf 3e wyl byte,
Evyne as God is, so xal 3e be,
Wys of connyng as I 3ow plyte,
Lyke onto God in al degré.
Sunne and mone and sterrys bryth,
ffysche and foule, bothe sond and se,
At 3our byddyng bothe day and nyth,
Alle thyng xal be in 3owre powsté ;
3e xal be Goddys pere.

Take this appyl in thin hond,
And to byte therof thou ffond,
Take another to thin husbond,
Thereof have thou no dwere.

Eva. So wys as God is in his gret mayn,
And ffelaw in kunnyng ffayn wold I be.

Serpens. Ete this appyl, and in certeyn
That I am trewe, sone xalt thou se.

Eva. To myn husbond with herte ffyl fayne,
This appyl I bere, as thou byddyst me,

This frute to ete I xal asayn,
 So wys as God is yf we may be,
 And Goddys pere of myth.
 To myn husbond I walke my way,
 And of this appyl I xal asay,
 To make hym to ete, yf that I may,
 And of this ffrewte to byth.

Hic Eva reveniet Adæ viro suo et dicet ei.

My semely spowse and good husbond,
 Lystenyth to me, sere, I 3ow pray,
 Take this ffayr appyl alle in 3our hond,
 Therof a mursel byte and asay.
 To ete this appyl, loke that 3e fonde,
 Goddys ffelaw to be alway,
 Alle his wysdam to undyrstonde,
 And Goddys pere to be ffor ay,
 Alle thyng for to make,—
 Bothe ffysche and foule, se and sond,
 Byrd and best, watyr and lond ;
 This appyl thou take out of myn hond,
 A bete therof thou take.

Adam. I dare not towche thin hand ffor dred
 Of oure lord God omnypotent,
 If I xuld werke after thi reed,
 Of God oure makere I xuld be shent.
 If that we do this synful dede,
 We xal be ded by Goddys jugement.
 Out of thin hand with hasty spede,
 Cast out that appyl anon present,
 ffor fer of Goddys threte.
Eva. Of this appyl yf thou wylt byte,

Goddys pere thou xalt be pyht,
 So wys of kunnyng, I the plyht,
 This frute yf thou wylt ete.

Adam. If we it ete oureself we kylle,
 As God us told we xuld be ded ;
 To ete that frute and my lyf to spylle,
 I dar not do aftyr thi reed.

Eva. A ffayr aungelle thus seyde me tylle,
 “ To ete that appyl take nevyr no dred,
 So kunnyng as God in hevyn hille,
 Thou xalt sone be withinne a sted,
 Therefore this frute thou ete.”

Adam. Off Goddys wysdam for to lere,
 And in kunnyng to be his pere,
 Of thyn hand I take it here,
 And xal sone tast this mete.

Adam dicet sic.

Alas ! alas ! ffor this fals dede,
 My flesly frend my fo I fynde,
 Shameful synne doth us unhede,
 I se us nakyd before and behynde.
 Oure lordes wurd wold we not drede,
 Therefore we be now caytyvys unkynde,
 Oure pore prevytés ffor to hede,
 Summe ffygge-levys fayn wolde I fynde,
 ffor to hyde oure schame.
 Womman, ley this leff on thi pryvyté,
 And with this leff I xal hyde me,
 Gret schame it is us nakyd to se,
 Oure lord God thus to grame.

Eva. Alas ! that evyr that speche was spokyn,
 That the fals aungel seyde onto me,

Alas ! oure makers byddyng is brokyn,
 ffor I have towchyd his owyn dere tre.
 Oure fflescly eyn byn al unlokyn,
 Nakyd for synne ouresylf we se,
 That sory appyl that we han sokyn,
 To dethe hathe brouth my spouse and me,
 Ryth grevous is oure synne.
 Of mekyl shame now do we knowe,
 Alas ! that evyr this appyl was growe,
 To dredful deth now be we throwe,
 In peyne us evyr to pynne.

Deus. Adam, that with myn handys I made,
 Where art thou now ? what hast thou wrought ?

Adam. A ! lord, for synne oure floures do ffade,
 I here thi voys, but I se the nought.

Deus. Adam, why hast thou synnyd so sone,
 Thus hastyly to breke my bone,
 And I made the mayster, undyr mone,
 Trewly of every tre.

O tre I kept for my owe,
 Lyff and deth therin I knowe,
 Thi synne fro lyf now the hath throwe,
 ffrom deth thou mayst not fle.

Adam. Lord I have wrought azens thi wylle,
 I sparyd nat mysylf to spylle,
 The woman that thou toke me tylle,
 Sche brougth me therto.
 It was here counselle and here reed,
 Sche bad me do the same deed,
 I walke as werme withowtyn wede,
 A wey is schrowde and sho.

Deus. Womman that arte this mannys wyffe,
 Why hast thou steryd 3our bothers stryffe ?

Now 3e be ffrom 3our ffayr lyffe,
 And are demyd for to deye.
 Unwys womman, sey me why,
 That thou hast don this fowle foly,
 And I made the a gret lady,
 In paradys for to pleye?

Eva. Lord ! whan thou wentyst from this place,
 A werm with an aungelys face,
 He hyth us to be ful of grace,
 The frute yf that we ete.
 I dyd his byddyng, alas ! alas !
 Now we be bowndyn in dethis las,
 I suppose it was Sathanas,
 To peyne he gan us pete.

Deus. Thou werm with thi wylys wyk,
 Thi fals fablis thei be ful thyk,
 Why hast thou put dethis pryk
 In Adam and his wyff?
 Thow thei bothyn my byddyng have brokyn,
 Out of whoo 3et art not wrokyn,
 In helle logge thou xalt be loky[n],
 And nevyr mo lacche lyff.

Diabolus. I xal the sey whereffore and why
 I ded hem alle this velony,
 ffor I am ful of gret envy,
 Of wrethe and wyckyde hate.
 That man xulde leve above the sky,
 Where as sumtyme dwellyd I,
 And now I am cast to helle sty,
 Streyste out at hevyn gate.

Deus. Adam ! ffor thou that appyl boot,
 A3ens my byddyng, welle I woot,

Go teyl thi mete with swynk and swoot,
 Into thi lyvys ende.
 Goo nakyd, ungry, and bare ffoot,
 Ete bothe erbys, gres, and root,
 Thy bale hath non other boot,
 As wrecche in werlde thou wende.

Womman thou sowtyst this synnyng,
 And bad hym breke myn byddyng,
 Therfore thou xalt ben undyrlyng,
 To mannys byddyng bend.
 What he byddyth the, do thou that thyng,
 And bere thi chyldere with gret gronyng,
 In daungere and in deth dredynge,
 Into thi lyvys ende.

Thou wyckyd worm fful of pryde,
 ffowle envye syt be thi syde,
 Upon thi gutt thou xalt glyde,
 As werm wyckyd in kende.
 Tyl a maydon in medyl-erth be borne,
 Thou ffende I warn the befor,
 Thorwe here thi hed xal be to-torn,
 On wombe away thou wende.

Diabolus. At thi byddyng ffowle I falle,
 I krepe hem to my stynkyng stalle,
 Helle pyt and hevyn halle,
 Xul do thi byddyng bone.
 I ffalle downe here a ffowle freke,
 ffor this ffalle I gynne to qweke,
 With a ffart my breche I breke,
 My serwe comyth ful sone.

Deus. ffor 3our synne that 3e have do,
 Out of this blysse sone xal 3e go,

In erthely labour to levyn in wo,
 And sorwe the xal atast.
 ffor your synne and mysdoynge,
 An angelle with a swerd brennyng,
 Out of this joye he xal 3ow dyng,
 3our welthe away is past.

*Hic recedit Deus, et angelus seraphicus cum gladio
 flammae verberat Adam et Evam extra Paradisum.*

Seraphim. 3e wrecchis unkend and ryht unwyse,
 Out of this joye hy3 3ow in hast,
 With fflammyng swerd ffrom paradise
 To peyn I bete 3ow, of care to tast.
 3our myrthe is turnyd to carfulle syse,
 3our welthe with synne away is wast,
 ffor 3our ffalse dede of synful gyse,
 This blysse I spere ffrom 3ow ryth fast.
 Here in come 3e no more ;
 Tyl a chylde of a mayd be born,
 And upon the rode rent and torn,
 To save alle that 3e have forlorn,
 3our welthe ffor to restore.

Eva. Alas ! alas ! and wele away,
 That evyr towchyd I the tre ;
 I wende as wrecche in welsom way,
 In blake busshys my boure xal be.
 In paradys is plenté of pleye,
 ffayr frutys ryth gret plenté,
 The 3atys be schet with Godys keye,
 My husbond is lost because of me.
 Leve spowse now thou fonde,
 Now stomble we on stalk and ston,
 My wyt away is fro me gon,

Wrythe on to my necke bon,
With hardnesse of thin honde.

Adam. Wyff, thi wytt is not wurthe a rosche,
Leve woman, turne thi thought,
I wyl not sle fflescly of my fflesche,
ffor of my flesche thi fflesche was wrought.
Oure hap was hard, oure wytt was nesche,
To paradys whan we were brought,
My wepyng xal be longe ffresche,
Schort lykyng xal be longe bought.
No more telle thou that tale,
ffor yf I xulde sle my wyff,
I sclow myself withowtyn knyff,
In helle logge to lede my lyff,
With woo in wepyng dale.

But lete us walke forthe into the londe,
With ryth gret labour oure fode to fynde,
With delvyng and dyggyng with myn hond,
Oure blysse to bale and care to-pynde.
And, wyff, to spynne now must thou ffonde,
Oure nakyd bodyes in clothe to wynde,
Tylle sum comforthe of Godys sonde,
With grace releve oure careful mynde.
Now come go we hens, wyff.

Eva. Alas! that ever we wrought this synne,
Oure bodely sustenauns for to wynde,
3e must delve and I xal spynne,
In care to ledyn oure lyff.

III. CAIN AND ABEL.

Abeele. I wolde ffayn knowe how I xuld do,
To serve my lord God to his plesyng ;
Therefore, Caym, brother, lete us now go
Unto oure ffadyr withowte lettyng,
Suenge hym in vertu and in norture
To com to the hyȝer joy celestyalle,
Remembryng to be clene and pure,
For in mysrewle we myth lythly falle
Aȝens hevyn kyng.
Lete us now don oure dyligens,
To come to oure faderes presens,
Good brother, passe we hens,
To knowe ffor oure levyng.

Caym. As to my fadyr, lete us now tee
To knowe what xal be his talkyng ;
And that I holde it but vanyté,
To go to hym ffor any spekyng,
To lere of his lawe.
ffor if I have good anow plenté,
I kan be mery, so mot y the,
Thow my fadyr I nevyр se,
I ȝyf not therof an hawe.

Abel. Ryth sovereyn fadyr, semely sad and sure,
Ever we thank ȝow in hert, body, and thowth,

And alwey shulle whylle oure lyf may indure,
 As inwardly in hert it kan be sought,
 Bothe my brother and I.
 ffadyr, I ffalle onto 3our kne,
 To knowe how we xul rewlyd be,
 ffor Godys that ffallyth bothe hym and me,
 I wolde ffayn wete trewly.

Adam. Sonys, 3e arn to spekyn naturally,
 The ffyrst ffrute of kendely engendrure,
 Befforn whom, saff 3our modyr and I,
 Were nevyr non of mannys nature.
 And 3it were we al of another portature,
 As 3e have me oflyn herd seyde sothly;
 Wherfore, sonys, yf 3e wyl lyff sad and sure,
 ffyrst I 3ow counseylle most syngulerly,
 God ffor to love and drede.
 And suche good as God hath 3ow sent,
 The fyrrst frute offyr to hym in sacryfice brent,
 Hym evyr besechyng with meke entent,
 In alle 3our werkys to save and spede.

Abeelle. Gramercy, ffadyr, ffor 3our good doctrine,
 ffor as 3e us techyn so xal we do,
 And as ffor me thoro Goddys grace dyvyne,
 I wyl fforthwith applye me therto.

Cayme. And thow me be lothe I wyl now also
 Onto 3our counselle, ffadyr, me inclyne;
 And 3itt I say now to 3ow bothe too,
 I had levyr gon hom welle ffor to dync.

Adam. Now, God, graunt good sacryfice to 3ow bothe too,
 He vowchesaff to acceptyn 3ow and alle myne,
 And 3eve 3ow now grace to plesyn hym soo,
 That 3e may come to that blysse that hymself is inne,
 With gostly grace.

That alle 3our here levyng
 May be to his plesyng,
 And at 3our hens partyng,
 To come to good place.

Abelle dicet.

Almyhtty God, and God ful of myth,
 Be whom alle thing is made of nowth,
 To the myn hert is redy dyht,
 For upon the is alle my thought.
 O sovereyn lord ! reygnynge in eternyté,
 With alle the mekenesse that I kan or may,
 This lombe xal I offre it up to the,—
 Accept it, blyssyd Lord ! I the pray.
 My 3yft is but sympyl, this is no nay,
 But my wyl is good and evyr xal be,
 The to servyn and worchepyn bothe nyht and day,
 And therto thi grace, Lord, grawnt thou me,
 Throwhe thi gret mercy,
 Whiche in a lombys lyknes
 Thou xalt for mannys wyckydnes
 Onys ben offeryd in peynfulnes
 And deynful dolfoly.

ffor trewly, Lord, thow art most worthy
 The best to have in eche degré,
 Bothe beste and werst ful certeynly,
 Alle is hað thorowe grace of the.
 The best schep fulle hertyly,
 Amonges my flok that I kan se,
 I tythe it to God of gret mercy,
 And bettyr wolde, if bettyr myht be,—
 Evyn here is myn offryng.
 I tythe to the with ryht good wylle,
 Of the best thou sentyst me tylle.

Now, gracious God on hevyn hille,
Accept now my tythyng.

Caym. Amonges alle ffolys that gon on grownd,
I holde that thou be on of the most,
To tythe the best that is most sownd,
And kepe the werst that is nere lost.
But I more wysly xal werke this stownde,
To tythe the werst, and make no bost,
Off alle my cornys that may be fownde,
In alle my ffeldys bothe crofte and cost,
I xal lokyn on every syde.
Here I tythe this unthende sheff,
Lete God take it or ellys lef,
Thow it be to me gret repreff,
I 3eve no ffors this tyde.

Abelle. Now Caym, brother, thou dost ful ille,
ffor God the sent bothe best and werst,
Therefore thou shewe to hym good wylle,
And tythe to God evyr of the best.
Caym. In feyth, thou shewyst now a febylle skylle,
It wolde me hyndyr and do me greff,
What were God the better, thou sey me tylle,
To 3evyn hym away my best sheff,
And kepe myself the wers?
He wylle neyther ete nor drynke,
ffor he doth neyther swete nor swynke:
Thou shewyst a ffeyl reson, me thynke,
What thou fonnyst as a best I gesse.

Abelle. 3it me thynkyth my wyt is good,
To God evermore sum love to shewe,
Off whom we have oure dayly food,
And ellys we had but lytyl drewe.

Caym. 3itt me thynkeht thi wytt is wood,
 ffor of thi lore I ffynde but ffewe ;
 I wylle never the more chawnge my mood,
 ffor no wordys that thou dost shewe ;
 I sey I wylle tythe the werst.

Abelle. Now God, that syt in hefne above,
 On whom is sett alle myn hool love,
 This wyckyd wylle from the he showe,
 As it plesyth hym best !

Hic ardent decimum Abel et Caym ; quo facto, dicent,

Caym. Herke, Abel, brother, what aray is this,
 Thy tythyng brennyth as ffyre fful bryght,
 It is to me gret wondyr i-wys,
 I trow this is now a straunge syght.

Abelle. Goddys wylle fforsothe it is,
 That my tythyng with fyre is lyth,
 ffor of the best were my tythis,
 And of the werst thou dedyst hym dyght,
 Bad thyng thou hym bede.

Of the best was my tythyng,
 And of the werst was thin offryng,
 Therfor God Almyghty, hevyn kyng,
 Alowyht ryht nowth thi dede.

Caym. What? thou stynkyng losel, and is it so?
 Doth God the love and hatyht me ?
 Thou xalt be ded, I xal the slo,
 Thi Lord thi God thou xalt nevyr se !
 Tythyng more xalt thou nevyr do,
 With this chavyl bon I xal sle the,
 Thi deth is dyht, thi days be go,
 Out of myn handys xalt thou not fle,
 With this strok I the kylle.—
 Now this boy is slayn and dede,

Of hym I xal nevyr more han drede ;
He xal hereafter nevyr ete brede,
With this gresse I xal hym hylle.

Deus. Caym, come fforth and answere me,
Asoyle my qwestyon anon ryght,
Thy brother Abel, wher is now he ?

Ha don, and answere me as tyght.

Caym. My brothers kepere ho made me ?

Syn whan was I his kepyng knyght ?

I kan not telle wher that he be,

To kepe hym was I nevyr dyght,

I knowe not wher he is.

Deus. Acursyd Caym, thou art untrewē,
And for thi dede thou xalt sore rewē ;

Thi brothers blood that thou slewe,

Askyht vengeauns of thi mys.

Thu xalt be cursyd on the grounde,

Unprophitable where so thou wende,

Bothe veyn and nowthty and nothyng sounde,

With what thing thou medele thou xalt it shende.

Caym. Alas ! in whoo now am I wounde,

Acursyd of God, as man unkende ;

Of any man yf I be founde,

He xal me slo, I have no ffrende,

Alas and weleaway !

Deus. Of what man that thou be sclayne,

He xal have vij. folde more payn,

Hym were bettyr never to be sayn

On lyve be nyth ne day.

Caym. Alas ! alas ! whedyr may I go ?

I dare nevyr se man in the vesage,

I am woundyn as a wrecche in wo,
And cursyd of God ffor my ffalfage.
Unprofytabyll and vayn also,
In felde and towne, in strete and stage,
I may nevyr make merthis mo,
I wot nevyr whedyr to take passage ;
I dare not here abyde.
Now wyl I go wende my way,
With sore syeng and welaway,
To loke where that I best may
ffrom mannys ssyht me hyde.

IV. NOAH'S FLOOD.

Introitus Noe.

Noe. God of his goodnesse and of grace grounde,
By whoys gloryous power alle thyng is wrought,
In whom alle vertu plenteuously is ffounde,
Withowtyn whos wyl may be ryth nought;
Thy servauntes save, Lord, fro synful sownde,
In wyl, in werk, in dede, and in thouht;
Oure welth in woo lete nevyr be fownde,
Us help, Lord, from synne that we be in brought,
Lord God fful of myght!
Noe, seres, my name is knowe,
My wyff and my chyldere here on rowe,
To God we pray with hert ful lowe,
To plese hym in his syght.

In me Noe, the secunde age
Indede begynnyth, as I 3ow say;
Afftyr Adam, withoutyn langage,
The secunde fadyr am I in fay.
But men of levyng be so owtrage,
Bothe be nyght and eke be day,
That lesse than synne the soner swage,
God wyl be vengyd on us sum way,
Indede.

Ther may no man go ther owte,
But synne regnyth in every rowte,
In every place rownde abowte
Cursydnes doth sprynge and sprede.

Uxor Noe. Allemyghty God, of his gret grace,
 Enspyre men with hertely wylle,
 For to sese of here trespace,
 ffor synfulle levyng oure sowle xal spylle.
 Synne offendyth God in his face,
 And agrevyth oure Lorde ffulle ylle,
 It causyth to man ryght grett manace,
 And scrapyth hym out of lyvys bylle,
 That blyssyd book.
 What man in synne doth alle wey scleppe,
 He xal gon to helle ful deppe,
 Than xal he nevyr after creppe
 Out of the brennyng brook.

I am 3our wyff, 3our childeryn these be,
 Onto us tweyn it doth longe,
 Hem to teche in alle degré
 Synne to forsakyn and werkys wronge.
 Therfore, sere, for love of me,
 Enforme hem wele evyr amonge,
 Synne to forsake and vanyté
 And vertu to ffolwe that thei ffonge,
 Oure Lord God to plese.
Noe. I warne 3ow, childeryn, on and alle,
 Drede oure lord God in hevyn halle,
 And in no forfeite that we ne ffalle,
 Oure Lord for to dysplese.

Shem. A ! dere ffadyr, God forbede
 That we xulde do in ony wyse
 Ony werke of synful dede,
 Oure lord God that xulde agryse.
 My name is Shem, 3our son of prise,
 I xal werke aftere 3our rede,

And also, wyff, the weylle awyse,
 Wykkyd werkys that thou none brede,
 Never in no degré.

Uxor Seem. fforsothe, sere, be Goddys grace,
 I xal me kepe from alle trespace,
 That xulde offende Goddys fface,
 Be help of the Trynyté.

Cham. I am Cham, 3our secunde sone,
 And purpose me be Goddys myght,
 Nevyr suche a dede for to don,
 That xuld agreve God in syght.

Uxor Cham. I pray to God me grawnt this bone,
 That he me kepe in suche a plyght,
 Mornynge, hevenynge, mydday, and none,
 I to affendyn hym day nor nyght.

Lord God, I the pray,
 Bothe wakyng and eke in slepe,
 Gracyous God, thou me keppe,
 That I nevyr in daunger crepe,
 On dredffulle domys-day.

Japhet. Japhet, thi iij.^{de} sone, is my name ;
 I pray to God, wher so we be,
 That he us borwe fro synfulle shame,
 And in vertuous levyng evyrmore kepe me.

Uxor Japhet. I am 3our wyff, and pray the same,
 That God us save on sonde and se,
 With no grevauns that we hym grame,
 He grawnt us grace synne to fle,—
 Lord God, now here oure bone.

Noe. Gracyous God, that best may,
 With herty wyl to the we pray,
 Thou save us sekыр bothe nyght and day,
 Synne that we noon done.

Deus. Ow, what menyht this myslevyng man,
 Whiche myn hand made and byldyd in blysse?
 Synne so sore grevyht me 3a in certayn,
 I wol be vengyd of this grett mysse.
 Myn aungel dere, thou xalt gan
 To Noe that my servaunt is,
 A shypp to make on hond to tan
 Thou byd hym swythe ffor hym and his,
 ffrom drynchyng hem to save.
 ffor, as I am God off myght,
 I xal dystroye this werd downe ryght,
 Here synne so sore grevyht me in syght,
 Thei xal no mercy have.

ffecisse hominem nunc pœnitet me!
 That I made man sore doth me rewe,
 Myn handwerk to sle sore grevyth me,
 But that here synne here deth doth brewe.
 Go sey to Noe, as I bydde the,
 Hymself, his wyf, his childeryn trewe,
 Tho viij. sowlys in shyp to be,
 Thei xul not drede the flodys fflowe,
 The flod xal harme them nowht.
 Of alle ffowlys and bestys thei take a peyre,
 In shypp to save, bothe ffoule and ffayere,
 ffrom alle dowyntys and gret dyspeyre,
 This vengeauns or it be wrought.

Angelus ad Noe. Noe ! Noe ! a shypp loke thou make,
 And many a chaumbyr thou xalt have therinne ;
 Of every kyndys best a cowpyl thou take,
 Within the shypp here lyvys to wynne.
 ffor God is sore grevyd with man for his synne,
 That alle this wyde werd xal be dreynt with flood,

Saff thou and thi wyff xal be kept from this gynne,
And also thi chylderyn with here vertuys good.

Noe. How xuld I have wytt a shypp for to make,
I am of ryght grett age, v. c. 3ere olde,
It is not for me this werk to undyrtake,
ffor ffeythnesse of age my leggys gyn ffolde.

Angelus. This dede ffor to do be bothe blythe and bolde,
God xal enforme the and rewle the ful ryght,
Of berd and of beste take, as I the tolde,
A peyr into the shypp, and God xal the qwyght.

Noe. I am ful redy as God doth me bydde,
A shypp for to make be myght of his grace,
Alas ! that ffor synne it xal so be betydde,
That vengeauns of flood xal werke this manase.
God is sore grevyd with oure grett tresspas,
That with wylde watyr the werd xal be dreynt ;
A shyppe for to make now lete us hens pas,
That God azens us of synne have no compleynt.

*Hic transit Noe cum familia sua pro navi, quo exeunte,
locum interludii subintret statim Lameth conductus ab
adolescente, et dicens,*

Lameth. Gret mornyng I make, and gret cause I have ;
Alas ! now I se not, for age I am blynde,
Blyndenes doth make me of wytt for to rave,
Whantynge of eye-syght in peyn doth me bynde.
Whyl I had syht, ther myht nevyr man fynde
My pere of archerye in alle this werd aboute ;
ffor 3itt schet I nevyr at hert, are, nere hynde,
But yf that he deyd, of this no man have doute.

Lameth “ the good archere,” my name was ovyr alle,
ffor the best archere myn name dede ever sprede ;

Record of my boy, here wytnes this he xal,

What merk that were set me to deth it xuld blede.

Adolescens. It is trewe, mayster, that 3e seyn, indede ;

ffor that tyme 3e had 3oure bowe bent in honde,

If that 3our prycke had be half a myle in brede,

3e wolde the pryk han hitte, if 3e ny had stonde.

Lameth. I xuld nevyr affayled what marke that ever were sett,

Whyl that I myght loke and had my clere syght ;

And 3itt, as me thynkyht, no man xuld shete bett

Than I xuld do now, if myn hand were sett aryght.

Aspye some marke, boy, my bowe xal I bende wyght,

And sett myn hand evyn to shete at some best ;

And I dare ley a wagour his deth for to dyght,

The marke xal I hitt, my lyff do I hest.

Adolescens. Undyr 3on grett bushe, mayster, a best do I se,

Take me thin hand swythe and holde it ful styлле,

Now is thin hand evyn as evyr it may be,

Drawe up thin takylle 3on best for to kylle.

Lameth. My bowe xal I drawe ryght with herty wylle,

This brod arwe I shete that best ffor to saylle ;

Now have at that busche 3on best for to spylle,

A sharppe schote I shote, therof I xall not faylle.

Cayn. Out, out, and alas ! myn hert is on sondyr.

With a brod arwe I am ded and slayn !

I dye here on grounde, myn hert is alle to tundyr,

With this brod arwe it is clovyn on twayn !

Lameth. Herke, boy, cum telle me the trewthe in certeyn,

What man is he that this cry doth thus make ?

Adolescens. Caym thou hast kyllid, I telle the ful pleyn,

With thi sharp shetyng his dethe hath he take.

Lameth. Have I slayn Cayme ? Alas ! what have I done ?

Thou stynkyng lurdeyn, what hast thou wrought ?

Thou art the why I sle hym so sone,
 Therefore xal I kylle the here, thou skapyst nowght.

Hic Lameth cum arcu sua verberat adolescentem ad mortem, dicente adolescente,

Adolescens. Out, out, I deye here! my deth is now sought!
 This theffe with his bowe hath broke my brayn!
 Ther may non helpe be, my dethe is me brought,
 Ded here I synke down as man that is slayn!

Lameth. Alas! what xal I do? wrecche, wykkyd on wolde,
 God wyl be vengyd ful sadly on me;
 ffor deth of Caym I xal have vij. folde

More peyn than he had that Abelle dede sle.
 These to mennys deth fulle sore bought xal be,
 Upon alle my blood God wylle venge this dede,
 Wherefore sore wepyng hens wyl I fle,
 And loke where I may best my hede sone heyde.

Hic recedat Lameth et statim intrat Noe cum navi cantantes,

Noe. With doolful hert syenge sad and sore,
 Grett mornyng I make ffor this dredful flood!
 Of man and of best is dreynte many a skore,
 Alle this werd to spylle these flodys be ful wood.
 And alle is for synne of mannys wylde mood,
 That God hath ordeyned this dredfulle vengeaunce;
 In this flood spylt is many a mannys blood,
 ffor synfulle levyng of man we have gret grevauns.

Alle this hundryd 3ere ryght here have I wrought,
 This schypp for to make, as God dede byd me;
 Of alle maner bestes a copylle is in brought,
 Within my shypp borde on lyve for to be.
 Ryght longe God hath soferyd amending to se;
 Alle this hundryd 3ere God hath shewyd grace.

Alas ! fro gret syn man wyl not fle,
 God doth this vengeauns for oure gret trespase.

Uxor Noe. Alas ! for gret ruthe of this gret vengeaunce,
 Gret doyl it is to se this watyr so wyde !
 But 3it thankyd be God of this ordenaunce,
 That we be now savyd on lyve to abyde.
Seem. ffor grett synne of lechory alle this doth betyde,
 Alas ! that evyr suche synne xulde be wrought !
 This fflod is so gret on every a syde,
 That alle this wyde werd to care is now brought.

Uxor Seem. Becawse of chylideryn of God that weryn good,
 Dede forfeite ryght sore what tyme that thei were,
 Synfully compellyd to Caymys blood,
 Therfore be we now cast in ryght grett care.
Cham. ffor synful levyng this werde doth for-fare ;
 So grevous vengeauns myght nevyr man se ;
 Ovyr alle this werd wyde ther is no plot bare,
 With watyr and with flood God vengyd wylle be.

Uxor Cham. Rustynes of synne is cawse of these wawys,
 Alas ! in this fflod this werd xal be lorn ;
 ffor offens to God brekyng his lawys,
 On rokkys ryght sharp is many a man torn.
Japhet. So grevous fflodys were nevyr 3ett beforne,
 Alas ! that lechory this vengeauns doth gynne !
 It were welle bettyr ever to be unborn,
 Than ffor to forfebyn evyr more in that synne.

Uxor Japhet. Oure lord God I thanke of his gret grace,
 That he doth us save from this dredful payn !
 Hym for to wurchipe in every stede and place,
 We beth gretly bownde with myght and with mayn.
Noe. Xl.th days and nyghtes hath lasted this rayn,
 And xl.th days this grett flood begynnnyth to slake ;

This crowe xal I sende out to seke sum playn,
Good tydynges to brynge, this massage I make.

Hic emittat corvum, et parum expectans iterum dicat,

This crowe on sum careyn is falle for to ete,
Therefore a newe masangere I wylle fforthe now sende ;
ffly fforth, thou fayr dove, ovyr these waterys wete,
And aspye afftere sum dry lond, oure mornynge to amend.

*Hic evolet columba ; qua redeunte cum ramo viride
olivæ,*

Joye now may we make of myrth that that were frende,
A grett olyve bushe this dowe doth us brynge ;
ffor joye of this tokyn ryght hertyly we tende
Our lord God to worchep, a songe let us synge.

Hic decantent hos versus.

Mare vidit et fugit,
Jordanis conversus est retrorsum.
Non nobis, Domine, non nobis,
Sed nomini tuo da gloriam.

Et sic recedant cum navi.

V. ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

Introitus Abrahe, etc.

Most myghty makere of sunne and of mone,
Kyng of kynges, and Lord over alle,
Allemghty God in hevyn trone,
I the honowre and evyr more xal !
My Lord, my God ! to the I kalle,
With herty wylle, Lord, I the pray,
In synfulle lyff lete me nevyr falle,
But lete me leve evyr to thi pay.

Abraham my name is kydde,
And patryarke of age ful olde ;
And 3it be the grace of God is bredde,
In myn olde age, a chylde fulle bolde.
Ysaac, lo ! here his name is tolde,
My swete sone that stondyth me by,
Amonges alle chylderyn that walkyn on wolde,
A lovelyer chylde is non trewly.

I thanke God with hert welle mylde,
Of his gret mercy and of his hey grace,
And pryncepalý ffor my suete chylde,
That xal to me do gret solace.
Now, suete sone, ffayre fare thi fface,
fful hertyly do I love the,
ffor trewe herty love now in this place,
My swete childe, com, kysse now me.

Ysaac. At 3oure byddyng 3our mouthe I kys,
 With lowly hert I 3ow pray,
 3oure fadyrly love lete me nevyr mysse,
 But blysse me, 3our chylde, bothe nyght and day
Abraham. Almyghty God, that best may,
 His dere blyssyng he graunt the,
 And my blyssyng thou have alle way,
 In what place that evyr thou be.

Now, Ysaac, my sone so suete,
 Almyghty God loke thou honoure,
 Wiche that made bothe drye and wete,
 Shynyng sunne and scharpe schoure.
 Thu art my suete childe, and par amoure
 fful wele in herte do I the love,
 Loke that thin herte, in hevyn toure
 Be sett to serve oure Lord God above.

In thi 3onge lerne God to plese,
 And God xal quyte the weyl thi mede :
 Now, suete sone, of wordys these
 With alle thin hert thou take good hede.
 Now fare weyl, sone, God be thin spede !
 Evyn here at hom thou me abyde,
 I must go walkyn, ffor I have nede,
 I come a3en withinne a tyde.

Ysaac. I pray to God, ffadyr of myght,
 That he 3ow spede in alle 3our waye,
 From shame and shenshipp, day and nyht,
 God mote 3ow kepe in 3our jorney.
Abraham. Now fare weylle, sone ! I the pray
 Evyr in thin hert loke God thou wynde,
 Hym to serve, bothe nyght and day,—
 I pray to God sende the good mynde.

Ther may no man love bettyr his childe,
 Than Isaac is lovyd of me ;
 Almyghty God, mercyful and mylde,
 ffor my swete son I wurchyp the !
 I thank the, Lord, with hert ful fre,
 ffor this fayr frute thou hast me sent.
 Now, gracyous God, wher so he be,
 To save my sone evyr more be bent.

Dere Lord, I pray to the also,
 Me to save for thi servvaunte ;
 And sende me grace nevyr for to do
 Thyng that xulde be to thi displesaunte.
 Bothe ffor me and for myn infaunte,
 I pray the, Lord God, us to help,—
 Thy gracyous goodnes thou us grawnt,
 And save thi servaunt from helle qwelp.

Angelus. Abraham, how ! Abraham,
 Lyst and herke weylle onto me.

Abraham. Al redy, sere, here I am ;
 Telle me 3our wylle what that it be.

Angelus. Almyghty God thus doth bydde the,—
 Ysaac thi sone anon thou take,
 And loke hym thou slee anoon, lete se,
 And sacrafice to God hym make.

Thy welbelovyd childe thou must now kylle,
 To God thou offyr hym, as I say,
 Evyn upon 3on hey hylle,
 That I the shewe here in the way.
 Tarye not be nyght nor day,
 But smertly thi gate thou goo ;
 Upon 3on hille thou knele and pray
 To God, and kylle the childe ther and scloo !

Abraham. Now Goddys comaundement must nedys be done,
Alle his wyl is wourthy to be wrought;
But 3itt the fadyr to sele the sone,
Grett care it causyth in my thought.
In byttyr hale now am I brought
My swete childe with knyf to kylle ;
But 3it my sorwe awaylith ryght nowth,
For nedys I must werke Goddys wylle.

With evy hert I walke and wende,
My childys deth now for to be,
Now must the fadyr his suete sone schende
Alas ! for ruthe it is peté !
My swete sone, come hedyr to me :
How, Isaac, my sone dere,
Com to thi ffadyr, my childe so fre,
ffor we must wende to-gedyr in fere.

Isaac. Alle redy fadyr, evyn at 3our wylle,
And at 3our byddyng I am 3ow by,
With 3ow to walk ovyr dale and hille,
At 3oure callyng I am redy.
To the fadyr evyr most comly,
It ovyth the childe evyr buxom to be ;
I wyl obey, ful hertyly,
To alle thyng that 3e bydde me.

Abraham. Now, son, in thi necke this fagot thou take,
And this fyre bere in thinne honde,
ffor we must now sacrefyse go make,
Evyn aftyr the wylle of Goddys sonde.
Take this brennyng bronde,
My swete childe, and lete us go ;
Ther may no man that levyth in londe,
Have more sorwe than I have wo.

Ysaac. ffayr fadyr, 3e go ryght styлле,

I pray 3ow, fadyr, speke onto me.

Abraham. Mi gode childe, what is thi wylle?

Telle me thyn hert, I pray to the.

Ysaac. ffadyr, fyre and wood here is plenté,

But I kan se no sacryfice ;

What 3e xulde offre fayn wold I se,

That it were don at the best avyse.

Abraham. God xal that ordeyn that sytt in hevynne,

My swete sone, ffor this offryng,

A derrere sacryfice may no man nempne,

Than this xal be, my dere derlyng.

Ysaac. Lat be, good fadyr, 3our sad wepynge !

3our hevy cher agrevyth me sore :

Telle me, fadyr, 3our grett mornyng,

And I xal seke sum help therfore.

Abraham. Alas ! dere sone, for nedys must me,

Evyng here the kylle, as God hath sent ;

Thyn owyn fadyr thi deth must be,—

Alas ! that evyr this bowe was bent.

With this fyre bryght thou must be brent,

An aungelle seyde to me ryght so :

Alas ! my chylde, thou xalt be shent !

Thi careful fadyr must be thi ffo !

Ysaac. Almyghty God, of his grett mercye,

fful hertyly I thanke the sertayne :

At Goddys byddyng here for to dye,

I obeye me here for to be sclayne.

I pray 3ow, fadyr, be glad and fayne,

Trewly to werke Goddys wylle :

Take good comforte to 3ow agayn,

And have no dowte 3our childe to kylle.

ffor Godys byddying forsothe it is,
 That I of 3ow my deth schulde take :
 A3ens God 3e don amys,
 Hys byddying yf 3e xuld forsake.
 3owre owyn dampnacion xulde 3e bake,
 If 3e me kepe from this reed ;
 With 3our swerd my deth 3e make,
 And werk evyrmore the wylle of God.

Abraham. The wylle of God must nedys be done !
 To werke his wylle I seyð nevyr nay ;
 But 3it the ffadyr to sle the sone,
 My hert doth clynge and cleve as clay.
Ysaac. 3itt werke Goddys wylle, fadyr, I 3ow pray,
 And sle me here anoon forthe ryght,
 And turne fro me 3our face away,
 Myne heed whan that 3e xul of smyght.

Abraham. Alas ! dere childe, I may not chese,—
 I must nedys my swete sone kylle !
 My dere derlyng, now must me lese,
 Myn owyn sybb blood now xal I spyllle !
 3itt this dede or I fulfyllle,
 My swete sone, thi mouth I kys.
Ysaac. Al redy, fadyr, evyn at 3our wylle
 I do 3our byddying, as reson is.

Abraham. Alas ! dere sone, here is no grace,
 But nedis ded now must thou be !
 With this kerchere I kure thi face,
 In the tyme that I sle the.
 Thy lovely vesage wold I not se,
 Not for alle this werdllys good :
 With this swerd, that sore grevyht me,
 My childe I sle and spyllle his blood !

Angelus. Abraham ! Abraham ! thou fadyr fre.

Abraham. I am here redy, what is your wyll?

Angelus. Extende thin hand in no degré,

I bydde thou hym not kille !

Here do I se by ryght good skylle,

Allemgyhty God that thou dost drede.

For thou sparyst nat thi sone to spylle,—

God wyllle aqwhyte the welle thi mede.

Abraham. I thank my God in hevyn above,

And hym honowre for this grett grace !

And that my Lord me thus doth prove,

I wyllle hym wurchep in every place.

My childys lyff is my solace,

I thank myn God evyr for his lyff,

In sacrifice here or I hens pace,

I sle this shepe with this same knyff.

Now this shepe is deed and slayn,

With this fyre it xal be brent ;

Of Isaac my sone I am ful fayn,

That my swete childe xal not be shent.

This place I name, with good entent,

The hille of Godlys vesityacion :

ffor hedyr God hath to us sent

His comferte, aftyr grett trybulacion.

Angelus. Herke, Abraham, and take good heyd !

By hymself God hath thus sworne,

ffor that thou woldyst a done this dede,

He wyllle the blysse bothe evyn and morne.

ffor thi dere childe thou woldyst have lorn,

At Goddys byddyng, as I the telle ;

God hath sent the word beforne,

Thi seed xal multiplye, wher so thou duelle.

As sterres in hevyn byn many and fele,
 So xal thi seed encrease and growe ;
 Thou xalt ovyrcome, in welthe and wele,
 Alle thi fomen reknyd be rowe.
 As sond in the se doth ebbe and flowe,
 Hath cheselys many unnumerabylle,
 So xal thi sede, thou mayst me trowe,
 Encres and be evyr prophytabylle.

ffor to my speche thou dedyst obeye,
 Thyn enmyes portes thou shalt possede ;
 And alle men on erthe, as I the seye,
 Thei xal be blyssed in thi sede.
 Almyghty God thus the wylle mede,
 ffor that good wylle that thou ast done,
 Therfore thank God, in word and dede,
 Bothe thou thiself, and Ysaac thi sone.

Abraham. A ! my lord God to wurchep on kne now I falle !
 I thank the, Lord, of thi mercy !
 Now, my swete childe, to God thou kalle,
 And thank we that Lord now hertyly.
Isaac. With lowly hert to God I crye,—
 I am his servvant bothe day and nyght !
 I thank the, Lord, in hevyn so hyze,
 With hert, with thought, with mayn, with myght !

Abraham. Gramercy, Lord, and kyng of grace !
 Gramercy, Lord over lordys alle !
 Now my joye returnyth his trace,
 I thank the, Lorde, in hevyn thin halle.
Isaac. Ovyr alle kynges crownyd kyng, I the kalle !
 At thi hyddying to dye with knyff,
 I was fful buxum evyn as thi thralle ;—
 Lord, now I thank the, thou grauntyst me lyff.

Abraham. Now we have wurchepyd oure blyssyd lorde,
On grounde knelyng upon oure kne ;
Now lete us tweyn, sone, ben of on acorde,
And goo walke hom into oure countré.
Ysaac. ffadyr, as 3e wylle, so xal it be,
I am redy with 3ow to gon ;
I xal 3ow folwe with hert fulle fre ;
Alle that 3e bydde me, sone xal be don.

Abraham. Now, God alle thyng of nowth that made,
Evyr wurchepyd he be on watyr and londe !
His gret honowre may nevyr more fade,
In felde nor town, se nor on sonde !
As althyng, Lord, thou hast in honde,
So save us alle, wher so we be,—
Whethyr we syttyn, walk, or stonde,
Evyr on thin handwerke thou have pyté !

Explicit.

VI. MOSES AND THE TWO TABLES.

Introitus Moyses.

He that made alle thyng of nought,
Hevyn and erthe, bothe sunne and mone,
Save alle that his hand hath wrought,
Allemygthy God in hevyn trone !
I am Moyses that make this bone,
I pray the, Lord God, with alle my mende,
To us inclyne thi mercy sone,
Thi gracyous lordchep lete us fynde.

The to plesyn in alle degré,
Gracyous God and Lord ovyr alle,
Thou graunte us grace, wher so we be,
And save us sownd fro synfulle falle.
Thy wyll to werke to us thi thralle,
Enforme and teche us all thi plesans,
In purenesse put us that nevyr not falle,
And grounde us in grace ffrom alle grevauns.

Hic Moyses videns rubrum ardentem admirande dicit,

A ! mercy, God, what menyth 3on syte ?
A grene busche as fyre cloth flame,
And kepyth his colowre fayr and bryghte,
ffresche and grene withowtyn blame.

It fyguryth sumthyng of ryght gret fame,

I kan not seyn what it may be,

I wylle go nere, in Goddys name,

And wysely loke this busche to se.

Deus. Moyses, how ! Moyses,

Herke to me anon this stounde.

Moyses. I am here, Lorde, withowtyn les,

3owre gracyous wylle to do I am bounde.

Deus. Thu take thi schon anon ful rownde

Of thi fete in hast, lete se,

fful holy is that place and grownde,

Ther thou dost stonde, I sey to the.

Moyses. Barfoot now I do me make,

And pulle of my schon fro my fete :

Now have I my schon of take,

What is 3our wylle, Lord ? fayn wold I wete.

Deus. Com nere, Moyses, with me to mete,

These tabelleis I take the in thin honde,

With my ffynger in hem is wrete

Alle my lawys, thou undyrstonde.

Loke that thou preche alle abowte,

Hoo so wylle have frenshipp of me,

To my lawys loke thei lowte,

That thei be kept in alle degré.

Go forthe and preche anon, let se,

Loke thou not ses nyght nor day.

Moyses. 3our byddyng, Lord, alle wrought xal be,

3our wylle to werk I walk my way.

“ Custodi precepta domini Dei tui.” *Deutronomini* vj.⁴⁰

The comaundment of thi Lord God, man, loke thou kepe,

Where that thou walk, wake, or slepe,

Every man take good hede,

And to my techyng take good intent ;

For God hath sent me now indede,
 3ow for to enforme his comaundment ;
 3ow to teche God hath me sent,
 His lawys of lyff that arn ful wyse ;
 Them to lern be dyligent,
 3oure soullys may thei save at the last asyse.

The preceptes that taught xal be,
 Be wretyn in these tablys tweyn :
 In the fyrst ben wretyn thre,
 That towche to God, this is serteyn.
 In the secund tabyl be wretyn ful pleyn,
 The tother vij. that towche mankende :
 Herk now welle, man, what I xal seyn,
 And prent thise lawys welle in thi mende.

Primum mandatum. "Non habebis Deos alienos."

The fyrst comaundement of God, as I 3ow say,
 Of the fyrst tabyl forsothe is this,
 Thou xalt have, neythyr nyght nore day,
 Noon other God but the kyng of blysse.
 Undyrstonde wele what menyth this,
 Every man in his degré,
 And sett nevyr 3our hert amys,
 Upon this werdlis vanyté.

ffor if thou sett thi love so sore
 Upon ryches and werdly good,
 Thi wurdly ryches thou takyst evermore
 Evyn for thi God, as man ovyr wood ;
 Amend the, man, and chaunge thi mood,
 Lese not thi sowle for werdlis welthe,
 Only hym love whiche bodyly ffood
 Doth 3eve alle day, and gostly helthe.

Secundum mandatum. “Non assumens nomen Dei tui
in vanum.”

The secund precept of the fyrst tabylle,
The name of God take nevyr in vayne,
Swere none othis be noon fals fabyll,—
The name of God thou nevyr dysteyn.
Bewhare of othis for dowte of peyn,
Amonges ffelachepp whan thou dost sytt,
A lytyl othe, this is serteyn,
May dampne thy soule to helle pytt.

Man, whan thou art sett at the nale,
And hast thi langage as plesyth the,
Loke thin othis be non or smale,
And 3ett alwey loke trewe thei be.
But swere not oftyn by rede of me,
ffor yf thou use oftyn tyme to swere,
It may gendyr custom in the ;
Byware of custom, ffor he wyl dere.

Tercium mandatum. “Memento ut sabbatum sanctificet.”

The iij.^{de} comaundment of God, as I rede,
Dothe bydde the halwe welle thin halyday,
Kepe the welle ffro synfulle dede,
And care not gretly ffor ryche aray.
A ryght pore man, this is non nay,
Of sympyl astat in clothis rent,
May be bettyr than ryche with garmentes gay,
Oftyn tyme doth kepe this comaundment.

ffor ryche men do shewe oftyntyme pompe and pride,
On halydayes, as oftyn is sene ;
Whan pore men passe and go besyde,
At wurthy festys riche men wolke bene.

Thyn halyday thou kepyst not clene
 In gloteny to lede thi lyff,
 In Goddys hous 3e xulde be-clene
 Honoure your God, bothe mayden and wyff.

Quantum Mandatum. "Honora patrem tuum et matrem tuam."

Off the secunde tabylle the fyrst comaundment,
 And in the ordlyr the iiij.th, I sey in fay,
 He byddyth the evermore with hert bent,
 Bothe ffadyr and modyr to wurchep alway.
 Thow that thi fadyr be pore of array,
 And 3ow never so ryche of golde and good,
 3itt loke thou wurchep hym nyght and day,
 Of whom thou hast bothe fflesche and blood.

In this comaundmente includyd is
 The bodyli fadyr and modyr also,
 Includyd also I fynde in this,
 Thi gostly fadyr and modyr therto.
 To thi gostly ffadyr evyr reverens do,
 Thi gostly modyr is holy cherche;
 These tweyn save thi sowle fro woo,
 Ever them to wurchep loke that thou werche.

Quintum mandatum. "Non occides."

The ffyft comaundement byddyth alle us,
 Sele no man, no whight that thou kille;
 Undyrstonde this precept thus,
 Sele no wyght with wurd nor wyll.
 Wykkyd worde werkylt oftyntyme grett ille,
 Be war therfore of wykkyd langage,
 Wykkyd speche many on doth spylle,
 Therfore of speche bethe not owtrage.

Sextum mandatum. "Non makaberis."

The sexte comaundement byddith every man,
 That no wyght lede no lecherous lay,
 fforfett never be no woman,

Lesse than the lawe alowe thi play.
 Trespas nevyr with wyff, ne may,
 With wedow, nor with non othyr wyght;
 Kepe the clene, as I the say,
 To whom thou hast thi trowth plyght.

Septimum mandatum. "Non furtum facies."

Do no thefte, no thyng thou stele,
 The vij.^{te} precept byddyth the ful sore;
 Whylle thou arte in welthe and wele,
 Evylle gett good loke thou restore.
 Off handys and dede be trewe evyrmore,
 ffor yf thin handys lymyd be,
 Thou art but shent, thi name is lore,
 In ffelde and towne, and in alle countré.

Octavum mandatum. "Non loqueris contra proximum tuum falsum testimonium."

The viij.^{te} precept thus doth the bydde,
 ffals wyttnes loke non thou bere,
 The trowth nevyr more loke that thou hyde,
 With ffals wyttnes no man thou dere.
 Nowther ffor love, ne dred, ne fere,
 Sey non other than trowth is,
 ffals wytnes yf that thou rere,
 Aȝens God thou dost grettly amys.

Nonum mandatum. "Non desiderabis uxorem proximi tui, etc."

The ix.^{te} precept of lawe of lyff,
 Evyn thus doth bydde every man,
 Desyre not thi neybores wyff,
 Thow she be fayr and whyte as swan,

And thi wyff brown ; 3itt natt for-than
 Thi neybores wyff thou nevyr rejoyse,
 Kepe the clene, as evyr thou can,
 To thin owyn wyff, and thin owyn choyse.

Decimum mandatum. “ Non concupisces domum
 proximi tui, non servum, non ancillam, non bos, non
 asinum, nec omnia quæ illius sunt, etc.”

The x.^{de} comaundement of God and last is this,
 Thi neybores hous desyre thou nowth,
 Maydon, nor servaunt, nor nowth of his,
 Desyre hem nevyr in wylle nor thowth.
 Oxe nere asse that he hath bought,
 Nere no thyng that longyht hym to,
 Godys lawe must nedys be wrought,
 Desyre no thyng thin neybore ffro.

The vj.^{te} comaundement of lechery
 Doth exclude the synfulle dede,
 But theys tweyn last most streytly,
 Bothe dede and thought thei do forbede.
 In wylle nere thought no lechory thou lede,
 Thi thought and wylle thou must refreyn,
 Alle thi desyre, as I the rede,
 In clenness of lyff thiself restreyn.

ffrendys, these be the lawys that 3e must kepe,
 Therfore every man sett welle in mende,
 Wethyr that thou do wake or slepe,
 These lawys to lerne thou herke ful hynde.
 And Godys grace xal be thi ffrende,
 He socowre and save 3ow in welthe fro woo !
 ffare welle, gode frendys, for hens wyll I wende,
 My tale I have taugt 3ow, my wey now I goo.

Explicit Moyses.

VII. THE PROPHETS.

Ysaïas.

I am the prophete callyd Isaye,
Replett with Godys grett influens,
And sey pleyntyly, be spyryte of prophecie,
That a clene mayde, thourghe meke obedyens,
Shalle bere a childe whiche xal do resystens
Ageyn foule 3abulon, the devyl of helle,
Mannys soule ageyn hym to defens,—
Opyn in the felde the fend he xal felle.

Wherefore I seye quod virgo concipiet
Et pariet filium nomen Emanuel,
Oure lyf for to save he xal suffyr dethe,
And bye us to his blysse in hevyn for to dwelle
Of sacerdotale lynage, the trewth I 3ow telle,
fflesche and blood to take God wylle be borne;
Joye to man in erth, and in hevyn aungelle
At the chyl dys byrthe joye xal make that morn.

Radix Jesse.

Egredietur virga de radice Jesse,
Et flos de radice ejus ascendet.
A blyssyd braunche xal sprynge of me,
That xal be swettere than bawmys brethe;
Oute of that braunche, in Nazareth
A flowre xal blome of me, Jesse rote,
The whiche by grace xal dystroye dethe,
And brynge mankende to blysse most sote.

Davyd Rex.

I am David, of Jesse rote,
 The fresche kyng by naturalle successyon,
 And of my blood xal sprynge oure bote,
 As God hymself hath mad promysson;
 Of regalle lyff xal come suche foyson,
 That a clene mayde modyr xal be,
 Ageyns the devellys fals illusyon,
 With regalle power to make man fre.

Jeremias propheta.

I am the prophete Jeremye,
 And fulliche acorde in alle sentence
 With kyng David and with Ysaie,
 Affermynge pleyndly befor this audyens,
 That God of his highe benyvolens,
 Of prest and kynge wylle take lynage,
 And bye us alle ffrom oure offens,
 In hevyn to have his herytage.

Salamon Rex.

I am Salamon the secunde kyng,
 And that wurthy temple for sothe made I,
 Whiche that is fygure of that mayde 3ynge,
 That xal be modyr of grett Messy.

Ezechieel propheta.

A vysion of this, fful veryly,
 I Ezechiel have had also,
 Of a gate that sperd was trewly,
 And no man but a prince myght therin go.

Roboas Rex.

The iij.^{de} kyng of the jentylle Jesse,
 My name is knowe, kyng Roboas,
 Of oure kynrede 3itt men xul so
 A clene mayde trede downe foule Sathanas.

Micheus propheta.

And I am a prophete calde Mycheas,
 I telle 3ou pleyndly that thus it is,

Evyn lyke as Eve modyr of wo was,
So xal a maydyn be modyr off blyss.

Abias Rex.

I, that am calde kynge Abias,
Conferme for trewe that 3e han seyde;
And sey also as in this cas,
That alle oure myrthe comyth of a mayd.

Danyel propheta.

I prophete Danyel am welle apayed,
In fygure of this I saw a tre;
Alle the fendys of helle xalle ben affrayd,
Whan maydenys ffrute theron thei se.

Asa Rex.

I, kynge Asa, beleve alle this,
That God wylle of a maydyn be borne,
And, us to bryngyn to endles blys,
Ruly on rode be rent and torn.

Jonas propheta.

I, Jonas, sey that on the iij.^{de} morn
ffro dethe he xal ryse, this is a trewe talle,
Fyguryd in me, the whiche longe befor
Lay iij. days beryed within the qwalle.

Josophat rex.

And I, Josophat, the vj.^{te} kynge serteyne,
Of Jesse rote in the lenyalle successyon,
Alle that my progenitouris hath befor me seyn,
ffeythfully beleve withowtyn alle dubytacion.

Abdias propheta.

I, Abdias prophete, make this protestacion,
That after he is resyn to lyve onys agen,
Dethe xal be drevyn to endles dampnacion,
And lyff xal be grawntyd of paradys ful pleyn.

Joras Rex.

And I, Joras, also in the nombre of sefne,
Of Jesse rote kynge, knowlyche that he

Aftyр his resurreccion returne xal to hefne,
 Bothe God and verry man ther endles to be.

Abacuche propheta.

I, Abacuche prophete, holde wele with the,
 Whan he is resyn he xal up stye,
 In hevyn as juge sitt in his se,
 Us for to deme whan we xal dye.

Ozias Rex.

And I, Ozyas, kynge of hygh degré,
 Spronge of Jesse rote, dare welle sey this,
 Whan he is gon to his dygnyté,
 He xal send the sprytt to his discyplis.

Joelle propheta.

And I, Joel, knowe fulle trewe that is,
 God bad me wryte in prophesye,
 He wolde sende downe his sprytt i-wys,
 On 3onge and olde ful sekyrlye.

Joathas rex.

My name is knowe, kyng Joathan,
 The ix.^e kynge spronge of Jesse,
 Of my kynrede God wol be man,
 Mankend to save, and that joyth me.

Aggeus propheta.

With 3ow I do holde that am prophete Aggee,
 Com of the same hygh and holy stok,
 God of oure kynrede in dede born wyl be,
 ffrom the wulf to save al shepeof his flock.

Achas rex.

Off Jesse kyng Achas is my name,
 That falsly wurchepyd ydolatrie,
 Tyl Ysaie putt me in blame,
 And seyde a mayd xulde bere Messye.

Ozyas propheta.

Off that byrthe wyttnes bere I,
 A prophete Ozyas men me calle,

And aftyr that tale of Isaye,
That mayd xal bere Emanuelle.

Ezechias rex.

My name is knowyn, kyng Ezechias,
The xj.^{te} kyng of this genealogye,
And say fforsothe, as in this cas,
A mayde be mekenes xal brynge mercye.

Sophosas propheta.

I a prophete callyd Sophonye,
Of this matyr do bere wyttnes,
And for trowth to sertyfie,
That maydens byrthe oure welthe xal dresse.

Manasses rex.

Of this nobylle and wurthy generacion,
The xij. kyng am I Manasses,
Wyttnessynge here, be trew testyficacion,
That maydenys childe xal be prince of pes.

Baruk propheta.

And I, Baruk prophete, conferme wurdys thes,
Lord and prince of pes, thow that chylde be,
Al his fomen ageyn hym that pres,
Ryght a grym syre at domysday xal he be.

Amon rex.

Amon kynge, ffor the last conclusyon,
Al thyng befor seyde ffor trowth do testyfie,
Praynge that lord of oure synne remyssyon,
At that dredful day he us graunt mercye.

Thus we alle of this genealogye,
Accordynge in on here in this place,
Pray that hey3 lorde whan that we xal dye,
Of his gret goodnesse to grawnt us his grace!

Explicit Jesse.

VIII. THE BARRENNESS OF ANNA.

Contemplacio. Cryst conserve this congregacion
Fro perellys past, present, and future,
And the personys here pleand, that the pronunciacion
Of here sentens to be seyde mote be sad and sure.
And that non oblocucion make this matere obscure,
But it may profite and plese eche persone present,
ffrom the gynnyng to the endyng so to endure,
That Cryst and every creature with the conceyte be content.

This matere here mad is of the modyr of mercy,
How be Joachym and Anne was here conception,
Sythe offred into the temple, compiled breffly,
Than maryed to Joseph, and so folwyng the salutation.
Metyng with Elyzabeth and therwith a conclusyon,
In fewe wurdys talkyd, that it xulde nat be tedyous,
To lernyd nyn to lewd nyn to no man of reson,
This is the processe, now preserve 3ow Jhesus !

Thereffore of pes I 3ow pray alle that ben here present,
And take hed to oure talkyn what we xal say,
I be-teche 3ow that lorde that is evyr omnyypotent,
To governe 3ow in goodnes, as he best may,
In hevyn we may hym se.
Now God that is hevyn kynge,
Sende us alle hese dere blyssynge,
And to his towre he mote us brynge.
Amen, ffor charyté !

Ysakar. The prestys of God offre sote ensens
 Unto here God, and therfore they be holy ;
 We that mynistere here in Goddys presens,
 In us xuld be fownd no maner of ffoly.
Ysakar, prynce of prestys, am I,
 That this holyest day here have mynystracion,
 Certifyenge alle tribus in my cure specyaly,
 That this is the hyst fest of oure solennyzacion.

This we clepe *festum Encenniorum*,
 The new ffest of whiche iij. in the 3ere we exercyse ;
 Now alle the kynredys to Jerusalem must cum,
 Into the temple of God here to do sacryfyse ;
 Tho that be cursyd my dygnyté is to dysspyse,
 And tho that be blyssyd here holy sacrefyse to take ;
 We be regal sacerdocium, it perteyneth us to be wysse,
 Be fastyng, be prayng, be almes, and at du tyme to wake.

Joachym. Now alle this countré of Galylé,
 With this cetye of Nazareth specyal,
 This ffest to Jerusalem must go we,
 To make sacrefyce to God eternal.
 My name is Joachym, a man in godys substancyalle,
 Joachym is to say, he that to God is redy,
 So have I be and evyr more xal,
 ffor the dredful domys of God sore drede I.

I am clepyd ryghtful, why wole 3e se ?
 ffor my godys into thre partys I devyde,
 On to the temple and to hem that ther servyng be,
 Anodyr to the pylgrimys and pore men ; the iij.^{de} ffor hem
 with me abyde.
 So xulde every curat in this werde wyde,
 3eve a part to his chauncel i-wys,
 A part to his parochoneres that to povert slyde,
 The thryd part to kepe for hym and his.

But, blyssyd wyff Anne, sore I drede

In the temple this tyme to make sacryfice ;
 Becawse that no frute of us dothe procede,

I fere me grettly the prest wole me dysspice.
 Than grett slawndyr in the tribus of us xulde aryse :

But this I avow to God, with alle the mekenes I can,
 3yff of his mercy he wole a childe us devyse,
 We xal offre it up into the temple to be Goddys man.

Anna. 3our swemful wurdys make terys trekyl downe be my face,

I-wys, swete husband, the fawte is in me ;
 My name is Anne, that is to sey, grace,

We wete not how gracyous God wyl to us be.
 A woman xulde bere Cryst, these profecyes have we,
 If God send frute and it be a mayd childe ;
 Withe alle reverens I vow to his magesté,
 Sche xal be here foot-mayd to mynyster here most mylde.

Joachym. Now lete be it as God wole, ther is no more,

Tweyn turtelys ffor my sacryfice with me I take ;
 And I beseche, wyff, and evyr we mete more,
 That hese grett mercy us meryer mut make.

Anna. For dred and ffor swem of 3our wourdys I qwake,
 Thryes I kysse 3ow with syghys ful sad ;
 And to the mercy of God mekely I 3ow betake,
 And tho that departe in sorwe, God make ther metyng glad !

Senior tribus. Worchepful sere Joachym, be 3e redy now ?

Alle 3our kynrede is come 3ow to exorte,
 That thei may do sacrifice at the temple with 3ow,
 ffor 3e be of grett wurchep, as men 3ow report.

Joachym. Alle synfulle, seke, and sory, God mote comforte,
 I wolde I were as men me name !

Thedyr in Goddys name now late us alle resorte :

A Anne, Anne, Anne, God scheeld us fro shame !

Anne. Now am I left alone, sore may I wepe,
 A, husbond ! ageyn God wel mote 3ow brynge !
 And fro shame and sorwe he mote 3ow kepe,
 Tyl I se 3ow ageyn I kan not sees of wepynge.

Senior. Prynce of oure prestys, if it be 3our plesynge,
 We be com mekely to make our sacrefice.

Ysakar. God do 3ow mede, bothe elde and 3ynge,
 Than devowtly we wyl begynne servyse.

There they xal synge this sequens, "Benedicta sit beata Trinitas." And in that tyme Ysakar with his ministeres ensensythe the autere, and than thei make her offryng, and Isaker seyth,

Comyth up, serys, and offeryth alle now,
 3e that to do sacryfice worthy are :

Abyde a qwyle, sere, whedyr wytte thou ?

Thou and thi wyff arn barrany and bare ;

Neyther of 3ow ffruteful nevyr 3ett ware,

Whow durste thou amonge fruteful presume and abuse ?

It is a tokyn thou art cursyd thare,

Wherefore with grett indygnacion thin offeryng I refuse !

Et refudit sacrificium Joachi.

Amonge alle this pepyl barreyn be no mo,

Therefore comyth up and offeryth here alle :

Thou, Joachym, I charge the fast out the temple thou go ;

Than with Goddys holy wourde blysse 3ow I shalle !

Et redit flendo.

Ministro catando. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini !

Johns. Qui fecit cœlum et terram !

Minister. Sit nomen Domini benedictum !

Chorus. Ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum !

Episcopus. Benedicat vos divina majestas et una deitas,

Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus ! *Chorus.* Amen.

Signando manu cum cruce solenniter, et recedant tribus extra templum.

Now of God and man blyssyd be 3e alle,
 Homward a3en now returne 3e,
 And in this temple abyde we xalle,
 To servyn God in Trinyté.

Joachym. A ! mercyfful Lord, what is this lyff ?
 What have I do, Lorde, to have this blame ?
 ffor hevynes I dare not go hom to my wyff,
 And amonge my neybores I dare not abyde ffor shame.
 A Anne ! Anne ! Anne ! al oure joye is turnyd to grame,
 ffrom 3our blyssyd ffelacheppe I am now exilyd,
 And 3e here onys of this ffowle fame,
 Sorwe wyl sle 3ow to se me thus revylyd.

But son God soferyth thys us must sofrom nede,
 Now wyl I go to my shepherdys and with hem abyde,
 And ther evymore levyn in sorwe and in drede,
 Shame makyth many man his hed for to hyde.
 Ha ! how de 3e, felas ? in 3ow is lytel pryde,

How fare 3e and my bestys ? this wete wolde I veryly.

Primus pastor. A ! welcome hedyr ! blyssyd mayster, we pas-
 ture hem ful wyde,

They be lusty and fayr and grettly multiply.
 How do 3e, mayster ? 3e loke al hevily !
 How dothe oure dame at hom ? sytt she and sowyht ?

Joachym. To here the speke of here it sleyth myn hert veryly,
 How I and sche doth, God hymself knowythe !
 The meke God lyftyth up, the proude over-throwyht,
 Go do what 3e lyst ; se 3our bestys not stray.

Secundus pastor. Aftere grett sorwe, mayster, evyr gret grace
 growyht ;

Sympyl as we kan, we xal for 3ow pray.

Tertius Pastor. 3a, to pray ffor careful it is grett nede,

We alle wul prey ffor 3ow knelende,
 God of his goodnes send 3ow good spede,
 And of 3our sorwe 3ow sone amende !

Joachym. I am nott wurthy, Lord, to loke up to hefne !

My synful steppys anvempnyd the grounde ;

I loth folest that levyth thou, Lord, hiest in thi setys sefne,

What art thou, Lord ? what am I wrecche werse than an hownde ?

Thou hast sent me shame whiche myn hert doth wounde ;

I thank the more herefore than for alle my prosperité :

This is a tokyn thou lovest me,—now to the I am bounde ;

Thou seyst thou art with hem that in tribulacion be.

And ho so have the, he nedyth not care thanne ;

My sorwe is feryng I have do sum offens

Punchyth me, Lorde, and spare my blyssyd wyff Anne,

That syttyth and sorwyth ful sore of myn absens !

Ther is not may profyte but prayour to 3our presens ;

With prayores prostrat byfore thi person I wepe ;

Have mende on oure avow, for 3our meche magnyficens,

And my lovyngest wyff Anne, Lord, for thi mercy kepe !

Anna. A ! mercy, Lord ! mercy ! mercy ! mercy !

We are synfolest ; it shewyth that 3e send us alle this sorwe :

Why do 3e thus to myn husbond, Lord ? why, why, why ?

For my barynes he may amend this thiself and thou lyst to morwe,

And it pleso so thi mercy, the, my Lord, I take to borwe,

I xal kepe myn avow qwyl I leve and leste,

I fere me I have offendyd the ; myn hert is ful of sorwe :

Most mekely I pray thi pety, that this bale thou wyl breste.

Here the awngel descendith the hefne syngyng,

“ Exultet cœlum laudibus !

Resultet terra gaudiis !

Archangelorum gloria

Sacra canunt solemnia.”

Joachym. Qwhat art thou, in Goddys name, that makyst me
adrad ?

It is as lyth abowt me as al the werd were fere.

Angelus. I am an aungel of God come to make the glad !

God is plesyd with thin helmes, and hath herd thi prayere ;
He seyth thi shame, thi repreff, and thi terys cler :

God is a vengere of synne, and not nature doth lothe !
Whos wombe that he sparyth and makyth barreyn her,
He doth to shewe his myth and his mercy bothe !

Thu seest that Sara was nynty 3er bareyn,

Sche had a sun Ysaac, to whom God 3aff his blyssynge ;
Rachel also had the same peyn,

She had a son Joseph, that of Egypt was kynge.
A strongere than Sampson nevyr was be wrytynge,
Nor an holyere than Samuel, it is seyde thus ;
3ett here moderes were bareyn bothe in the gynnynge ;
The concepcion of alle swyche, it is ful mervelyous.

And in the lyke wyse Anne, that blyssyd wyff,

Sche xal bere a childe xal hygthe Mary,
Whiche xal be blyssyd in here body and have joys ffyff,
And fful of the Holy Goost inspyred syngulyrly.

Sche xal be offryd into the temple solemply,
That of here non evyl fframe xuld sprynge thus,
And as sche xal be bore of a barrany body,
So of here xal be bore without nature Jhesus,

That xal be savyour unto al mankende !

In tokyn, whan thou come to Jherusalem, to the gyldyn gate,
Thou xalt mete Anne thi wyff, have this in thli mende ;

I xal sey here the same here sorwys to rebate.

Joachym. Of this incomparabyl comfort I xal nevyr forgete
the date,

My sorwe was nevyr so grett, but now my joy is more ;
I xal hom in hast, be it nevyr so late.

A, Anne ! blyssyd be that body of the xal be bore !
Now farewel, myn shepherdys, governe 3ow now wysly.

Primus pastor. Have 3e good tydynges, mayster ? than we be glad !

Joachym. Prayse God for me, for I am not wourthy !

Secundus pastor. In feyth, sere, so we xal with alle oure sowlys sad.

Tertius pastor. I holde it helpfful that on of us with 3ow be had.

Joachym. Nay, abyde with 3our bests, sone, in Goddys blyssynge.

Primus pastor. We xal make us so mery now this is be-stad,
That a myle on 3our wey 3e xal here us synge.

Anne. Alas ! ffor myn husbond me is ful wo,

I xal go seke hym what so evyr be-falle ;

I wote not in erth whiche wey is he go,

ffadyr of hefne, ffor mercy to your ffete I falle.

Angelus. Anne, thin husbond ryght now I was with-alle,

The aungel of God, that bare hym good tydynge,

And as I seyde to hym so to the sey I xal,

God hath herd thi preyour and thi wepynge.

At the goldyn gate thou xalte mete hym ful mylde,

And in grett gladnes returne to 3our hous ;

So be proces thou xalt conseyye and bere a childe,

Whiche xalt hyght Mary, and Mary xal bere Jhesus,

Whiche xal be Savyour of alle the werd and us,—

Aftere grett sorwe evyr grett gladnes is had !

Now myn inbasset I have seyde to 3ow thus,

Gooth in oure Lordys name, and in God beth glad !

Anne. Now blyssyd be oure Lorde and alle his werkys ay !

Alle heffne and erthe mut blysse 3ow for this !

I am so joyful I not what I may say !

Ther can no tounge telle what joye in me is !

I to bere a childe that xal bere alle mannys blyss,

And have myn hosbonde ageyn ; ho mythe have joys more ?

No creature in erthe is grauntyd more mercy i-wys !
I xal hyȝe me to the ȝate to be ther before.

Here goth the aungel aȝen to hefne.

A ! blyssyd be our Lord ! myn husbond I se.

I xalle on myn knes and to hym-ward crepe.

Joachym. A ! gracyous wyff Anne, now frutefull xal he be !

ffor joy of this metyng in my sowle I wepe ;

Have this kusse of clenness and with ȝow it kepe,

In Goddys name now go we, wyff, hom to our hous.

Anne. Ther was nevyr joy sank in me so depe,

Now may we say, husbond, God is to us gracyous,

Verily.

Joachym. ȝa, and if we have levyd wel here before,

I pray the, Lord, thin ore,

So mote we levyn evyr more,

And be thi grace more holyly.

Anne. Now hom-ward, husbond, I rede we gon,

Ryth hom al to our place,

To thank God that sytt in trone,

That thus hath sent us his grace.

IX. MARY IN THE TEMPLE.

Contemplacio. Sovereynes, 3e han sen shewyd 3ow before,
Of Joachym and Anne here botheres holy metynge,
How our lady was conseyyd, and how she was bore;
We passe ovyr that, breffnes of tyme consyderynge.
And how our lady, in here tendyr age and 3yng,
Into the temple was offryd, and so forthe proced,
This sentens sayd xal be hire begynnyng,
Now the Modyr of mercy in this be our sped!

And as a childe of iij. 3ere age here she xal appere,
To alle pepyl that ben here present,
And of here grett grace now xal 3e here,
How she levyd evyr to Goddys entent
With grace.

That holy matere we wole declare,
Tyl ffortene 3ere how sche dyd ffare;
Now of 3our speche I pray 3ow spare,
Alle that ben in this place.

*Here Joachym and Anne, with oure lady between hem, beyng
al in whyte as a childe of iij. 3ere age, presente here into the
temple, thus seyng Joachym,*

Joachym. Blyssyd be oure Lord, ffayr ffrute have we now!
Anne, wyff, remembyr wole 3e,
That we made to God an holy avow,
That oure fyrst childe the servaunt of God xulde be!
The age of Mary oure dowtere is 3eres thre,
Therefore to thre personys and on God lete us here present;

The 3onger she be drawyn the bettyr semyth me,
And for teryeng of our avow of God we myth be shent !

Anne. It is as 3e say, husbond, indede,

Late us take Mary our dowter us betwen,
And to the temple with here procede :

Dowtere, the aungel tolde us 3e xulde be a qwen !
Wole 3e go se that lord 3our husbond xal ben,

And lerne for to love hym and lede with hym 3our lyf ?
Telle 3our ffadyr and me her, 3our answer let sen ;

Wole 3e be pure maydyn and also Goddys wyff ?
Maria. ffadyr and modyr, if it plesynge to 3ow be,

3e han mad 3our avow, so ssothly wole I,
To be Goddys chast servaunt whil lyff is in me,
But to be Goddys wyff I was nevyr wurthy ;
I am the sympelest that evyr was born of body.

I have herd 3ow seyd God xulde have a modyr swete,
That I may leve to se hire, God graunt me for his mercy,
And abyly me to ley my handys undyr hire fayr fete.

Et genuflectet ad Deum.

Joachym. I-wys, dowtere, it is wel seyd,
3e answer and 3e were twenty 3ere olde.

Anne. Whith 3our speche, Mary, I am wel payd,
Can 3e gon alone ? lett se beth bolde.

Maria. To go to Goddys hous wole 3e now beholde,
I am joyful thedyrward, as I may be.

Joachym. Wyff, I ryght joyful oure dowter to beholde.

Anne. So am I wys, husbond ; now in Goddys name go we !

Joachym. Sere, prince of prestes, and it plese 3ow,
We that were barreyn God hath sent a childe,

To offre here to Goddys service we mad oure avow,
Here is the same mayde, Mary most mylde.

Isakar. Joachym, I have good mende how I 3ow revyled,
I am ryght joyful that God hath 3ove 3ow this grace,

To be amonge fruteful now be 3e reconsylyd,

Come, swete Mary, come, 3e have a gracyous face !

Joachym flectendo ad Deum, sic dicens,

Joachym. Now, ffadyr, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
On God and personys thre !

We offre to the, Lorde of myghtes most,
Oure dowtere thi servaunt evyr more to be !

Anna. Ther-to most bounde evyr more be we :

Mary, in this holy place leve 3ow we xalle ;
In Goddys name now up go 3e !

Oure fadyr, oure prest, lo ! doth 3ow calle.

Maria. Modyr, and it plese 3ow, fyrst wole I take my leve
Of my fadyr and 3ow my modyr i-wys ;

I have a fadyr in hefne, this I beleve,

Now, good ffadyr, with that fadyr 3e me blysse !

Joachym. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti !

Maria. Amen ! Now 3e, good modyr.

Anne. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti !

Maria. Amen !

Maria. Now, oure Lord, thank 3ow for this !

Here is my fadyr and my modyr bothe,
Most mekely I beseche I may 3ow kys ;—

Now for3eve me yf evyr I made 3ow wrothe !

Et explexendo osculabit patrem et matrem.

Joachym. Nay, dowtere, 3e offendyd nevyr God nor man ;
Lovyd be that lord 3ow so doth kepe !

Anne. Swete dowtyr, thynk on 3our modyr An,
3our swemynge smytyht to myn hert depe.

Maria. ffadyr and modyr, I xal pray for 3ow and wepe,
To God with al myn hert specyaly ;

Blysse me day and nyght evyr her 3e slepe,
Good ffadyr and modyr, and be mery.

Joachym. A ! ho had evyr suche a chylde ?

Nevyr creature 3it that evyr was bore !
Sche is so gracyous, she is so mylde,—

So xulde childyr to fadyr and modyr evyr more.

Anne. Than xulde thei be blyssyd and plese God sore !

Husbond, and it plese 3ow not hens go we xal,
Tyl Mary be in the temple above thore,

I wold not for al erthe se here fal.

Episcopus. Come, gode Mary, come, babe, I the calle ;

Thi pas pratyly to this plas pretende,
Thou xalt be the dowtere of God eternalle,

If the fyftene grees thou may ascende ;
It is meracle if thou do ; now God the dyffende !

ffrom Babylony to hevynly Jherusalem this is the way ;
Every man that thynk his lyf to amende,

The fyftene psalmys in memorye of this mayde say,
Maria !

Maria ! et sic deinceps usque ad finem quindecim psalmorum.

The fyrst degré gostly applyed,

It is holy desyre with God to be,
In trobyl to God I have cryed,
And in sped that lord hath herde me.

Ad Dominum cum tribularer clamavi, et exaudivit me.

The secunde is stody with meke inquysisson veryly,

How I xal have knowynge of Godys wylle,
To the mownteynes of hefne I have lyfte myn ey,
ffrom qwens xal comyn helpe me tylle.

Levavi oculos meos in montes, unde veniat auxilium mihi.

The thrydde is gladnes in mende in hope to be,

That we xalle be savyd alle thus ;
I am glad of these tydynges ben seyde to me,—
Now xal we go into Goddys hous.

Lætatus sum in hiis, quæ dicta sunt mihi : in domum Domini ibimus.

The fourte is meke obedyence, as is dette,

To hym that is above the planetes sefne ;

To the I have myn eyen sette,
That dwellys above the skyes in hefne !

Ad te levavi oculos meos, qui habitas in cælis.

The ffyfte is propyr confessyon,
That we be nought withowth God thus ;
But God in us have habytacion,
Peraventure oure enemyes shulde swelle us.

Nisi quia Dominus erat in nobis, dicat nunc Israel: nisi quia Dominus erat in nobis.

The sexte is confidens in Goddys strenght alon,
ffor of alle grace from hym comyth the strem :
They that trust in God, as the mownt Syon,
He xal not be steryd endles, that dwellyth in Jherusalem.

Qui confidunt in Domino, sicut mons Syon, non commovebitur in æternum, qui habitat in Hierusalem.

The sefte is undowteful hope of immortalyté,
In oure Lorde is as gracy and mercy ;
Whan oure Lord convertyth oure captivité,
Than are we mad as joyful mery.

In convertendo domus captivitatem Syon: facti sumus sicut consolati.

The eyted is contempt of veyn glory in us,
ffor hym that al mankende hath multiplyed ;
But yf oure Lord make here oure hous,
They an laboryd in veyn that it have edyfied.

Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.

The nynte is a childely for in dede,
With a longyng love in oure Lorde that ay is ;

Blyssyd arn alle they that God drede,
Whiche that gon in his holy weys.

Beati omnes, qui timent Dominum, qui ambulant in viis ejus.

The tende is myghty soferauns of carnal temptacion,
ffor the fleschly syghtes ben fers and fel ;
Ofte 3oughe is ffowthe with with sueche vexacion,
Than seyng God say, so clepyd Israel.

Sæpe expugnaverunt me a juventute mea, dicat nunc Israel.

The elefnte is accusatyff confessyon of iniquité,
Of whiche ful noyous is the noyis ;
Fro depnes, Lord, I have cryed to the !
Lord, here in sped my sympyl voys !

*De profundus clamavi ad te, Domine ! Domine, exaudi
vocem meam !*

The twelfte is mekenes, that is fayr and softe,
In mannys sowle withinne and withowte ;
Lord, myn herte is not heyved on lofte,
Nyn myn eyn be not lokynge abowte.

*Domine, non est exaltatum cor meum, neque elati sunt oculi
mei.*

The threttene is ffeyth therwith,
With holy dedys don expresse ;
Have mende, Lorde of Davyth,
And of alle his swettnes !

Memento, Domine, David, et omnis mansuetudinis ejus.

The ffourtene is brothyrly concorde i-wys,
That norchych love of creatures echon ;
Se how good and how glad it is,
Bretheryn, ffor to dwelle in on.

Ecce quam bonum, et quam jocundum habitare fratres in unum.

The fyftene is gracyous with on acorde,
 Whiche is syne of Godly love, semyth me ;
 Se now blysse, oure Lorde,
 Alle that oure lordys servautes be.

Ecce nunc, benedicite Dominum, omnes servi Domini !

Episcopus. A ! gracyous Lord, this is a mervelyous thyng,
 That we se here alle in syght,
 A babe of thre 3er age so 3yng,
 To come up these greeys so up ryght ;
 It is an hey meracle, and by Goddys myght
 No dowth of she xal be gracyous.

Maria. Holy ffadyr, I beseche 3ow forthe ryght,
 Sey how I xal be rewlyd in Goddys hous.

Episcopus. Dowtere, God hath 3ovyn us commaundementes
 ten,

Whiche shortely to say be comprehendyd in tweyn,
 And tho must be kept of alle Crysten men,
 Or ellys here jugement is perpetual peyn.
 3e must love God severeynly and 3our evyn Crystyn pleyn,
 God fyrst ffor his hy3 and sovereyn dygnyté :
 He lovyd 3ow fyrst, love hym ageyn,
 ffor of love to his owyn lyknes he made the.

Love ffadyr, Sone, and Holy Gost !

Love God the Fadyr, ffor he gevyth myght ;
 Love God the Sone, ffor he gevyth wysdom thou wost ;
 Love God the Holy Gost, ffor he gevyth love and lyght.
 Thre personys and on God thus love of ryght,
 With alle thin hert, with alle thi sowle, with alle thi mende,
 And with alle the strengthis in the be dyght,
 Than love thin evyn Crystyn as thiself withowtyn ende.

Thu xalt hate nothyng but the devyl and synne :
 God byddyth the lovyn thi bodyly enmy ;

And as for 3ourselſ here, thus xal 3e begynne,—

3e muſt ſerve and wurcheþ God here dayly ;
ffor what prayzer with grace and mercy,

Sethe have a reſonable tyme to fede,
Thanne to have a labour bodyly,

That therin be goſtly and bodely mede.
3our abydyngſe xal be with 3our maydenys ffyve,

Whyche tyme as 3e wole have conſolacion.

Maria. This lyff me lyketh as my lyve :

Of her namys I beſeche 3ow to have informacion.

Episcopuſ. There iſ the fyrſt Meditation,
Contryſſyon, Compaſſyon, and Clennes,
And that holy mayde Fruyſſyon :

With theſe blyſſyd maydenes xal be 3our beſynes.

Maria. Here iſ an holy ffelachepp, I fele

I am not wurthy amonge hem to be :
Swete ſyſteres, to 3ow alle I knele,

To receyve, I beſeche, 3our charyté.

Episcopuſ. They xal, dowtere, and on the tothere ſyde ſe,
Ther ben ſefne preſtyſ indede,

To ſchryve, to teche, and to mynyſtryn to the,
To lerne the Goddys lawys and Scrypture to rede.

Maria. ffadyr, knew I here namys, wele were I.

Episcopuſ. Ther iſ Dyſcreſſyon, Devocion, Dylexcion,
and Deliberacion,—

They xal tende upon 3ow beſyly ;

With Declaracion, Determy nacion, Dyvynacion ;
Now go 3e, maydenys, to 3our occupacion,

And loke 3e tende this childe tendyrly ;
And 3e, ſerys, knelyth, and I xal gyve 3ow Goddys benyſon,
In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti !

Et recedent cum ministris suis omnes virginēs, dicentes
“ *Amen.* ”

To 3ow, ffadyr and modyr, I me comende,

Blyſſyd be the tyme 3e me hedyr brought.

Joachym. Dowtere, the ffadere of oure feyth the mot defende,
As he of his myght made alle thyng of nowth.

Anne. Mary, to the sowle solas he sende,
In whos wysdam alle this werd was wrought !
Go we now hens, husbonde so hende,
For owth of care now are we brought.

Hic Joachim et Anna recedent domum.

Maria. Be the Holy Gost at hom be 3e brought,
Systeres (*ad virgines*) 3e may go do what 3e xalle,
To serve God fyrst here is al my thought,
Beforn this holy awtere on my knes I falle !

Lord, sefne petycions I beseche 3ow of here,
ffyrst that I may kepe thi love and thi lawe ;
The secunde to lovyn myn evyn Crystyn as myself dere ;
The thrydde from alle that thou hatyst me to withdrawe ;
The fourte alle vertuys to thi plesauns knawe ;
The fyfte to obey the ordenaryes of the temple echeon ;
The sexte, and that alle pepyl may serve the with awe,
That in this holy tempyl fawte be non.

The sefnte, Lord, I haske with grett ffere,
That I may se onys in my lyve,
That lady that xal Goddys sone bere,
That I may serve here with my wyttes fyve.
If it plese 3ow, and ellys it is not therwith to stryve,
With prayers prostrat ffor these gracys I wepe :
O, my God ! devocion depe in me dryve,
That my hert may wake in the, thow my body slepe.

*Here the aungel bryngyth manna in a cowpe of gold lyke to
confeccions, the hefne syngynge, the aungel seyth,*

Merveyle not, mekest maydone, of my mynystracion,
I am a good aungel sent of God alle-mycht,
With aungelys mete ffor 3our sustentacion,
3e to receyve it ffor natural myght ;

We aungellys xul serve 3ow day and nyght :

Now fede 3ow therwith in Goddys name.

We xal lerne 3ow the lyberary of oure Lordys lawe lyght,
ffor my sawys in 3ow shewyth sygnes of shame.

Maria. To thank oure soveryen Lord not sufficyth my mende,

I xal fede me of this fode my Lord hath me sent ;

Alle maner of savowres in this mete I fynde,

I felt nevyr non so swete ner so redolent.

Angelus. Eche day therwith 3e xal be content ;

Aunge alle howrys xal to 3ow apere.

Maria. Mercy, my makere, how may this be ment ?

I am the sympelest creature that is levyng here.

Angelus. In 3our name Maria ffyve letterys we han,—

M. Mayde most mercyfulle and mekest in mende ;

A. Averte of the anguysche that Adam began ;

R. Regina of regyon reyneng withowtyn ende ;

I. Innocent be influens of Jesses kende ;

A. Advocat most autentyk 3our autecer Anna,

Hefne and helle here kneys down bende,

Whan this holy name of 3ow is seyde, MARIA.

Maria. I quake grettly ffor dred to here this comendacion !

Good swete aungel, why wole 3e sey thus ?

Aungelle. ffor 3e xal hereaftere have a salutacion,

That xal this excede, it is seyde amonge us ;

The Deyté that dede xal determyn and dyscus,

3e xal nevyr, lady, be lefte here alone.

Maria. I crye the mercy, Lorde, and thin erthe cus,

Recomendyng me to that Godhyd that is tryne in trone.

Hic osculet terram. Here xal comyn alwey an aungel with
dyvers presentes, goynge and comynge, and in the tyme thei xal
synge in hefne this hympne. “ *Jhesu corona virginum.* ” And
after ther comyth a minister fro the buschop with a present and
seyth,

Minister. Prynce of oure prestes, Ysakare be name,

He hath sent 3ow hymself his servyce in dede ;

And bad 3e xulde ffede 3ow spare for no shame,

In this tyme of mete no lenger 3e rede.

Maria. Recomende me to my fadyr, sere, and God do hym mede,

These vesselys a3en sone I xal hym sende ;

I xal bere it my systeres, I trowe thei have more nede,

Goddys foyson is evyr to his servauntes hendyr than we wende.

Systeres, oure holy ffadyr Isakare

Hath sent us hese servyce here ryght now ;

ffede 3ow therof hertyly, I pray 3ow nat spare,

And if owght beleve, specyaly I pray 3ow,

That the pore men the relevys ther of have now ;

ffayn and I myth I wolde do the dedys of mercy ;

Pore ffolk ffaryn God knowyth how,

On hem evyr I have grett pety.

Contemplacio. Lo ! sofreyne here 3e have seyn,

In the temple of oure ladyes presentacion,

She was nevyr occapyed in thynges veyn,

But evyr besy in holy ocupacyon ;

And we beseche 3ow of 3oure pacyens,

That we pace these materes so lythly away,

If thei xulde be do with good prevydens,

Eche on wolde suffyce ffor an hoole day.

Now xal we procede to here disponsacion,

Whiche aftere this was xiiij. 3ere,

Tyme sufficyth not to make pawsacion,

Hath pacyens with us, we beseche 3ow here,

And in short spas,

The parlement of hefne sone xal 3e se,

And how Goddys sone come man xal he,

And how the salutacion aftere xal be,

Be Goddys holy gras.

X. MARY'S BETROTHMENT.

Tunc venit ab Ysakar episcopus.

Lystenyth lordynges, both hye and lowe,
And tendyrly takyth heyd onto my sawe,
Beth buxom and benygne 3our busshopp to knowe,
ffor I am that lord that made this lawe.
With hertys so hende herkyn nowe,
3oure damyselys to weddyng 3a loke that 3e drawe,
That passyn xiiij. 3ere, ffor what that 3e owe,
The lawe of God byddyth this sawe,
That at xiiij. 3ere of age
Every damesel, what so sche be,
To the encrese of more plenté,
Xulde be browght in good degré,
Onto here spowsage.

Joachym. Herke now, Anne, my jentyl spowse,
How that the buschop his lawe hath tolde,
That what man hath a dowtyr in his house,
That passyth xiiij. 3eres olde,
He muste here brynge, I herde hym kowse,
Into the tempyl a spowse to wedde,
Wherfore oure dowtyr ryth good and dowse,
Into the tempyl sche must be ledde,
And that anoon ryght sone.

Anne. Sere, I grawnt that it be so,
A3en the lawe may we not do,
With here togedyr lete us now go,
I hold it ryght weyl done.

Joachym. Sere busshopp, here, aftyr thin owyn hest,
 We have here brought oure dowtyr dere ;
 Mary, my swete childe, she is ful prest
 Of age, she is ful xiiij. 3ere.

Episcopus. Welcome, Joachym, onto myn areste,
 Bothe Anne thi wyff and Mary clere ;
 Now, Mary, chylde to the lawe thou leste,
 And chese the a spowse to be thi ffere,
 That lawe thou must ffulffylle.

Maria. A3ens the lawe wyl I nevyr be,
 But mannys ffelachep xal nevyr folwe me,
 I wyl levyn evyr in chastyté
 Be the grace of Goddys wylle.

Episcopus. A ! ffayre mayde, why seyst thou so ?
 What menyth the for to levyn chast ?
 Why wylt thou not to weddyng go ?
 The cawse thou tell me, and that in hast.

Maria. My ffaydr and my modyr sertys also,
 Er I was born, 3e may me trast,
 Thei were bothe bareyn, here frute was do ;
 They come to the tempyl at the last,
 To do here sacryfice.

Bycause they hadde nothyr frute nere chylde,
 Reprevyd thei wore of wykkyd and wylde,
 With grett shame thei were revyld,—
 Al men dede them dyspyce.

My ffadyr and my modyr thei wepte fulle sore,
 fful hevyr here hertys wern of this dede ;
 With wepynge eyn thei preyd therfore
 That God wolde socowre hem and sende hem sede.
 Iff God wold grannt hem a childe be bore,
 They behest the chylde here lyf xulde lede,
 In Goddys temple to serve evyrmore,

And wurchep God in love and drede.
 Than God fful of grace,
 He herd here longe prayour,
 And than sent hem bothe seed and flowre :
 Whan I was born in here bowre,
 To the temple offryd I was.

Whan that I was to the temple brought,
 And offerde up to God above,
 Ther hested I, as myn hert thought,
 To serve my God with hertyly love.
 Clennesse and chastyté myn hert owth,
 Erthely creature nevyr may shove ;
 Suche clene lyff xuld 3e nought
 In no maner wyse reprove ;
 To this clennesse I me take.
 This is the cawse, as I 3ow telle,
 That I with man wylle nevyr melle,
 In the servyse of God wyl I evyr dwelle,—
 I wyl nevyr have other make.

Episcopus. A ! mercy God, these wordys wyse,
 Of this fayr mayde clene ;
 Thei trobyl myn hert in many wyse,
 Her wytt is grett, and that is sene ;
 In clennes to levyn in Godys servise,
 No man here blame non here tene,
 And 3it in lawe thus it lyce,
 That suche weddyd xulde bene :
 Who xal expownd this oute ?
 The lawe doth after lyff of clennes,
 The lawe doth bydde suche maydenes expres
 That to spowsyng they xulde hem dres :
 God help us in this dowhte !

This ansuere grettly trobelyth me :

To mak a vow to creatures it is lefful,—

Vovete and reddite in Scripture have we,

And to observe oure lawe also it is nedful.

In this to dyscerne to me it is dredful ;

Therefore to cowcelle me in this cas, I calle

The holde and the wyse and swiche as ben spedful.—

In this sey 3our avyse, I beseche 3ow alle.

Minister. To breke our lawe and custom it wore hard indede,

And on that other syde to do a3en Srypture ;

To 3eve sentens in this degré 3e must take goo hede,

ffor dowteles this matere is dyffuse and obscure.

Myn avyse here in this, I 3ow ensure,

That we prey alle God to have relacion ;

ffor be prayour grett knowleche men recure,

And to this I counselle 3ou to 3eve assygnacion.

Episcopus. Trewly 3our counselle is ryght good and eylsum,

And as 3e han seyde, so xal it be :

I charge 3ow, bretheryn and systerys, hedyr 3e com,

And togedyr to God now pray we,

That it may plese his fynyte deyté,

Knowleche in this to sendyn us !

Mekely eche man ffalle downe on kne,

And we xal begynne *Veni Creator spiritus.*

*Et hic cantent “ Veni Creator.” And whan “ Veni Creator”
is down, the buschop xal seyng,*

Now, lord God, of lordys wysest of alle,

I pray the, Lorde, knelyng on kne,

With carefulle herte I crye and calle,

This dowteful dowte enforme thou me.

Angelus. Thy prayor is herd to hy3 hevyn halle,

God hath me sent here downe to the,

To telle the what that thou do xalle,

And how thou xalt be rewlyd in iche degré.

Take tent and undyrstond.

This is Goddys owyn byddyng,
 That alle kynsmen of Davyd the kyng,
 To the temple xul brynge here du offryng,
 With whyte 3ardys in ther honde.

Loke wele what tyme thei offere there,
 Alle here 3ardys in thin hand thou take,
 Take hede whose 3erde doth blome and bere,
 And he xal be the maydenys make.
Episcopus. I thank the, Lord, with mylde chere,
 Thi wurde xal I werkyn withowtyn wrake ;
 I xal send for hem, bothyn fere and nere ;
 To werke thi wyl I undyrtake :
 Anon it xal be do.

Herk, masangere, thou wend thi way,
 Davyd kynsmen, as I the say,
 Byd hem come offyr this same day,
 And brynge whyte 3ardys also.

Nuncius. Oy ! al maner men takyth to me tent,
 That be owgth of kynrede to David the kyng ;
 My lord the busshop hath for 3ow sent,
 To the temple that 3e come with 3our offryng.
 He chargight that 3e hast 3ow, for he is redy bent,
 3ow to receyve at 3our comyng ;
 He byddeth 3ow fferthermore in handys that 3e hent,
 A fayre white 3erde everyche of 3ow 3e bryng,
 In hyght.
 Tary not, I pray 3ow ;
 My lord, as I say 3ow,
 Now to receyve so
 Is fulle redy dyght.

Joseph. In great labore my lyff I lede,
 Myn ocupasyon lyth in many place,

ffor febylnesse of age my jorney I may nat spede ;
I thank the, gret God, of thi grace !

Primus generacionis David.

What chere, Joseph, what ys the case,
That ye lye here on this ground ?

Joseph. Age and febylnesse doth me embrace,
That I may nother welle goo ne stond.

Secundus generacionis.

We be commandyd be the beschoppys sond,
That every man of Davyd kynrede,
In the tempyll to offyr a wond ;
Therfor in this jorney let us procede.

Joseph. Me to traveylle yt is no nede,
I prey you, frendes, go forth your wey.

Tertius generacionis.

This come forth, Joseph, I you rede,
And knowyth what the buschop wolle sey.

Quartus generacionis.

Ther ys a mayd whos name ys clepyd Mary,
Doughter to Joachym, as it is told :
Here to mary thei wolle asay
To som man dowty and bold.

Joseph. Benedicite, I cannot undyrstande
What oure Prince of Prestes doth men,
That every man xuld come and brynge with hym a whande,
Abyl to be maryed, that is not I, so mote I then.
I have be maydon evyr, and evyr more wele ben,
I chaungyd not 3et of alle my long lyff ;
And now to be maryed sum man wold wen,
It is a straunge thyng an old man to take a 3onge wyff.

But nevyr the lesse no doute of we must forth to towne,
Now neybores and kynnysmen lete us forth go :
I xal take a wand in my hand and cast of my gowne,
Yf I falle than, I xalle gromyn for wo.

Ho so take away my staff, I say he were my fo,
 3e be men that may wele ren go 3e before ;
 I am old and also colde, walkyng doth me wo ;
 Therfor now wole I to mystaff holde I, this jurny to wore.

Episcopus. Seres, 3e xal undyrstande

That this is the cawse of our comyng,
 And why that eche of 3ow bryngyth a wande,
 ffor of God we have knowyng.
 Here is to be maryde a mayde 3yng,
 Alle 3our roddys 3e xal brynge up to me ;
 And on hese rodde that the Holy Gost is syttyng,
 He xal the husbond of this may be.

Hic portent virgas.

Joseph. It xal not be, I ley a grote,
 I xal abyde behynde prevyly ;
 Now wolde God I were at hom in my cote,
 I am aschamyd to be seyn verly.

Primus generacionis David.

To wurchep my lord God hedyr am I come,
 Here ffor to offyr my dewe offryng,
 A fayr white 3arde in hand have I nome,
 My lord, sere busshop, at 3our byddyng.

Secundus generacionis David.

Off Davythys kynred sertes am I com,
 A ffayr white 3arde in hand now I bryng ;
 My lord the busshop, after 3our owym dom,
 This 3arde do I offre at 3our charyng,
 Ryht here.

Tercius generacionis David.

And I a 3arde have bothe fayr and whyght,
 Here in myn hond it is redy dyght,
 And here I offre it forth within syght,
 Ryght in good manere.

Quartus generacionis David.

I am the fourte of Davidis kyn,
 And with myn offryng my God I honoure ;

This fayr whyte 3arde is offryng myn,

I trost in God of sum socoure.

Com on, Joseph, with offrynge thin,

And brynge up thin, as we have oure,

Thou taryst ryth longe behynde certeyn ;

Why comyst not forth to Goddys toure ?

Com on, man, for shame.

Joseph. Com 3a, 3a, God help, fulle fayn I wolde,

But I am so agyd and so olde,

That bothe myn leggys gyn to folde,

I am ny almost lame.

Episcopus. A ! mercy Lord, I kan no sygne aspy,

It is best we go ageyn to prayr.

Vox. He brought not up his rodde 3et trewly,

To whom the mayd howyth to be maryed her.

Episcopus. Whath, Joseph, why stande 3e there byhynde ?

I-wys, sere, 3e be to blame.

Joseph. Sere, I kannot my rodde ffynde ;

To come ther in trowthe me thynkyht shame.

Episcopus comyth, thens Joseph,

Sere, he may evyl go that is ner lame ;

In sothe I com as fast as I may.

Episcopus. Offyr up 3our rodde, sere, in Goddys name !

Why do 3e not as men 3ow pray ?

Joseph. Now in the wurchep of God of hevyn,

I offyr this 3erde as lely whyte,

Praying that Lord of gracyous stewyn,

With hert, with wytt, with mayn, with myght.

And as he made the sterres seven,

This sympyl offrynge that is so lyght,

To his wurchep he weldyghe evyn,

ffor to his wurchep this 3erd is dyghte.

Lord God, I the pray,

To my herte thou take good hede,

And nothyng to my synful dede,

After my wyl thou qwyte my mede,

As plesyth to thi pay.

I may not lyfte myn handys heye,

Lo ! lo ! lo ! what se 3e now ?

Episcopus. A ! mercy ! mercy ! mercy ! Lord, we crye,

The blyssyd of God we se art thou.

Et clamant omnes “ *mercy ! mercy !* ”

A ! gracious God, in hevyn trone,

Ryht wundryful thi werkys be,

Here may we se a merveyl one,

A ded stok beryth floures ffre !

Joseph in hert, withoutyn mone,

Thou mayst be blythe with game and gle,

A mayd to wedde thou must gone,

Be this meracle I do wel se.

Mary is here name ;

Joseph. What, xuld I wedde ? God forbede !

I am an old man, so God me spede,

And with a wyff now to levyn in drede,

It wore neyther sport nere game.

Episcopus. A3ens God, Joseph, thou mayst not stryve,

God wyl that thou a wyff have ;

This fayr mayde xal be thi wyve,

She is buxum and whyte as lave.

Joseph. A ! shuld I have here ? 3e lese my lyff :

Alas ! dere God, xuld I now rave ?

An old man may nevyr thryff

With a 3onge wyff, so God me save !

Nay, nay, sere, lett bene,

Xuld I now in age begynne to dote,

If I here chyde she wolde clowte my cote,

Blere myn ey, and pyke out a mote,

And thus oftyn tymes it is sene.

Episcopus. Joseph, now as I the saye,

God hath assygnyd here to the ;

That God wol have do, sey thou not nay,
Oure lord God wyl that it be so !

Joseph. Aȝens my God not do I may,
Here wardeyn and kepere wyl I evyr be ;
But fayr maydon, I the pray,
Kepe the clene, as I xal me ;
I am a man of age.

Therefore, sere busshop, I wyl that ȝe wete,
That in bedde we xul nevyr mete,
ffor i-wys mayden suete

An old man may not rage.

Episcopus. This holyst virgyn xalt thou maryn now,
ȝour rodde foreschyth fayrest, that man may se ;
The Holy Gost we se syttyht on a bow !

Now ȝelde we alle preysyng to the trenyté.

Et hic cantent, "Benedicta sit beata Trinitas."

Joseph, wole ȝe have this maydon to ȝour wyff,
And here honour and kepe, as ȝe howe to do ?

Joseph. Nay, sere, so mote I thryff,
I have ryght no nede therto.

Episcopus. *Joseph,* it is Goddys wyl it xuld be so !
Sey aftyr me, as it is skyl.

Joseph. Sere, and to performe his wyl I bow therto,
ffor alle thyngge owyght to ben at his wyl.

Episcopus, et idem Joseph.

Sey than aftyr me,—“ Here I take the, Mary, to wyff,
To havyn to holdyn, as God his wyl with us wyl make ;
And as long as bethwen us lestyght oure lyff,
To love ȝow as myselff, my trewthe I ȝow take.”

Nunc ad Mariam sic dicens episcopus,

Mary, wole ȝe have this man,
And hym to kepyn as ȝour lyff ?

Maria. In the tenderest wyse, fadyr, as I kan
And with alle my wyttys ffyff.

Episcopus. Joseph, with this ryng now wedde thi wyff,
And be here hand now thou here take.

Joseph. Sere, with this rynge I wedde here ryff,
And take here now here ffor my make.

Episcopus. Mary, mayd, withoutyn more stryff,
Onto thi spowse thou hast him take.

Maria. In chastyté to ledyn my lyff,
I xal hym nevyr forsake,
But evyr with hym abyde :
And, jentylle spowse, as 3e an seyde,
Lete me levyn as a clene mayd,
I xal be trewe, be not dysmayd,
Bothe terme, tyme, and tyde.

Episcopus. Here is the holyst matremony that evyr was
in this werd,

The hy3 names of oure lord we wole now syng hy,
We alle wole this solempn dede recorde
Devowtly. Alma chorus Domini nunc pangat nomina Summi!
Now goth hom alle in Godys name,
Where as 3our wonyng was before ;
Maydenys, to lete here go alone it wore shame,
It wold hevyr 3our hertes sore :
3e xal blysse the tyme that sche was bore,
Now loke 3e at hom here brynge.

Maria. To have 3our blyssyng, ffaydr, I falle 3ow before.

Episcopus. He blysse 3ow that hath non hendyng,
In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti !

Episcopus. Joseph, thiselph art old of age,
And thi wyff of age is 3onge ;

And as we redyn in old sage,
Many man is sclepyr of tonge.

Therfore evyl langage for to swage,

That 3our good fame may leste longe,
iij. dymysellys xul dwelle with 3ow in stage,
With thi wyff to be evyrmore amonge.

I xal these iij. here take ;
 Susanne the fyrst xal be,
 Rebecca the secunde xal go with the,
 Sephore the thrydde,—loke that 3e thre
 This maydon nevyr 3e forsake.

Susanne. Sere, I am redy att 3our wylle,
 With this maydon for to wende.

Rebecca. 3our byddyng, sere, xalle ffulffyl,
 And ffolwe this maydon ffayr and hende.

Sephor. To ffolwe hyre it is good skyl,
 And to 3our byddyng wole I bende.

Joseph. Now, sere buschop, hens go I wyl,
 For now comyth onto my mende
 A matere that nedful is.

Episcopus. ffarewel, Joseph and Mary clere,
 I pray God kepe 3ow alle infere,
 And sende 3ow grace in good manere
 To serve the kynge of blysse.

Maria. ffadyr and modyr, 3e knowe this cas,
 Whow that it doth now stonde with me ;
 With myn spowse I must forth passe,
 And wott nevyr whan I xal 3ow se ;
 Therfore I pray 3ow here in this plas,
 Of 3our blyssynge for charyté ;
 And I xal spede the betyr and have more gras,
 In what place that evyr I be ;
 On knes to 3ow I falle.

I pray 3ow, fadyr, and modyr dere,
 To blysse 3our owyn dere dowtere,
 And pray ffor me in allemanere,
 And I ffor 3ow alle.

Joachym. Almyghty God, he mote the blysse,
 And my blyssynge thou have also ;
 In alle goodnesse ged the wysse,
 On londe or on watyr, wherevyr thou go.
Anna. Now God the kepe from every mysse,

And save the sownd in welthe from wo !
 I pray the, dowtyr, thou onys me kys,
 Or that thi modyr part the fro.

I pray to God the save.
 I pray the, Mary, my swete chylde,
 Be lowe and buxhum, meke and mylde,
 Sad and sobyr and nothyng wylde,
 And Goddys blyssynge thou have.

Joachym. fforwel, Josephe, and God 3ow spede,
 Wher so 3e be in halle or boure.

Joseph. Almyghty God, 3our weys lede,
 And save 3ow sownd from alle doloure.

Anna. Goddys grace on 3ow sprede,
 ffarewel, Mary, my swete fflowre,
 ffareweyl, Joseph, and God 3ow rede,
 ffareweyl my chylde and my tresowre,
 ffarewel, my dowtere 3yng.

Maria. ffarewel, fadyr and modyr dere,
 At 3ow I take my leve ryght here,
 God that sytt in hevyn so clere,
 Have 3ow in his kepyng.

Joseph. Wyf, it is ful necessary this 3e knowe,
 That I and my kynrede go hom before,
 For in sothe we have non hous of oure owe,
 Therfore I xal gon ordeyn and thanne come 3ow fore.
 We ar not ryche of werdly thyng,
 And 3et of our sustenauns we xal not mys,
 Therfore abydyth here styлле to 3our plesynge,
 To worchep 3our God is alle 3our blysse.

He that is and evyr xal be
 Of hefne and helle ryche kynge,
 In erth hath chosyn poverté,
 And alle ryches and welthis refusynge.

Maria. Goth, husbond, in oure lordys blyssynge,
 He mote 3ow spede in alle 3our nede,

And I xal here abyde 3our a3en comynge,
 And on my sawtere-book I xal rede.
 Now blyssyd be oure Lord ffor this,
 Of hefne and erthe and alle that beryth lyff,
 I am most bound to 3ow, Lord, i-wys,
 ffor now I am bothe mayde and wyff.

Now, Lord God, dysspose me to prayour,
 That I may sey the holy psalmes of Davyth,
 Wheche book is clepyd the Sawtere,
 That I may preyse the, my God, therwith.
 Of the vertuys therof this is the pygth,
 It makyht sowles fayr, that doth it say,
 Angelys besteryd to help us therwith,
 It lytenyth therkenesse and puttyth develyys away.

The song of Psalmus is Goddys dete,
 Synne is put away therby ;
 It lernyth a man vertuys ful to be,
 It feryth mannys herte gostly.
 Who that it usyth customably,
 It claryfieth the herte, and charyté makyth cowthe,
 He may not ffaylen of Goddys mercy,
 That hath the preysenge of God evyr in his mowthe.

O holy Psalmys ! O holy book !
 Swetter to say than any ony !
 Thou lernyst hem, love Lord, that on the look,
 And makyst hym desyre thyngys celestly.
 With these halwyd psalmys, Lord, I pray the specyaly,
 ffor alle the creatures qwyke and dede,
 That thou wylt shewe to hem thi mercy,
 And to me specyaly that do it rede.

I have seyde sum of my sawtere, and here I am
 At this holy psalme in dede,

“Benedixisti, Domine, terram tuam,”

In this holy labore, Lord, me spede.

Joseph. Mary, wyff and mayd most gracyous,

Displese 3ow not, I pray 3ow, so long I have be.
I have hyryd for us a lytyl praty hous,

And ther in ryght hesely levyn wole we.

Come forthe, Mary, and folwe me,

To Nazareth now wele we go,

And alle the maydonys, bothe ffayr and fre,

With my wyff comyth forthe also.

Now lystenyth welle, wyff, what I telle the,

I must gon owth hens fer the fro,

I wylle go laboryn in fere countré,

With trewthe to maynteyn oure housholde so.

This ix. monthis thou seyst me nowth :

Kepe the clene, my jentyl spowse,

And alle thin maydenys in thin howse,

That evyl langage I here not rowse,

ffor hese love that alle hath wrought.

Maria. I pray to God he spede 3our way,

And in sowle helthe he mote 3ow kepe,

And sende 3ow helthe, bothe nyth and day,

He shylde and save 3ow from al shenschepe.

Now, Lord of grace, to the I pray,

With morny mood on kne I krepe,

Me save from synne, from tene and tray,

With hert I murne, with eye I wepe.

Lord God of peté,

Whan I sytt in my conclave,

Alle myn hert on the I have,

Gracyous God, my maydenhed save,

Evyr clene in chastyté.

XI. THE SALUTATION AND CONCEPTION.

Contemplacio. ffowre thowsand sex undryd foure 3ere I
telle,

Man ffor his offens and ffowle folý,
Hath loyn 3eres in the peynes of helle,
And were wurthy to ly therin endlesly.
But thanne xulde perysche 3our grete mercy,
Good Lord, have on man pyté,
Have mende of the prayour seyð by Ysaie,
Lete mercy meke thin hyst magesté.

Wolde God thou woldyst breke thin hefne myghtye,
And com down here into erthe ;
And levyn 3eres thre and threttye,
Thyn famyt ffolke with thi ffode to fede.
To staunche thi thryste lete thi syde blede,
ffor erst wole not be mad redempcion.
Cum vysite us in this tyme of nede,
Of thi careful creatures, Lord, have compassyon !

A ! woo to us wrecchis that wrecchis be,
ffor God hath addyd ssorowe to sorwe ;
I prey the, Lorde, thi sowlys com se,
How thei ly and sobbe, bothe eve and morewe.
With thi blyssyd blood ffrom babys hem borwe,
Thy careful creaturys cryenge in captyvyté,
A ! tary not, gracyous Lord, tyl it be to-morwe,
The devyl hath dysceyved hem be his iniquité.

A ! quod Jeremye, who xal gyff wellys to myn eynes,
 That I may wepe bothe day and nyght ?
 To se oure bretheryn in so longe peynes,
 Here myschevys amende may thi meche myght.
 As grett as the se, Lord, was Adamys contrysyon ryght,
 ffrom oure hed is ffalle the crowne,
 Man is comeryd in synne, I crye to thi syght,
 Gracyous Lord ! Gracyous Lord ! Gracyous Lord, come
 downe !

Virtutes. Lord ! plesyth it thin hiȝ domynacion,
 On man that thou made to have pyté,
 Patryarchys and prophetys han mad supplicacion,
 Oure offyse is to presente here prayeres to the.
 Aungelys, archaungelys, we thre
 That ben in the fyrst ierarchie,
 ffor man to thin hy magesté,
 Mercy ! mercy ! mercy ! we crye.

The aungel, Lord, thou made so glorious,
 Whos synne hath mad hym a devyl in helle,
 He mevyd man to be so contraryous,
 Man repentyd, and he in his obstynacye doth dwelle.
 Hese grete males, good Lord, repelle,
 And take man onto thi grace,
 Lete thi mercy, make hym with aungelys dwelle,
 Of Locyfere to restore the place.

Pater. Propter miseriam inopum, et gemitum pauperum
 nunc exurgam.

ffor the wretchydnes of the nedy,
 And the porys lamentacion,
 Now xal I ryse that am Almyghty,
 Tyme is come of reconsyliacion,
 My prophetys with prayers have made supplicacion,
 My contryte creaturys crye alle for comferte,

Alle myn aungellys in hefne, withowte cessacion,
They crye that grace to man myght exorte.

Veritas. Lord, I am thi dowtere, Trewthe,
Thou wilt se I be not lore,
Thyn unkynde creatures to save were rewthe,
The offens of man hath grevyd the sore.
Whan Adam had synnyd, thou seydest yore,
That he xulde deye and go to helle,
And now to blysse hym to restore,
Twey contraryes mow not togedyr dwelle.

Thy trewthe, Lord, xal leste withowtyn ende,
I may in no wyse ffro the go,
That wrecche that was to the so unkende,
He may not have to meche wo.
He dyspysyd the and plesyd thi ffo,
Thou art his creatour and he is thi creature,
Thou hast lovyd trewthe, it is seyde evyr mo,
Therefore in peynes lete hym evyrmore endure.

Misericordia. O ffadyr of mercye and God of comforte,
That counselle us in eche trybulacion,
Lete 3our dowtere Mercy to 3ow resorte,
And on man that is myschevyd have compassyon.
Hym grevyth fful gretly his transgressyon,
Alle hefne and erthe crye ffor mercy,
Me semyth ther xuld be non excepcion,
Ther prayers ben offeryd so specyally.

Threwthe sseyth she hath evyr be than,
I graunt it wel she hath be so,
And thou seyst endlesly that mercy thou hast kept ffor man,
Than mercyabyll lorde, kepe us bothe to,

Thu seyst *veritas mea et misericordia mea cum ipso*,
 Suffyr not thi sowlis than in sorwe to slepe,
 That helle hownde that hatyth the byddyth hym ho,
 Thi love man no lengere lete hym kepe.

Justicia. Mercy, me mervelyth what 3ow movyth,
 3e know wel I am 3our syster Ryghtwysnes,
 God is ryghtfful and ryghtffulnes lovyth,
 Man offendyd hym that is endles,
 Therfore his endles punchement may nevyr sees ;
 Also he forsoke his makere that made hym of clay,
 And the devyl to his mayster he ches,
 Xulde he be sayyd ? nay ! nay ! nay !

As wyse as is God he wolde a be,
 This was the abhomynabyl presumpcion,
 It is seyde, 3e know wel this of me,
 That the ryghtwysnes of God hath no diffynicion.
 Therffore late this be oure conclusyon,
 He that sore synnyd ly style in sorwe,
 He may nevyr make a seyth be resone,
 Whoo myght thanne thenns hym borwe.

Misericordia. Syster Ryghtwysnes, 3e are to venge^{abyl},
 Endles synne God endles may restore,
 Above alle hese werkys, God is mercyabyl,
 Thow he forsook God be synne, be feyth he forsook hym
 never the more.

And thow he presumyd nevyr so sore,
 3e must consyder the frelnes of mankende,
 Lerne and 3e lyst, this is Goddys lore,
 The mercy of God is withowtyn ende.

Pax. To spare 3our speches, systeres, it syt,
 It is not onest in vertuys to ben dycencion,

The pes of God ovyrcomyth alle wytt,
 Thou Trewthe and Ryght sey grett reson.
 3ett Mercy seyth best to my pleson,
 ffor yf mannys sowle xulde abyde in helle,
 Betwen God and man evyr xulde be dyvysyon,
 And than myght not I Pes dwelle.

Therefore me semyth best 3e thus acorde,
 Than hefne and erthe 3e xul qweme,
 Putt bothe 3our sentens in oure Lorde,
 And in his hy3 wysdam lete hym deme.
 This is most fyttynge me xulde seme,
 And lete se how we ffowre may alle abyde,
 That mannys sowle it xulde perysche it wore sweme,
 Or that ony of us ffro othere xulde dyvyde.

Veritas. In trowthe hereto I consente,
 I wole prey oure lorde it may so be.
Justicia. I Ryghtwysnes am wele contente,
 ffor in hym is very equityé.
Misericordia. And I Mercy ffro this counsel wole not fle,
 Tyl wysdam hath seyde I xal ses.
Pax. Here is God now, here is unyté,
 Hefne and erthe is plesyd with pes.

ffilius. I thynke the thoughtys of Pes and nowth of
 wykkydnes,
 This I deme to ses 3our contraversy,
 If Adam had not deyde, peryschyd had Ryghtwysnes,
 And also Trewthe had be lost therby.
 Trewth and Ryght wolde chastyse ffoly,
 3iff another deth come not, Mercy xulde perysche,
 Than Pes were exyled ffynnyaly,
 So tweyn dethis must be 3ow fowre to cherysche,

But he that xal deye 3e must knawe,
 That in hym may ben non iniquyté,
 That helle may holde hym be no lawe,
 But that he may pas at hese lyberté.
 Qwere swyche on his prevyde and se,
 And hese deth for mannys dethe xal be redempcion,
 Alle hefne and erthe seke now 3e,
 Plesyth it 3ow this conclusyon.

Veritas. I, Trowthe, have sowte the erthe withowt and
 withinne,
 And in sothe ther kan non be fownde,
 That is of o day byrth withowte synne,
 Nor to that dethe wole be bownde.
Misericordia. I, Mercy, have ronne the hevynly regyon
 rownde,
 And ther is non of that charyté,
 That ffor man wole suffre a deddly wounde,
 I cannott wete how this xal be.

Justicia. Sure I can fynde non sufficyent,
 ffor servauntys unprofytable we be eche one,
 Hes love nedyth to be ful ardent,
 That for man to helle wolde gon.
Pax. That God may do is non but on,
 Therfore this is be hys avyse,
 He that 3aff this counselle lete hym 3eve the comforte alon,
 ffor the conclusyon in hym of alle these lyse.

ffilius. It peyneth me that man I mad,
 That is to seyn peyne I must suffre sore,
 A counsel of the Trinité must be had,
 Whiche of us xal man restore.
Pater. In 3our wysdam, son, man was mad thore,
 And in wysdam was his temptacion,

Therfor, sone, sapyens 3e must ordeyn herefore,
And se how of man may be salvation.

Filius. ffadyr, he that xal do this must be bothe God and man,
Lete me se how I may were that wede,
And sythe in my wysdam he began,
I am redy to do this dede.

Spiritus Sanctus. I the Holy Gost of 3ow tweyn do procede,
This charge I wole take on me,
I love to 3our lover xal 3ow lede,
This is the assent of oure unyté.

Misericordia. Now is the loveday mad of us fowre fynialy,
Now may we leve in pes as we were wonte :
Misericordia et Veritas obviaverunt sibi,
Justicia et Pax osculatæ sunt.

Et hic osculabunt pariter omnes.

Pater. ffrom us, God, aungel Gabryel, thou xalte be sende,
Into the countré of Galyle,
The name of the cyté Nazareth is kende,
To a mayd, weddyd to a man is she.
Of whom the name is Joseph se,
Of the hous of Davyd bore,
The name of the mayd ffre,
Is Mary that xal al restore.

ffilius. Say that she is withowte wo and ful of grace,
And that I the son of the Godhed of here xal be bore.
Hy3e the thou were there apace,
Ellys we xal be there the before.
I have so grett hast to be man thore,
In that mekest and purest virgyne,
Sey here she xal restore,
Of 3ow aungellys the grett ruyne.

Spiritus Sanctus. And if she aske the how it myth be,

Telle her I the Holy Gost xal werke al this,
Sche xal be savyd thorwe oure unyté,

In tokyn here bareyn cosyn Elyzabeth is
Qwyk with childe, in here grett age i-wys ;

Sey here to us is nothyng impossible,
Her body xal be so ful fylt with blys,
That she xal sone thynke this sownde credyble.

Gabriel. In thyn hey inbasset, Lord, I xal go,

It xal be do with a thought,
Beholde now, Lord, I go here to,
I take my flyth and byde nowth.

Ave Maria gratia plena, Dominus tecum !

Heyl, fful of grace, God is with the,
Amonge alle women blyssyd art thu ;
Here this name Eva is turnyd Ave,
That is to say withowte sorwe ar 3e now.

Thow sorwe in 3ow hath no place,
3ett of joy, lady, 3e nede more,
Therefore I adde and sey “ fful of grace,”
ffor so ful of grace was nevyr non bore.
3ett who hath grace, he nedyth kepyng sore,
Therefore I sey “ God is with the,”
Whiche xal kepe 3ow endlesly thore,
So amonge alle women blyssyd are 3e.

Maria. A ! mercy God, this is a mervelyous herynge ;

In the aungelys wordys I am trobelyd her,
I think how may be this gretynge,

Aungelys dayly to me doth aper.
But not in the lyknes of man that is my fer,
And also thus hy3ly to comendyd be,

And am most unworthy, I cannot answere,
Grett shamfastnes and grett dred is in me.

Gabryel. Mary, in this take 3e no drede,
ffor at God grace ffownde have 3e,
3e xal conceyve in 3our wombe indede
A childe, the sone of the Trynyté.
His name of 3ow JHESU clepyd xal be,
He xall be grett, the son of the hyst clepyd of kende,
And of his ffadyr, Davyd, the Lord xal 3eve hym the se,
Reynnyng in the hous of Jacob, of whiche regne xal be
non ende.

Maria. Aungel, I sey to 3ow,
In what manere of wyse xal this be ?
ffor knowyng of man I have non now,
I have evyrmore kept and xal my virginyté.
I dowte not the wordys 3e han seyde to me,
But I aske it xal be do.

Gabryel. The Holy Gost xal come fro above to the,
And the vertu of hym hyst xal schadu the so.

Therefore that Holy Gost of the xal be bore,
He xal be clepyd the son of God sage ;
And se Ely3abeth 3our cosyn thore,
She hath conseyyd a son in hyre age ;
This is the sexte monyth of here passage,
Of here that clepyd was bareyn :—
Nothyng is impossyble to Goddys usage.
They thynkyth longe to here what 3e wyl seyn.

*Here the aungel makyth a lytyl restynge, and Mary
beholdyth hym, and the Aungel seythe,*

Mary, come of, and haste the,
And take hede in thyn entent,

Whow the Holy gost, blyssyd he be !

Abydyth thin answere and thin assent ;

Thorwe wyse werke of dyvinyté,

The secunde persone verament

Is mad man by fraternyté,

Withinne thiself in place present.

fferthermore take hede this space,

Whow alle the blyssyd spyrytys of vertu,

That are in hefne byffore Goddys face,

And alle the gode levers and trew

That are here in this erthely place,

Thyn owyn kynrede, the sothe ho knew,

And the chosyn sowlys, this tyme of grace,

That are in helle, and byde ther rescu.

As Adam, Abraham, and Davyd in fere,

And many othere of good reputacion,

That thin answer desyre to here,

And thin assent to the Incarnacion,

In whiche thou standyst as persevere,

Of alle mankende savacion ;

Gyff me myn answere now, lady dere,

To alle these creatures comfortacion

Maria. With alle mekenes I clyne to this acorde,

Bowynge down my face with alle benyngnyté ;

Se here the hand-mayden of oure Lorde,

Aftyr thi worde be it don to me.

Gabryel. Gramercy, my lady ffre,

Gramercy of 3our answere on hyght,

Gramercy of 3our grett humylyté,

Gramercy, 3e lanterne of lyght.

Here the Holy Gost descendit with iij. bemys to our Lady, the sone of the Godhed vest with iij. bemys to the

*Holy Gost, the fadyr Godly with iij. bemys to the sone,
and so entre alle thre to her bosom, and Mary seyth,*

Maria. A ! now I ffele in my body be
Parfyte God and parfyte man,
Havyng alle schappe of chyldly carnalyté,
Evyn al at onys thus God began.

Nott takynge ffyrst o membyr and sythe another,
But parfyte childhod 3e have anon ;
Of 3our handmayden now 3e have mad 3our modyr,
Withowte peyne in fflesche and bon.
Thus conceyved nevyr woman non,
That evyr was beyng in this lyff ;
O, myn hyst ffadyr, in 3our trone,
It is worthy 3our son, now my son, have a prerogatyff.

I cannot telle what joy, what blysse,
Now I fele in my body !
Aungel Gabryel, I thank 3ow for thys,
Most mekely recomende me to my faderes mercy.
To have be the modyr of God fful lytyl wend I,—
Now myn cosyn Ely3abeth ffayn wold I se,
How sche hath conseyyd as 3e dede specyfy,
Now blyssyd be the hy3 Trynyté.

Gabryel. ffareweyl, turtyl, Goddys dowtere dere,
ffarewel, Goddys modyr, I the honowre,
ffarewel, Goddys sustyr, and his pleynge fere,
ffarewel, Goddys chawmere and his bowre.
Maria. ffarewel, Gabryel, specyalye,
ffarewel, Goddys masangere expresse,
I thank 3ow for 3our traveyl hye,
Gramercy of 3our grett goodnes.

And namely of 3our comfortabyl massage,
 ffor I undyrstande by inspyracion,
 That 3e knowe by syngulere prevylage,
 Most of my sonys incarnation.
 I pray 3ow take it into usage,
 Be a custom ocupacion,
 To vesitye me ofte be mene passage,—
 3our presence is my comfortacion.

Gabriel. At 3our wyl, lady, so xal it be,
 3e gentyllest of blood and hiest of kynrede,
 That reynyth in erthe in ony degré,
 Be pryncypal incheson of the Godhede.

I comende me onto 3ow, thou trone of the Trinyté,
 O mekest mayde, now the modyr of Jhesu ;
 Qwen of hefne, lady of erthe, and empres of helle be 3e,
 Socour to alle synful that wole to 3ow sew.
 Thoro 3our body beryth the babe oure blysse xal renew,
 To 3ow, modyr of mercy, most mekely I recomende ;
 And as I began, I ende with an Ave new,
 Enjonyd hefne and erthe with that I ascende.

Angeli cantando istam sequenciam :—

Ave Maria gratia plena !

Dominus tecum, virgo serena !

XII. JOSEPH'S RETURN.

Joseph. How, dame, how ! undo 3oure dore, undo !

Are 3e at hom ? why speke 3e notht ?

Susanna. Who is ther ? why cry 3e so ?

Telle us 3our herand. Wyl 3e ought ?

Joseph. Undo 3our dore, I sey 3ow to,
ffor to com in is alle my thought.

Maria. It is my spowse that spekyth us to ;
Ondo the dore, his wyl were wrought.

Wellecome hom, myn husbond dere,
How have 3e ferd in fer countré ?

Joseph. To gete oure levyng withowtyn dwere,
I have sore laboryd ffor the and me.

Maria. Husbond, ryght gracyously now come be 3e,
It solacyth me sore sothly to se 3ow in syth.

Joseph. Me merveilyth, wyff, surely 3our face I cannot se,
But as the sonne with his bemys qwhan he is most bryth.

Maria. Husbond, it is as it plesyth oure Lord, that grace
of hym grew,

Who that evyr beholdyth me veryly,
They xall be grettly steryd to vertu,
ffor this 3yfte and many moo, good Lord, gramercy.

Joseph. How hast thou ferde, jentyll mayde,
Whyl I have be out of londe ?

Maria. Sekyr, sere, beth nowth dysmayde,
Ryth aftyr the wyl of Goddys sonde.

Joseph. That semyth evyl, I am afrayd,
Thi wombe to hy3e doth stonde.

I dred me sore I am betrayd,
 Sum other man the had in honde,
 Hens sythe that I went.
 Thy wombe is gret, it gynnyth to ryse,
 Than hast thou begownne a synfulle gyse,
 Telle me now in what wyse,
 Thyself thou hast thus schent.

Ow ! dame, what thinge menyth this ?
 With childe thou gynnyst ryth gret to gone.
 Sey me, Mary, this childys fadyr ho is ?

I pray the telle me, and that anon.
Maria. The fadyr of hevyn and 3e it is,
 Other fadyr hath be non ;
 I dede nevyr forfete with man i-wys ;
 Wherfore I pray 3ow amende 3our mon,—
 This childe is Goddys and 3our.

Joseph. Goddys childe ! thou lyst, in fay ;
 God dede nevyr jape so with may,
 And I can nevyr ther, I dare wel say,
 3itt so nyh thi boure.

But 3it I sey, Mary, whoos childe is this ?

Maria. Goddys and 3oure, I sey i-wys.

Joseph. 3a ! 3a ! alle olde men to me take tent,
 And weddyth no wyff in no kynnyys wyse,
 That is a 3onge wenche, be myn asent,
 ffor doute and drede and swyche servyse.
 Alas ! alas ! my name is shent !

Alle men may me now dyspyse,
 And seyn, “ olde cokwold, thi bowe is bent
 Newly now after the Frensche gyse.”

Alas and welaway !

Alas ! dame, why dedyst thou so ?
 ffor this synne that thou hast do,
 I the forsake and from the go,
 ffor onys, evyr, and ay.

Maria. Alas ! gode spowse, why sey 3e thus ?

Alas ! dere hosbund, amende 3our mod.

It is no man, but swete Jhesus,

He wylle be clad in flesche and blood,

And of 3our wyff be born.

Sephor, ffor sothe, the aungel, thus seyde he,

That Goddys sone in Trynit ,

ffor mannys sake a man wolde be,

To save that is forlorn.

Joseph. An aungel ! alas, alas ! fy for schame !

3e syn now in that 3e to say,

To puttyn an aungel in so gret blame.

Alas ! alas ! let be, do way.

It was sum boy began this game,

That clothyd was clene and gay ;

And 3e 3eve hym now an aungele name,—

Alas ! alas and welaway !

That evyr this game betydde.

A ! dame, what thought haddyst thou ?

Here may alle men this proverbe trow,

That many a man doth bete the bow,

Another man hath the brydde.

Maria. A ! gracyous God, in hefne trone,

Comforte my spowse in this hard cas ;

Mercyful God amend his mone,

As I dede nevyr to gret trespas.

Joseph. Lo ! lo ! seres, what told I 3ow,

That it was not for my prow,

A wyff to take me to ;

An that is wel sene now,

ffor Mary I make god avow,

Is grett with childe, lo !

Alas ! why is it so ?

To the busshop I wole it telle,
That he the lawe may here do,
With stonys here to qwelle.

Nay ! nay ! 3et God fforbede,
That I xuld do that vegeabyl dede,
But if I wyst wel qwy.
I knew never with here, so God me spede,
Tokyn of thyng in word nor dede
That towchyd velany.

Nevyr-the-les what for-thy,
Thow she be meke and mylde,
Withowith mannys company
She myght not be with childe.

But I ensure myn was it nevyr ;
Thow that she hath not done here devyr.
Rather than I xuld pleynyn opynly,
Serteynly 3itt had I levyr
fforsake the countré ffor evyr,
And nevyr come in here company.
ffor and men knew this velany,
In repreff thei wolde me holde,
And 3ett many bettyr than I,
3a, hath ben made cokolde.

Now, alas ! whedyr xal I gonne ?
I wot nevyr whedyr nor to what place ;
ffor oftyn tyme sorwe comyth sone,
And lenge it is or it pace,—
No comferte may I have here.
I-wys wyff thou dedyst me wronge ;
Alas ! I traryed from the to longe,

Alle men have pety on me amonge,
ffor to my sorwe is no chere.

Maria. God, that in my body art sesyd,
Thou knowist myn husbond is dysplesyd,
To se me in this plight.

ffor unknowlage he is desesyd,
And therefore help that he were esyd,
That he myght knowe the ful perfyght.

ffor I have levyr abyde respyt,
To kepe thi sone in privité,
Grauntyd by the Holy Spyryt,
Than that it xulde be opynd by me.

Deus. Descende, I sey, myn aungelle,
Onto Joseph, for to telle
Suche as my wyl is ;
Byd hym with Mary abyde and dwelle,
ffor it my sone fful snelle
That she is with i-wys.

Angelus. Almyghty God of blys,
I am redy ffor to wende
Wedyr as thi wyl is,
To go bothe fer and hynde.

Joseph, Joseph ; thou wepyst shryle,
ffro thi wyff why comyst thou owte ?

Joseph. Good sere, lete me wepe my ffylle,
Go forthe thi wey and lett me nowght.

Angelus. In thi wepynge, thou dost ryght ylle,
Azens God thou hast myswrought ;
Go chere thi wyff with herty wylle,
And chawnge thi chere, amende thi thought.

Sche is a ful clene may.
I telle the, God wyl of here be born,
And sche cleue mayd as she was befor,
To save mankynd that is forlorn,
Go chere hyre therfore, I say.

Joseph. A ! lord God, benedicite !
 Of thi gret comforte I thank the,
 That thou sent me this space.
 I myght wel a wyst par-dé,
 So good a creature as she
 Wold nevyr a donne trespace.
 For sche is ful of Grace ;
 I know wel I have mys wrought,
 I walk to my pore place,—
 I aske fforgyfnes, I have mystthought.

Now is the tyme sen at eye,
 That the childe is now to veryfye,
 Whiche xal save mankende,
 As it was spoke be prophesye ;
 I thank the, God, that syttys on hye,
 With hert, wyl, and mende,
 That evyr thou woldyst me bynde
 To wedde Mary to my wyff,
 Thi blysfyl sone so nere to fynde,
 In his presens to lede my lyff.

Alas ! ffor joy I qwedyr and qwake ;
 Alas ! what hap now was this ?
 A mercy, mercy, my jentyl make,—
 Mercy ! I have seyde al amys ;
 Alle that I have seyde here I forsake :
 3our swete fete now lete me kys.
Mary. Nay, lett be my fete, not tho 3e take,
 My mowthe 3e may kys i-wys,
 And welcome onto me.

Joseph. Gramercy, myn owyn swete wyff,
 Gramercy, myn hert, my love, my lyff,
 Xal I nevyr more make such stryf
 Betwix me and the.

A! Mary, Mary, wel thou be,
 And blyssyd be the frewte in the,
 Goddys sone of myght!
 Now good wyff, fful of pyté,
 As be not evyl payd with me,
 Thow that thou have good ryght.
 As for my wronge in syght,
 To wyte the with ony synne,
 Had thou not be a vertuous wythe,
 God wold not a be the withinne.

I knowlage I have don amys,
 I was never wurthy i-wys
 ffor to be thin husbonde;
 I xal amende aftere thys,
 Ryght as thin owyn wyl is,
 To serve the at foot and honde.
 And thi chylde bothe to undyrstonde,
 To wurchep hym with good affeccion;
 And therfore telle me, and nothings whonde,
 The holy matere of 3our concepcion.
Maria. At 3owre owyn wylle, as 3e bydde me;
 Ther came an aunge hyght Gabryelle,
 And gret me ffayr and seyde Ave,
 And ferther more to me gan telle
 God xulde be borne of my bodé,
 The ffendys powsté ffor to ffelle,
 Thorwe the Holy Gost, as I wel se,
 Thus God in me wyl byde and dwelle.
Joseph. Now I thank God with speche and spelle,
 That evyr, Mary, I was weddyd to the.
Mary. It was the werk of God, as I 3ow telle,
 Now blyssyd be that Lord so purveyd for me.

XIII. THE VISIT TO ELIZABETH.

Maria. Butt, husbond, of oo thyng I pray 3ow most mekely,
I have knowyng that oure cosyn Elyzabeth with childe is;
That it plesse 3ow to go to here hastyly,
If owught we myth comforte here, it were to me blys.

Joseph. A! Godys sake is she with childe, sche?

Than wole here husbond 3akarye be mery.
In Montana they dwelle fer hens, so mot y the,
In the cety of Juda, I knowe it veryly;
It is hens, I trowe, myles two and ffyfty,
We are like to be wery or we come at that same;
I wole with a good wyl, blyssyd wyff Mary,—
Now go we forthe than in Goddys name.

Maria. Goth husbond, thow it be to 3ow peyne,
This jurny I pray 3ow lete us go fast,
ffor I am schamfast of the pepyl to be seyne,
And namely of men, therof I am agast.
Pylgrymages and helpynges wolde be go in hast,
The more the body is peynynd, the more is the mede;
Say 3e 3our devocionys, and I xal myn reast (?),
Now in this jurny God mote us spede!

Joseph. Amen! Amen! and evyr more;
Lo! wyff, lo! how starkly I go before.

Et sic transient circa placeam.

Contemplacio. Sovereynes, undyrstondyth that kynge Davyd here
Ordeyned ffoure and twenty prestys of grett devocion,
In the temple of God after here let apere,
Thei weryd clepyd *summi sacerdotes* ffor her mynistracion.

And on was prynce of prestys havynge domynacyon,
 Amonge whiche was an old prest clepyd zakarye,
 And he had an old woman to his wyff of holy conversacion,
 Whiche hyth Elizabeth, that nevyr had childe verylye.

In hese mynistracion the howre of incense,
 The aungel Gabryel apperyd hym to,
 That hese wyff xulde conseyye he 3aff hym intelligence,
 Hes juge, hes unwurthynes, and age not belevyd so.

The plage of dompnesse his lippis lappyd, lo !
 Thei wenten hom and his wyff was conseyyenge ;
 This concepcion Gabryel tolde oure lady to,
 And in soth sone aftere that sage sche was sekyng.
 And of her tweyners metyng
 Here gynnyth the proces,
 Now God be oure begynnyng,
 And of my tonge I wole ses.

Joseph. A ! A ! wyff, in feyth I am wery,
 Therfore I wole sytt downe and rest me ryght here.
 Lo ! wyff, here is the house of zakary,
 Wole 3e I clepe Elyzabeth to 3ow to apere.

Maria. Nay, husbond, and it plese 3ow I xal go ner,
 Now the blyssyd Trynité be in this hous !
 A ! cosyn Elizabeth, swete modyr, what cher ?

3e grow grett, a ! my God ! how 3e be gracyous.

Elizabeth. Anon as I herd of 3ow this holy gretynge,
 Mekest mayden and the modyr of God, Mary,
 Be 3our breth the Holy Gost us was inspyrynge,
 That the childe in my body enjoyd gretly,
 And turnyd downe on his knes to oure God reverently,
 Whom 3e bere in your body this veryly I ken,
 ffulyfilyd with the Holy Gost thus lowde I cry,
 Blyssyd be thou amonge alle women.

And blyssyd be the frute of thi wombe also,

Thou wurthyest virgyne and wyff that ever was wrought !
How is it that the modyr of God me xulde come to ?

That wrecche of alle wrecchis, a whyght wers than nought !
And thou art blyssyd, that belevyd veryly in thi thought,

That the wurde of God xulde profyte in the,
But how this blyssydnes abought was brought,

I cannot thynk nyn say how it myght be.

Maria. To the preysyng of God, cosyn, this seyde mut be,

Whan I sat in my lytyl hous onto God praynge,
Gabryel come and seyde to me, Ave !

Ther I conceyved God at my consentynge,
Parfyte God and parfyte man at onys beynge ;

Than the aungel seyde onto me,
That it was sex monethys syn 3our conseyyunge,

This cawsyth my comynge, cosyn, 3ow to comfort and se.
Elizabeth. Blyssyd be 3e, cosyn, ffor 3our hedyr comynge,

How I conseyyvd I xal to 3ow say ;
The aungel apperyd the howre of incensynge,
Seynge I xulde conseyyve, and hym thought nay.
Sethe ffor his mystrost he hath be dowme alway,

And thus of my concepcion I have 3ow sum.
Maria. ffor this holy psalme I begynne here this day,

Magnificat anima mea Dominum,
Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.

Elizabeth. Be the Holy Gost with joye Goddys son is in the cum,
That thi spyryte so injonyd the helth of thi God so.

Maria. Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ,
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Elizabeth. ffor he beheld the lownes of hese hand mayde3e,
So ferforthe ffor that alle generacionys blysse 3ow in pes.

Maria. Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est,
Et sanctum nomen ejus.

Elizabeth. ffor grett thynges he made and also myghtyest,
And ryght holy is the name of hym in us.

Maria. Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies,
Timentibus eum.

Elizabeth. ȝa, the mercy of hym fro that kynde into the kynde
of pes,

ffor alle that hym drede now is he cum.

Maria. Fecit potenciam in brachio suo,
Disspersit superbos mente cordis sui.

Elizabeth. The pore in his ryght arme he hath mad so,
The prowde to dyspeyre and the thought of here hertys only.

Maria. Deposuit potentes de sede,
Et exaltavit humiles.

Elizabeth. The prowde men fro hey setys put he,
And the lowly upon heyth in the sete of pes.

Maria. Esurientes implevit bonis,
Et divites dimisit inanes.

Elizabeth. Alle the pore and the nedy he fulfylllyth with
his goodys,

And the ryche he fellyth to voydnes.

Maria. Suscepit Israel puerum suum,
Recordatus est misericordiæ suæ.

Elizabeth. Israel for his childe up toke he to cum,
On his mercy to thynk ffor hese that be.

Maria. Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,
Abraham et semini ejus in secula.

Elizabeth. As he spak here to oure forfaderys in clos,
Abraham and to alle hese sede of hym in this werd sa.

Maria. Gloria Patri et Filio
Et Spiritui Sancto.

Elizabeth. Presyng be to the Fadyr in hevyn lo !
The same to the Son here be so,

The Holy Gost also to ken !

Maria. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
Et in secula seculorum ! Amen.

Elizabeth. As it was in the begynnynge and now is and xal
be for evyr,

And in this werd in alle good werkys to abydyn then.

Maria. This psalme of proyhese seyd betwen us tweyn,
In hefne it is wretyn with aungellys hond,
Evyr to be songe and also to be seyn,

Every day amonge us at oure evesong.
But, cosyn Elyzabeth, I xal 3ow here kepe,
And this thre monethis abide here now,
Tyl 3e han childe, to wasche, skore, and swepe,
And in alle that I may to comforte 3ow.

Elyzabeth. A ! 3e modyr of God, 3e shewe us here how

We xulde be meke that wrecchis here be ;
Alle hefne and herthe wurchep 3ow now,
That are trone and tabernakyl of the hy3 Trinité.

Joseph. A ! how do 3e, how do 3e, ffadyr 3acharye ?

We ffalle ffast in age withowte othe ;
Why shake 3e so 3our hed ? have 3e the palsye ?

Why speke 3e not, sere ? I trowe 3e are not wroth.

Elyzabeth. Nay, wys ffadyr Joseph, therto he were ful loth,

It is the vesityation of God he may not speke veryly ;
Lete us thank God therffor bothe,

He xal remedy it whan it plesyth his mercy.
Come and pray 3ow specialy ;
I-wys 3e are welcome, Mary ;
ffor this comfortabelest comynge, good God, gramercy !

Joseph. Of 3our dissese thynkys no greff,

Thank God of al adversyté,
ffor he wyl chastyse and repreff
Tho that he lovyth most hertylé.

Mary, I hold best that we go hens,

We have fer hom withowt fayl.

Maria. Al redy husbond without defens,

I wyl werke be 3our counsayl.
Cosyn, be 3our leve and 3our lycens,
For homward now us must travayl.
Of this refreschyng in 3our presens,
God 3eld 3ow that most may avayl.

Elizabeth. Now, cosynes bothe, Gow 3ow spede,

And wete 3ow wele withowtyn mo,
3our presens comfortyth me indede ;

And therfore now am I ryght wo,
That 3e, my ffrendys and my kynrede,

Thus sone now xul parte me fro :
But I pray God he mote 3ow lede,
In every place wher so 3e go.

*Here Mary and Elizabeth partyn, and Elizabeth goth
to Zakarie, and seyth,*

Good husbond, ryse up, I beseke 3ow,

And go we to the temple now fast
To wurchep God with that we mow,

And thank hym bothe, this is my cast
Of the tyme that is comynge now ;

ffor now is cum mercy, and venjauns is past :
God wyl be born for mannys prow,
To brynge us to blysse, that ever xal last.

Contemplacio. Lystenyth, sovereynys, here is a conclusyon,

How the Ave was mad here is lernyd us ;
The aungel seyde “ Ave, gratia plena, Dominus tecum,
Benedicta tu in mulieribus.”

Ely3abeth seyde, “ Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.”

Thus the chirche addyd Maria and Jhesus her :
Who seyth oure ladyes sawtere dayly for a 3er thus,
He hath pardon ten thowsand and eyte hundryd 3er.

Than ferther to oure matere to procede,

Mary with Elizabeth abod ther styлле
iiij. monthys fully, as we rede,

Thankynge God with hertly wylle.

A ! Lord God, what hous was this on ?

That these childeryn and here moderes to,

As Mary and Elizabeth, Jhesus and John,
And Joseph and Zakarye also.

And evyr oure lady abod styлле thus,
Tyl John was of his modyr born,
And than zakarye spak i-wus,
That had be down and his speche lorn.
He and Elizabeth prophesyed as thus,
They mad *Benedictus* them beforн ;
And so *Magnificat*, and *Benedictus*,
ffyrst in that place ther made worn.

Whan alle was don, oure Lady fre
Toke here leve ; than aftere this,
At Elizabeth and at zakarie,
And kyssyd John and gan hym blys.

Now most mekely we thank 3ow of 3our pacyens,
And beseke 3ou of 3our good supportacion,
If here hathe be seyde or don any inconvenyens,
We asygne it to 3our good deliberacion ;
Besekynge to Crystes precious passyon,
Conserve and rewarde 3our hedyr comynge !
With Ave we begunne, and Ave is oure conclusyon,
Ave regina celorum to oure Lady we synge.

XIV. THE TRIAL OF JOSEPH AND MARY.

Den. Avoyd, seres, and lete my lorde the buschop come,
And syt in the courte the lawes ffor to doo ;
And I xal gon in this place them for to somowne,
Tho that ben in my book the court 3e must com too.

I warne 3ow here alle abowte,
That I somown 3ow alle the rowte,
Loke 3e fayl, for no dowte,

At the court to pere.

Bothe John Jurdon, and Geffrey Gyle,
Malkyn Mylkedoke, and fayr Mabyle,
Stevyn Sturdy, and Jak at the Style,
And Sawdyr Sadelere.

Thom Tynkere and Betrys Belle,
Peyrs Potter and Whatt at the Welle,
Symme Smalfeyth and Kate Kelle,
And Bertylmew the Bochere.

Kytt Cakelere and Colett Crane,
Gylle Fetyse and fayr Jane,
Powle Pewterere and Pernel Prane,
And Phelypp the good Flecchere.

Cok Crane and Davy Drydust,
Luce Lyere and Letyce Lytyltrust,
Miles the Myllere and Colle Crakecrust,
Bothe Bette the Bakere, and Robyn Rede.

And loke 3e ryngeweale in 3our purs,
ffor ellys 3our cawse may spede the wurs,

Thow that 3e slynge Goddys curs
 Evyn at myn hede, ffast com away.
 Bothe Boutyng the Browstere, and Sybyly Slynge,
 Megge Merywedyr and Sabyn Sprynge,
 Tyffany Twynkelere, ffayle ffor nothyng,
 The courte xal be this day.

Hic intrabit pagentum de purgatione Mariæ et Joseph.
Hic dicit primus detractor,

A ! A ! serys, God save 3ow alle,
 Here is a fayr pepyl in good ffay ;
 Good seres, telle me what men me calle,
 I trowe 3e kannot be this day ;
 3itt I walke wide and many way,
 But 3et ther I come I do no good,
 To reyse slawdyr is al my lay,
 Bakbytere is my brother of blood.

Dede he ought come hedyr in al this day,
 Now wolde God that he were here !
 And be my trewthe, I dare wel say,
 That yf we tweyn togedyr apere,
 More slawndyr we to xal arere,
 Within an howre thorweouth this town,
 Than evyr ther was this thowsand 3ere,
 And ellys I shrewe 3ow bothe up and downe.

Now be my trewthe I have a syght
 Evyn of my brother, lo ! where he is :
 Welcom, dere brother, my trowthe I plyght,
 3owre jentyl mowth let me now kys.
Secundus detractor. Gramercy, brother, so have I blys,
 I am ful glad we met this day.
Primus detractor. Ryght so am I, brothyr, i-wys,
 Meche gladder than I kan say.

But 3itt, good brother, I 3ow pray,

Telle alle these pepyl what is 3our name ;
ffor yf thei knew it, my lyf I lay,

They wole 3ow wurchep and speke gret fame.

Secundus detractor. I am Bakbytere, that spylyth alle
game,

Bothe kyd and knowyn in many a place.

Primus detractor. Be my trowth I seyde the same,

And 3et sum seyden thou xulde have evyl grace.

Secundus detractor. Herk, Reyse-sclaundyr, canst thou
owth telle

Of any newe thyng that wrought was late ?

Primus detractor. Within a shorte whyle a thyng befelle,

I trowe thou wylt lawh3 ryght wel therate,
ffor be trowth, ryght mekyl hate,

If it be wylt, therof wyl growe.

Secundus detractor. If I may reyse therwith debate,
I xal not spare the seyde to sowe.

Primus detractor. Syr, in the tempyl a mayde ther was,
Calde mayde Mary, the trowth to telle ;

Sche semyd so holy withinne that plas,

Men seyde sche was ffeelde with holy aungelle.

Sche made a vow with man nevyr to melle,

But to leve chaste and clene virgine ;

How evyr it be her wombe doth swelle,

And is as gret as thynne or myne.

Secundus detractor. 3a ! that old shrewde Joseph, my
trowth I plyght,

Was so anameryd upon that mayde,

That of hyr bewtyé, whan he had syght,

He sesyd nat tulle had here asayd.

Primus detractor. A ! nay, nay, wel wers she hath hym
payd,

Sum fresche 3onge galaunt she loveth wel more,

That his leggyes to here hath leyde,

And that doth greve the old man sore.

Secundus detractor. Be my trowthe, al may wel be,
 ffor fresche and fayr she is to syght,
 And suche a mersyl, as semyth me,
 Wolde cause a 3onge man to have delyght.

Primus detractor. Suche a 3onge damesel of bewté
 bryght,

And of schap so comely also,
 Of hire tayle oftetye be lyght,
 And rygh tekyl undyr the too,

Secundus detractor. That olde cokolde was evyl begyld,
 To that fresche wenche whan he was wedde ;
 Now muse he faderyn anothyr mannys chylde,
 And with his swynke he xal be fedde.

Primus detractor. A 3onge man may do more chere in
 bedde

To a 3onge wench, than may an olde ;
 That is the cawse suche lawe is ledde,
 That many a man is a kokewolde.

Hic sedet episcopus Abizachar inter duos legis doctores, et audientes hanc defamationem vocat ad se detractores, dicens,

Episcopus. Herke 3e, felaways, why speke 3e suche
 schame

Of that good virgyn, ffayr mayd Mary ;
 3e be acursyd so hire for to defame,
 She that is of lyff so good and holy.
 Of hire to speke suche velany,
 3e make myn hert ful hevvy of mood ;
 I charge 3ow sese of 3oure fals cry,
 ffor sche is sybbe of myn owyn blood.

Secundus detractor. Syb of thi kyn thow that she be,
 Alle gret with chylde hire wombe doth swelle ;
 Do calle here hedyr, thiself xal se
 That it is trewthe that I the telle.

Primus detractor. Sere, ffor 3our sake I xal kepe cown-
celle.

3ow for to greve I am ryght loth ;
But lest, seres, lyst what seyth the belle,
Oure fayr mayd now gret with childe goth.

Primus doctor legis. Take good heed, seres, what 3e doth say,
Avyse 3ow wele what 3e present ;
3yf this be fownd fals, anothyr day
Ful sore 3e xal 3our tale repent.

Secundus detractor. Sere, the mayd forsothe is good
and gent,

Bothe comely and gay, and a fayr wenche ;
And feetly with help sche can consent
To set a cokewolde on the hye benche.

Secundus doctor legis. 3e be to besy of 3our langage,
I hope to God 3ow fals to preve ;
It were gret rewthe she xulde so outrage,
Or with suche synne to myscheve.

Episcopus. This evy talys my hert doth greve,
Of hire to here suche fowle dalyawnce ;
If she be fowndyn in suche repreve,
She xal sore rewe here governawns.

Sym Somnere, in hast wend thou thi way,—

Byd Joseph and his wyff be name
At the coorte to appere this day,
Here hem to pource of her defame.
Sey that I here of hem grett schame,
And that doth me gret hevynes ;
If thei be clene withowtyn blame,
Byd hem come hedyr and shew wyttnes.

Den. Alle redy, sere ; I xal hem calle,
Here at 3our courte for to appere ;
And yf I may hem mete withalle,
I hope ryght sone thei xal ben here.

Away, seres, lete me com nere,

A man of wurchep here comyth to place,
Of curtesy me semyth 3e be to lere,

Do of 3our hodys with an evyl grace.

Do me sum wurchep befor my face,

Or be my trowthe I xal 3ow make,
If that I rolle 3ow up in my race,

ffor fere I xal do 3our ars qwake.

But 3it sum mede and 3e me take,

I wyl withdrawe my gret rough toth,
Gold or sylvyr I wyl not forsake,

But evyn as alle somnores doth.

A! Joseph, good day, with thi ffayr spowse,

My lorde the buschop hath for 3ow sent;

It is hym tolde that in thin house,

A cockoldeis bowe is eche nyght bent.

He that shett the bolt is lyke to be schent:—

ffayre mayde, that tale 3e kan best telle;

Now be 3oure trowthe telle 3our entent,

Dede not the archere plese 3ow ryght welle?

Maria. Of God in hevyn I take wyttnes,

That synful werk was nevyr my thought;

I am a mayd 3it of pure clenness,

Lyke as I was into this werd brought.

Den. Othyr wyttnes xal non be sought,

Thou art with childe, eche man may se;

I charge 3ow bothe 3e tary nought,

But to the buschop com forth with me.

Joseph. To the buschop with 3ow we wende,

Of oure purgacion have we no dowth.

Maria. Almyghty God xal be oure frende,

Whan the trewth is tryed owth.

Den. 3a no this wyse excusyth here every scowte,

Whan here owyn synne hem doth defame ;
 But lowly than thei gyn to lowth,
 Whan thei be gylty and fowndyn in blame.

Therefore com forthe, cokewolde be name,
 The busschop xal 3our lyff appose ;
 Com forth also, 3e goodly dame,
 A clene huswyff, as I suppose.
 I xal 3ow tellyn, withowtyn glose,
 And 3e were myn withowtyn lak ;
 I wolde eche day beschrewe 3our nose,
 And 3e dede brynge me suche a pak.

My lord the buschop, here have I brought
 This goodly copyl, at 3our byddyng ;
 And as me semyth as be here fraught,
 “ffayr chylde, lullay,” sone must she syng.
Primus detractor. To here a credyl and 3e wolde brynge,
 3e myght save monye in here purse ;
 Becawse she is 3our cosyn 3ynge,
 I pray 3ow, sere, lete her nevyr fare the wers.
Episcopus. Alas ! Mary, what hast thou wrought ?
 I am aschamyd evyn for thi sake ;
 How hast thou chaungyd thin holy thought ?
 Dude old Joseph with strenght the take ?
 Or hast thou chosyn another make,
 By whom thou art thus brought in schame ?
 Telle me who hath wrought this wrake ;—
 How hast thou lost thi holy name ?
Maria. My name, I hope, is saff and sownde,
 God to wyttnes I am a mayd !
 Of ffleschly lust and gostly wownde,
 In dede nere thought I nevyr asayd.
Primus doctor legis. How xulde thi wombe thus be arayd,
 So grettly swollyn as that it is ?

But if sum man the had ovyr-layd,

Thi wombe xulde never be so gret i-wys.

Secundus doctor legis. Herke thou, Joseph, I am afrayd

That thou hast wrought this opyn synne ;

This woman thou hast thus betrayd,

With gret flaterynge or sum fals gynne.

Secundus detractor. Now be myn trowthe 3e hytte the
pynne,

With that purpose in feyth I holde ;

Telle now how thou thus dudyst wyne,

Or knowlyche thiself ffor a cockewold.

Joseph. Sche is for me a trewe clene mayde,

And I for hire am clene also ;

Of fflesschly synne I nevyr asayde,

Sythyn that sche was weddyd me to.

Episcopus. Thou xalt not schape from us 3itt so ;

ffyrst thou xalte tellyn us another lay ;

Streyt to the awter thou xalt go,

The drynge of vengeawns ther to asay.

Here is the botel of Goddys vengeauns ;—

Thys drynk xal be now thi purgacion ;

This hath suche vertu by Goddys ordenauns,

That what man drynk of this potacion,

And gothe serteyn in processyon,

Here in this place this awtere abowth,

If he be gylty, sum maculacion

Pleyn in his face xal shewe it owth.

Iff thou be gylty, telle us, lete se,

Over Godys myght be not to bolde :

If thou presume and gylty be,

God thou dost greve many a folde.

Joseph. I am not gylty, as I fyrst tolde,

Allemychty God I take wytnes !

Episcopus. Than this drynke in hast thou holde,
And on processyon anon the dresse.

Hic Joseph bibit et septies circiuit altare dicens,

Joseph. This drynk I take with meke entent,
As I am gyltles, to God I pray,—
Lord ! as thou art omnypotente,
On me thou shewe the trowthe this day. (*Modo bibit.*)
About this awtere I take the way,
O gracyous God ! help thi servaunt,
As I am gyltles azen 3on may,
Thin hand of mercy this tyme me graunt !

Den. This olde shrewe may not wele gon,
Longe he taryeth to go abowth ;
Lyfte up thi feet, sett forthe thi ton,
Or be my trewthe thou getyst a clowte !

Secundus detractor. Now, sere evyl Thedom, com to thi
snowte !

What heylyght thi leggyes now to be lame ?
Thou dedyst hem put ryght freschly owte,
Whan thou dedyst play with 3on 3onge dame.

Primus detractor. I pray to God gyf hym myschawns,
Hese leggyes here do folde for age ;
But with this damysel whan he dede dawns,
The olde charle had ryght gret corage.

Den. The shrewe was than sett in a dotage,
And had good lust that tyme to pleyn ;
3aff sche not 3ow cowdel to potage,
Whan 3e had don, to comforte 3our brayn ?

Joseph. A ! gracyous God, help me this tyde,
Ageyn this pepyl that me doth fame ;
As I nevyr more dede toche where syde,
This day help me fro werdly schame !

Abowte this awtere to kepe my fame,
 Vij. tymes I have gon rownd abowte ;
 If I be wurthy to suffyr blame,
 O ryghtful God, my synne shewe owughte.

Episcopus. Joseph, with hert thank God thi Lorde,
 Whos hey; mercy doth the excuse ;
 ffor thi purgacion we xal recorde,
 With hyre of synne thou dedyst never muse.
 But, Mary, thiself mayst not refuse ;
 Alle grett with chylde we se the stonde,
 What mystyr man dede the mysuse,
 Why hast thou synnyd ageyn thin husbonde ?

Maria. I trespacyd nevyr with erthely wyght ;
 Therof I hope, thorowe Goddys sonde,
 Here to be purgyd before 3our syght,
 ffrom alle synne clene, lyke as myn husbonde.
 Take me the botel out of 3our honde,
 Here xal I drynke beforn 3our face ;
 Abowth this awtere than xal I fonde,
 Vij. tymes to go, by Godys grace.

Primus doctor legis. Se this bolde bysmare wolde presume,
 Ageyn God to preve his myght !
 Thow Goddys vengeauns hyre xuld consume,
 Sche wyl not telle hyre fals delyght.
 Thou art with chylde, we se in syght,
 To us thi wombe the doth accuse.
 Ther was nevyr woman 3itt in suche plyght,
 That ffrom mankynde hyre kowde excuse.

Primus detractor. In ffeyth I suppose that this woman slepte
 Withowtyn alle coverte, whylle that it dede snowe,
 And a flake therof into hyre mowthe crepte,
 And therof the chylde in hyre wombe doth growe.

Secundus detractor. Than beware dame, for this is wel i-knowe
 Whan it is born, yf that the sunne shyne,
 It wyl turne to watyr ageyn, as I trowe,
 ffor snow onto watyr dothe evyr more reclyne.

Secundus doctor legis. With Goddys hy; myght, loke thou not
 jape,
 Of thi purgacion wel the avyse;
 Yf thou be gylty, thou mayst not schape,
 Beware evyr of God, that ryghtful justyce.
 If God with vengeauns set on the his syse,
 Not only thou but alle thi kyn is schamyd;
 Bettyr it is to telle the trewthe devyse,
 Than God for to greve and of him be gramyd.

Maria. I trostyn in his grace, I xal hym nevyр greve,
 His servaunt I am in worde, dede, and thought;
 A mayd undefyled I hope he xal me preve,
 I pray 3ow lett me nought.

Episcopus. Now be that good Lord, that alle this werd hath
 wrought,
 If God on the shewe ony manyr tokyn,
 Purgacion I trowe was nevyр so dere bowth,
 If I may on the in any wyse be wrokyn.

Holde here the botel and take a large draught,
 And abowth the awtere go thi processyon.

Marya. To God in this case my cawse I have be-taught,
 Lorde, thorwe thin helpe, I drynke of this potacyon.

*Hic beata virgo bibit de potacione, et postea circuivit altare,
 dicens,*

God, as I nevyр knew of mannys maculacion,
 But evyr have lyved in trew virginité,
 Send me this day thin holy consolacion,
 That alle this fayr peple my clennes may se.

O gracyous God, as thou hast chose me,
 ffor to be thi modyr, of me to be born !
 Save thi tabernacle that clene is kepte for the,
 Whiche now am put at repref and skorn.
 Gabryel me tolde with wordys he befor,
 That 3e of 3our goodnes wold become my chylde ;
 Help now of 3our hy3ness, my wurchep be not lorn,
 A ! dere sone, I pray 3ow, help 3our modyr mylde.

Episcopus. Almyghty God, what may this mene,
 ffor alle the drynke of Goddys potacyon,
 This woman with chylde is fayr and clene,
 Withowtyn fowle spotte, or maculacion.
 I cannat, be non ymagynacion,
 Preve hyre gylty and synful of lyff ;
 It shewit opynly, by here purgacion,
 Sche is clene mayde, bothe modyr and wyff !

Primus detractor. Be my fadyr sowle here is gret gyle,
 Because sche is syb of 3our kynreed ;
 The drynk is chaungyd by sum fals wyle,
 That sche no shame xulde have this steed.

Episcopus. Becawse thou demyst that we do falshede,
 And for thou dedyst hem fyrst defame ;
 Thou xalt ryght here, magré thin heed,
 Beforn alle this pepyl, drynk of the same.

Primus detractor. Syr, in good ffeyth oo draught I pulle,
 If these to drynkeres have not alle spent.

Hic bibit et scenciens dolorem in capite cadit, et dicit,

Out, out, alas ! what heylith my sculle,
 A ! myn heed with ffyre me thynkyht is brent !
 Mercy, good Mary, I do me repent,
 Of my cursyd and ffals langage.

Maria. Now, God, Lord in hevyn omny potent,
Of his grett mercy 3our seknes aswage.

Episcopus. We alle on knes ffalle here on grownd,
Thou Goddys handemayd prayng for grace ;
Alle cursyd langage and schame on sownd,
Good Mary, ffor3eve us here in this place.

Maria. Now God for3eve 3ow alle 3owre trespace,
And also for3eve 3ow alle defamacion
That 3e have sayd, bothe more and lesse,
To myn hynderawnce and maculacion.

Episcopus. Now blyssyd virgyne, we thank 3ow alle
Of 3oure good hert and gret pacyens ;
We wyl go with 3ow hom to 3our halle,
To do 3ow servys with hy3 reverens.

Maria. I thank 3ow hertyly of 3our benevolens,
Onto 3our owyn hous I pray 3ow 3e goo,
And take this pepyl hom with 3ow hens,
I am not dysposyd to passyn hens froo.

Episcopus. Than ffarewel, mayden and pure virgyne,
Farewel, trewe handmayd of God in blys !
We alle to 3ow lowly inclyne,
And take oure leve of 3ow, as wurthy is.

Maria. Allemyghty God, 3our weys wysse,
ffor that hy3 lord is most of myght,
He mote 3ow spede, that 3e not mys,
In hevyn of hym to have a syght.

Joseph. Honouryd in hevyn be that hy3 lorde,
Whos endles grace is so habundaunt,
That he doth shewe the trewe recorde
Of iche wyhgt that is his trewe servaunt.
That Lord to wurchepe with hert plesaunt,
We bothe be bownd ryght on this place,

Whiche oure purgacyon us dyde graunt,
And prevyd us pure by hieȝ grace.

Maria. fforsothe, good spowse, I thank hym hyȝly,
Of his good grace ffor our purgacion !
Oure clennes is knowyn ful opynly,
Be vertu of his grett consolacion.

XV. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Joseph. Lord, what travayl to man is wrought !

Rest in this werd behovyth hym non ;

Octavyan oure emperor sadly hath besought

Oure trybutehym to bere, ffolk must forth ichon,

It is cryed in every bourgh and cety be name ; ,

I that am a pore tymbre wryth, born of the blood of
Davyd,

The emperores comawndement I must holde with,

And ellys I were to blame.

Now, my wyff Mary, what sey 3e to this ?

For sekyr, nedys I must fforth wende

Onto the cyté of Bedleem, ffer hens i-wys ;—

Thus to labore I must my body bende.

Maria. Myn husbond and my spowse, with 3ow wyl I
wende,

A syght of that cyté ffayn wolde I se ;

If I myght of myn alye ony ther ffynde,

It wold be grett joye onto me.

Joseph. My spowse, 3e be with childe, I fere 3ow to kary,
ffor me semyth it were werkys wylde ;

But 3ow to plese ryght ffayn wold I,

3itt women benethe to greve whan thei be with childe.

Now latt us fforth wende as ffast as we may,

And almyghty God spede us in oure jurnay !

Maria. A ! my swete husbond, wolde 3e telle to me,

What tre is 3on standynge upon 3on hylle ?

Josephe. fforsothe, Mary, it is clepyd a chery tre ;

In tyme of 3ere 3e myght ffede 3ow theron 3our ffylle.

Maria. Turne ageyn, husbond, and behold 3on tre,

How that it blomgyht now so swety.

Joseph. Cum on, Mary, that we worn at 3on cyté ;

Or ellys we may be blamyd, I telle 3ow lythly.

Maria. Now, my spowse, I pray 3ow to behold,

How the cheryes growyn upon 3on tre ;

ffor to have therof ryght ffayn I wold,

And it plesyd 3ow to labore so meche for me.

Joseph. 3our desyre to ffulfyll I xal assay sekyrly,

Ow to plucke 3ow of these cheries ; it is a werk wylde,
ffor the tre is so hy3 it wol not be lyghtly,

Therefore lete hym pluk 3ow cheryes begatt 3ow with childe.

Maria. Now, good Lord, I pray the graunt methis boun,

To have of these cheries, and it be 3our wylle :

Now, I thank it God, this tre bowyth to me downe !

I may now gaderyn anowe, and etyn my ffylle.

Josephe. Ow, I know weyl I have offendyd my God in
Trinyté,

Spekyng to my spowse these unkynde wurdys ;
ffor now I beleve wel it may non other be,

But that my spowse beryght the kyngys son of blys ;

He help us now at oure nede !

Of the kynrede of Jesse worthely were 3e bore,

Kynges and patryarkys 3ow beffore,

Alle these wurthy of 3our kynred wore,

As clerkys in story rede.

Maria. Now, gramercy, husbond, for 3our report !

In oure weys wysely late us forth wende ;

The fadyr allemyghty he be oure comfort !

The Holy Gost glorious he be oure frende !

Joseph. Heyl, wurchepful sere, and good day !

A ceteceyn of this cyté 3e seme to be ;

Of herborwe ffor spowse and me I 3ow pray,
ffor trewly this woman is fful weré,

And fayn at reste, sere, wold she be ;
We wolde ffulffylle the byddyng of oure emperoure,
ffor to pay trybute, as ryght is oure,
And to kepe oureselfe ffrom dolowre,

We are come to this cyté.

Cives. Sere, ostage in this towne know I non,
Thin wyff and thou in for to slepe ;
This ceté is besett with pepyl every won,
And 3ett thei ly withowte fful every strete.

Withinne no walle, man, comyst thou nowth,
Be thou onys withinne the cyté gate ;
On ethys in the strete a place may be sowth,
Theron to reste, withowte debate.

Joseph. Nay, sere, debate that wyl I nowth ;
Alle suche thyngys passyn my powere :
But 3itt my care and alle my thought
Is for Mary, my derlynge dere.

A ! swete wyff, what xal we do ?
Wher xal we logge this nyght ?
Onto the ffadyr of heffne pray we so,
Us to kepe ffrom every wykkyd whyt.

Cives. Good man, o word I wyl the sey,
If thou wylt do by the counsel of me ;
3ondyr is an hous of haras that stant be the wey,
Amonge the bestys herboryd may 3e be.

Maria. Now the fadyr of hefne he mut 3ow 3elde !
His sone in my wombe forsothe he is ;
He kepe the and thi good be fryth and ffelde !
Go we hens, husbond, for now tyme it is.
But herk now, good husbond, a newe relacyon,
Whiche in myself I know ryght welle ;

Cryst in me hath take incarnacion,
 Sone wele be borne, the trowthe I fele.

In this pore logge my chawmere I take,
 Here for to abyde the blyssyd byrthe
 Of hym that alle this werd dude make,—
 Betwyn myn sydes I fele he styrtthe.

Joseph. God be thin help, spowse, it swemyth me sore,
 Thus febyly loggyd and in so pore degré,
 Goddys sone amonge bestys ffor to be bore ;
 His woundyr werkys ffulfyllyd must be !
 In an hous that is desolat, withowty any walle,
 ffyer nor wood non here is.

Maria. Joseph, myn husbond, abydyn here I xal,
 ffor here wyl be born the kynges sone of blys !

Joseph. Now, jentyll wyff, be of good myrthe,
 And if 3e wyl owght have, telle me what 3e thynk ;
 I xal not spare for schep nor derthe,—
 Now telle me 3our lust of mete and drynk.

Maria. ffor mete and drynk lust I ryght nowth,
 Allemyghty God my fode xal be !

Now that I am in chawmere brought,
 I hope ryght welle my chylde to se.

Therefore husbond, of 3our honesté,
 Avoyd 3ow hens out of this place ;

And I alone, with humylité,
 Here xal abyde Goddys hy3 grace.

Joseph. Alleredy, wyff, 3ow for to plesse

I wyl go hens out of 3our way ;
 And seke sum mydwyvys 3ow for to ese,
 Whan that 3e travayle of childe this day.

ffarewelle, trewe wyff, and also clene may,
 God be 3our comferte in Trinyté !

Maria. To God in hevyn for 3ow I pray,
 He 3ow preserve wherso 3e be !

Hic dum Joseph est absens parit Maria filium unigenitum.

Joseph. Now God, of whom comythe alle releffe,
 And as alle grace in the is grownde,
 So save my wyff from hurt and greffe,
 Tyl I sum mydwyvys for here have fownde !
 Travelynge women in care be bownde,
 With grete throwys whan thei do grone ;
 God, helpe my wyff that sche not swownde !
 I am ful sory sche is alone.

It is not convenient a man to be
 Ther women gon in travalyng ;
 Wherefore sum mydwyff ffayn wold I se,
 My wyff to helpe that is so 3enge.
3elomy. Why makyst thou man suche mornyng ?
 Telle me sumdele of 3our gret mone.

Joseph. My wyf is now in gret longyng,
 Travelyng of chylde, and is alone :
 ffor Godys love that sytt in trone,
 As 3e, mydwyvys, that kan 3our good,
 Help my 3onge spowse in hast anone,—
 I drede me sore of that fayr food.

Salome. Be of good chere and of glad mood,
 We ij. mydwyvys with the wyll go ;
 Ther was nevyr woman in suche plyght stood,
 But we were redy here help to do.

My name is Salomee, alle men me knowe
 ffor a mydwyff of wurthy fame ;
 Whan women travayl, grace doth growe,
 Ther as I come I had nevyr shame.

3elomye. And I am 3elomye, men knowe my name ;
 We tweyn with the wyl go togedyr,

And help thi wyff fro hurt and grame ;

Come forthe, Joseph, go we streythe thedyr.

Joseph. I thank 3ow, damys, 3e comferte my lyff,

Streyte to my spowse walke we the way.

In this pore logge lyght Mary my wyff ;

Hyre for to comferte, gode frendys, asay.

Salome. We dare not entre this logge in fay,

Ther is therin so gret bryghtnes,—

Mone be nyght nor sunne be day

Shone nevyr so clere in ther lyghtnesse.

3elomye. Into this hous dare I not gon,

The woundyrffulle lyght doth me affray.

Joseph. Than wyl myself gon in alon,

And chere my wyff, if that I may ;

Alle heyl, maydon and wyff, I say !

How dost thou fare ? telle me thi chere !

The for to comferte in gesyne this day,

Tweyn gode mydwyvis I have brought here.

The for to helpe that art in harde bonde,

3elomye and Salomee be come with me,—

ffor dowte of drede withowte thei do stond,

And dare not come in for lyght that they se.

Hic Maria subridendo dicat, Maria.

Maria. The myght of the Godhede in his magesté

Wyl not be hyd now at this whyle ;

The chylde that is born wyl preve his modyr fre,

A very clene mayde, and therfore I smyle.

Joseph. Why do 3e lawghe, wyff ? 3e be to blame ;

I pray 3ow, spowse, do no more so ;

In happ the mydwyvys wyl take it to grame,

And at 3our nede helpe wele non do.

Iff 3e have nede of mydwyvys, lo !

Peraventure thei wyl gon hens :

Therfor be sad and 3e may so,

And wynnyth alle the mydwyvis good diligens.

Maria. Husbond, I pray 3ow dysplese 3ow nowth,

Thow that I lawghe and gret joye have ;

Here is the chylde this werde hath wrought,

Born now of me, that alle thynges xal save.

Joseph. I aske 3ow grace, for I dyde rave !

O gracyous childe, I aske mercy !

As thou art Lord and I but knave,

ffor3eve me now my gret foly !

Alas ! mydwyvis, what have I seyde ?

I pray 3ow come to us more nere ;

ffor here I fynde my wyff a mayd,

And in here arme a chylde hath here.

Bothe mayd and modyr sche is in ffere,

That God wole have may nevyr more fayle ;

Modyr on erthe was nevyr non cler,

Withowth sche had in byrthe travayle.

3elomy. In byrth travayle muste sche nedys have,

Or ellys no chylde of here is born.

Joseph. I pray 3ow, dame, and 3e vowchesave,

Com se the chylde my wyff befor.

Salome. Grete God be in this place !

Swete systyr, how fare 3e ?

Maria. I thank the fadyr of his hy3 grace,

His owyn son and my chylde here 3e may se.

3elomye. Alle heyl, Mary, and ryght good morn !

Who was mydwyfe of this ffayr chylde ?

Maria. He that nothyng wyl have forlorne

Sent me this babe, and I mayde mylde.

3elomye. With honde lete me now towche and fele,

Yf 3e have nede of medycyne ;

I xal 3ow comforte and helpe ryght wele,

As other women, yf 3e have pyne.

Maria. Of this fayr byrthe that here is myn,
 Peyne nere grevyng fele I ryght non !
 I am clene mayde and pure virgyn,
 Tast with 3our hand 3ourself alon.

Hic palpat 3elomye beatam virginem, dicens,
3elomy. O myghtfulle God, have mercy on me !
 A merveyلة that nevyр was herd beforн !
 Here opynly I fele and se
 A fayr chylde of a maydon is borne,
 And nedyth no waschyng, as other don,—
 fful clene and pure forsothe is he ;
 Withoutyn spott or ony polucyon,
 His modyr nott hurte of virgynité !

Coom nere, gode systyr Salome,
 Beholde the brestys of this clene mayd,
 fful of fayr mylke how that thei be,
 And hyre chylde clene, as I fyrst sayd ;
 As other ben nowth fowle arayd,
 But clene and pure, bothe modyr and chylde ;
 Of this matyr I am dysmayd
 To se them bothe thus undefyled.
Salome. It is not trewe ; it may nevyр be
 That both be clene, I cannot beleve :
 A maydes milke never man dyde se,
 Ne woman bere chylde withowte grett greve.

I xal nevyр trowe it, but I it preve,
 With hand towchyng but I assay ;
 In my conscience it may nevyр cleve,
 The sche hath chylde and is a may.
Maria. 3ow for to putt clene out of dowth,
 Towche with 3our hand and wele asay :
 Wysely ransake and trye the trewth, ,
 Whethyr I be fowlyd, or a clene may.

Hic tangit Salomee Mariæ, et cum arescerit manus ejus ulverando, et, quasi flendo, dicit,

Salomee. Alas ! alas ! and weleawaye !
 ffor my grett dowth and fals beleve,
 Myne hand is ded and drye as claye !
 My fals untrost hath wrought myscheve !

Alas ! the tyme that I was born,
 Thus to offende aȝens Goddys myght !
 Myn handys power is now alle lorn,
 Styff as a stykke and may nowth plyght.
 ffor I dede tempte this mayde so bryght,
 And helde aȝens here pure clennes,
 In grett myscheff now am I pyght :
 Alas ! alas ! ffor my lewdnes.

O lord of myght ! thou knowyst the trowthe,
 That I have evyr had dred of the ;
 On every power wryght evyr I have rowthe,
 And ȝove hem almes for love of the.
 Bothe wyff and wedowe that askyght for the,
 And frendles chylderyn that haddyn grett nede,
 I dude them cure and alle for the,
 And toke no rewarde of them nor mede.

Now as a wrecche ffor fals beleve,
 That I shewyd in temptynge this mayde,
 My hand is ded and doth me greve !
 Alas ! that evyr I here assyde.
Angelus. Woman, thi sorwe to have delayde,
 Wurcheþ that childe that ther is born :
 Towche the clothis ther he is layde,
 ffor he xal save alle that is lorn !
Salomee. O gloryous chyld, and kynge of blysse !
 I aske ȝow mercy for my trespase ;

I knowlege my synne, I demyd amys ;
 O blyssyd babe, grawnt me sum grace !

Of 3ow, mayde, also here in this place,

I aske mercy, knelynge on kne ;

Moste holy mayde, grawnt me solace,

Sum wurde of comferte sey now to me.

Maria. As Goddys aungel to 3ow dede telle,

My chylde is medecyn ffor every sor ;

Towche his clothis be my cowncelle,—

3owre hand ful sone he wyl restor.

Hic Salomee tangit fimbriam Christi, dicens,

Salomee. A ! now blyssyd be this chylde evermore—

The sone of God forsothe he is !

Hath helyd myn hand, that was forlore

Thorwe ffals beleve and demynge amys.

In every place I xal telle this,

Of a clene mayde that God is born :

And in oure lyknes God now clad is,

Mankend to save that was forlorn.

His modyr a mayde as sche was beforne,

Natt fowle pollutyd, as other women be ;

But fayr and fresche, as rose on thorn,

Lely wyte clene with pure virginyté.

Of this blyssyd babe my leve now do I take,

And also of 3ow, hy3 modyr of blysse !

Of this grett meracle more knowlege to make,

I xal go telle it in iche place i-wys.

Maria. ffarewel, good dame, and God 3our wey wysse,

In all 3our jurnay God be 3ourspepe ;

And of his hy3 mercy that Lord so 3ow blysse,

That 3e nevyr offende more in word, thought, nor dede.

3elomy. And I also do take my leve here,

Of alle this blyssyd good company ;

Praynge your grace, bothe fere and nere ;

On us to spede your endles mercy.

Joseph. The blyssyng of that Lord that is most myghty,

Mote sprede on you in every place,

Of alle your enmyes to have the victory,

God that best may grawnt you his grace ! *Amen.*

XVI. THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Angelus ad pastores dicit, “Gloria in excelsis Deo.”

Joye to God that sytt in hevyn,

And pes to man on erthe grownde !

A chylde is born benethe the levyn,

Thurwe hym many ffolke xul be unbownde.

Sacramentys ther xul be vij.,

Wonnyn thorowe that childys wounde ;

Therefore I synge a joyful stevene,

The flowre of frenchep now is founde !

God that wonyght on hy3,

He is gloryed mannys gost to wynne,

He hath sent salve to mannys synne,

Pes is comyn to mannys kynne,

Thorwe Goddys hi3e wysdam I saye.

Primus Pastor. Maunfras, Maunfras, felawe myn,

I saw a grett lyght with bryght shyne,

3it saw I nevyr so mervely asyne,

Shapyn upon the skyes.

It is bryghtere than the sunne bem,

It comyth ryght over alle this rem,

Evyn above Bedleem,

I saw it brenne thryes !

Secundus Pastor. Thu art my brother Boosras,

I have beholdyn the same pas,

I trowe it is tokenynge of gras,

That shynynge shewyght beforn !

Balaam spak in prophesye,
A lyght xuld shyne upon the skye,
Whan a chylde of a mayd Marye

In Bedleem were i-born.

Tertius Pastor. Thow I make lytyl noyse of this,
I am an herde man that hattyt sayyng amyce,
I herde spekyng of a chylde of blyce,

Of Moyses in his lawe.

Of a mayd a child xuld be borne,
On a tre he xuld be torn,
Delyver folkys that arn forlorn,—

The chylde xulde be slawe.

Primus pastor. Balaam spake in prophecie,
Out of Jacob xuld shyne a skye,
Many ffolke he xulde bye

With his bryght blood.

Be that bryght blod that he xulde blede,
He xal us brynge fro the develys drede,
As a duke most dowty in dede,

Thorwe his dethe on rode.

Secundus Pastor. Amos spak with mylde methe,
A frute swettere than bawmys brethe,
His dethe xulde slen owre sowlys dethe,

And drawe us alle from helle.

Therefore suche lyght goth beforne,
In tokyn that the childe is born,
Whiche xal save that is forlorn,—

As prophetys gonne spelle.

Tertius pastor. Danyel the prophete thus gan speke,
Wyse God from woo us wreke,
Thi bryght hevyn thou to-breke,

And medele the with a mayde.

This prophecye is now spad,
Cryst in our kende is clad,
Therefore mankend may be glad,

As prophetes beforne han seyde.

“Gloria in excelsis deo,” *Cantent.*

Primus Pastor. Ey, ey ! this was a wondyr note,

That was now songyn above the sky !

I have that voys, fful wele I wote,

Thei songe *gle glo glory.*

Secundus Pastor. Nay, so mot y the, so was it nowth,

I have that songe fful wele I num,

In my wytt weyl it is wrought : —

It was *gle glo glas glum.*

Tertius Pastor. The songe me thought it was glory ;

And aftywarde he seyde us to, —

Ther is a chylde born xal be a prynce myghty,

ffor to seke that chylde I rede we go.

Primus Pastor. The prophecie of Boosdras is spedly sped ;

Now leyke we hens, as that lyght us lede :

Myght we se onys that bryght on bed,

Oure sorow it wolde unbynde.

We xulde shadyr for no shoure,

Buske us hens to Bedleem boure,

To se that fayr fresche flowre,

The mayde mylde in mynde.

Secundus Pastor. Lete us ffolwe with alle oure myght,

With songe and myrthe we xul us dyght,

And wurchep with joye that wurthy wyght,

That Lord is of mankyne.

Lete us go fforthe fast on hye,

And honowre that babe wurthylye,

With merthe, songe, and melodye ;

Have do ! this songe begynne !

Tunc pastores cantabunt “Stella cæli extirpavit.”
Quo facto, ibunt ad querendum Christum.

Primus Pastor. Heyle floure of floures, fayrest i-fownde !

Heyle, perle peerles, prime rose of prise !

Heyl, blome on bedde ! we xul be unbownde

With thi bloody woundys and werkys fulle wyse.

Heyl, God grettest, I grete the on grownde !

The gredy devyl xal grone grysly as a gryse,
Whan thou wynnyst this worlde with thi wyde wounde,
And puttyst man to paradys with plenty of prys ;
To love the is my delyte.

Heyl, floure and fre !

Lyght from the Trynyté !

Heyl, blyssyd mote thou be !

Heyl, mayden, fayrest in syght !

Secundus Pastor. Heyl, floure ovyr fflour fowndyn in fryght !

Heyl, Cryst, kynde in oure kyth !

Heyl, werker of wele to wonyn us wyth !

Heyl wyinner i-wys !

Heyl, fformere and ffrende !

Heyl, ffellere of the fende !

Heyl, clad in oure kende !

Heyl, prince of paradys !

Tertius pastor. Heyl, Lord over lordys, that lyggyst ful
lowe !

Heyl, kyng ovyr kynges thi kynrede to knowe !

Heyl, comely knyth the devyl to overthrowe !

Heyl, flowre of alle !

Heyl, werkere to wyne

Bodyes bowndyn in synne !

Heyl, in a bestys bynne,

Be-stad in a stalle !

Joseph. Herdys on hylle,

Bethe not styлле,

But seyth 3our wylle,

To many a man ;

How God is born,

This mery morn,

That is forlorn

Fyndyn he can.

Secundus Pastor. We xulle telle,

Be dale and hylle,

How harwere of helle
 Was born this nyght,
 Myrthis to melle,
 And fendys to quelle,
 That were so felle

 Aȝens his ryght.

Secundus Pastor. ffarewel, babe and barne of blys !
 ffarewel, Lord that lovely is !

The to wurchep thi feet I kys ;

 On knes to the I falle.

The to wurchepe I falle on kne,
 Alle this werd may joye of the !
 Now farewel, Lord of grett pousté !

 ȝa, farewel, kyng of alle.

Tertius Pastor. Thow I be the last that take my leve,
 ȝit fayre mullynge, take it nat at no greve ;

Now, fayre babe, wele mut thou cheve !

 ffayr chylde, now have good day.

ffareweyl, myn owyn dere derlyng :

I-wys thou art a ryght fayr thyng !

ffarewel, my Lorde and my swetyng !

 ffarewel, born in pore aray !

Maria. Now, ȝe herdmen, wel mote ȝe be,

ffor ȝoure omage and ȝour syngyng :

My sone xal aqwyte ȝow in hefne se,

And ȝeve ȝow alle ryght good hendyng ! *Amen.*

XVII. ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Herode. As a lord in ryalté in non regyon so ryche,
And rulere of alle remys, I ryde in ryal aray;
Ther is no lord of lond in lordchep to me lyche,
Non lofflyere, non lofsumere,—evyr lestyng is my lay :
Of bewté and of boldnes I bere evermore the belle;
Of mayn and of myght I master every man;
I dyng with my dowyntes the devyl down to helle,
ffor bothe of hevyn and of herthe I am kynge sertayn.

I am the comelyeste kynge clad in gleteringe golde,
3a, and the semelyeste syre that may bestryde a stede;
I welde att my wylle alle wyghtes upon molde,—
3a, and wurthely I am wrappyd in a wurthy wede.
3e knyghtes so comely, bothe curteys and kene,
To my paleys wyl I passe, fulle prest I 3ow plyth;
3e dukys so dowty, ffolwe me be-dene
Onto my ryal paleys, the wey lyth ful ryght.

Wyghtly fro my stede I skyppe down in hast,—
To myn hey3 hallys I haste me in my way;
3e mynstrelle of myrthe, blowe up a good blast,
Whylle I go to chawmere and chaunge myn array.

Primus Rex. Heyl be the kynges tweyne,
fferre rydyng out of 3our regne !
Me thynkyth be 3our presentes seyne,
3e sekyn oure Savyour.

ffro Saba have I folwyd fferre
 The glemynge of 3on gay sterre ;
 A chyldys blood xal bye us dere,
 That ther is born in bestes boure.

My name is kynge Baltazare,
 Of prophetys speche I am ware,
 Therfore a fferre wey I fare,
 A maydenys childe to seche.
 ffor he made man of the moolde,
 And is kynge of hevyn holde,—
 I wyl hym offere the rede golde,
 As reson wyl me teche.

Secundus Rex. Melchizar that my name is kydde,
 In hote love myn herte is hydde,
 To the blosme upon his bedde
 Born by bestes bynne.
 In Tarys I am kynge with crowne,
 By bankys and brymmys browne,
 I have travaylid by many a towne,
 My Lordys love to wynne.

I seke hym with ensens sote,
 Of alle prestys he xall be rote,
 His bryght blood xal be oure bote,
 To brynge us out of bonde.
 The childe xal be chosyn a preste,
 In all vertuys ffownden meste ;
 Beforn his faderes fayr breste
 Ensens he xal up sende.

Tercius rex. In Ypotan and Archage
 I am kynge knowyn in kage,

To seke a childe of semlant age
 I have faryn ryght fferre.
 Jasper is my name knowyn,
 In many countres that are myn owyn,
 Thorwe byttyr blastys that gyn blowyn,
 I stryke aftere the sterre.

I brynge myrre to my present,
 A byttyr lycour verament,
 ffor he xal suffyr byttyr dent,
 In a maydonys flesche is clad.
 On byttyr tre he xal be bent,
 Man and God omnypotent,
 With byttyr betynge his flesche be rent,
 Tyl alle his blood be bledde.

Herod. Now I regne lyk a kynge areyd ful ryche,
 Rollyd in ryngges and robys of array;
 Dukys with dentys I dryve into the dyche,
 My dedys be ful dowty demyd be day.
 I xalle marryn tho men that belevyn amysse,
 And there in sette there sacramentes are I say;
 Theris no lorde in thiswerde that lokygh me lykei-wysse
 ffor to lame herytykk of the lesse lay.
 I am jolyere than the jay,
 Stronge thevys to steke,
 That wele oure lawys breke,
 On the wrecchis I wyll be wreke,
 And hont hem undyr hay.

In kyrtyl of cammaka kynge am I cladde,
 Cruel and curryd in myn crowne knowe;
 I sytt here ondyr Sesar in my sette sadde,
 Sorwyn to sottys suche sede wytt I sowe.

Boys now blaberyn bostynge of a baron bad,
 In Bedlem is born be bestys, suche bost is blowe ;
 I xal prune that paddok and prevyn hym as a pad,
 Scheldys and sperys shalle I there sowe ;
 My knyghtes xalle rydyn on a rowe,
 Knave and chylideryn ffor to qwelle,
 Be Mahound, dyng ne duke of helle,
 Sowre deth his lyff xalle selle,
 Suche threttes wolde me overthrowe.

Styward bolde,
 Walke thou on mowlde,
 And wysely beholde
 Alle abowte ;
 Iff any thyng
 Shuld greve the kyng,
 Brynge me tydydge,
 If there be ony dowte.

Senescallus. Lord, kyng in crowne,
 I go fro towne,
 By bankys browne
 I wylle abyde ;
 And with erys lyste,
 Est and west,
 If any geste
 On grownde gynnyth glyde.

Tunc ibit senescallus et obviabit tribus regibus et dicit eis

Kynges iij.,
 Undyr this tre,
 In this countré
 Why wylle 3e abyde ?
 Herowde is kyng
 Of this wonynge,

Onto his dwellynge
Now xul 3e glyde.

Primus Rex. Nowe lede us alle
To the kynges halle,
How it befallle,
We pray to the.

Wyttys to wete
He may us pete,
In flesshe be glete,
Godys frute fre.

Senescallus. ffolwith in stownde
Upon this grownde,
To the castel rownde,
I xal 3ow teche
Were kynge wonyt wyde,
Up in this tyde,
In pompe and pryde,
His myght gynnyth reche.

Sere kyng in trone,
Here comyth anone
By strete and stone
Kynges thre.
They bere present,—
What thei have ment,
Ne whedyr they arn bent,
I cannot se.

Herodes rex. I xal hem crave
What they have ;
Iff they rave,
Or waxyn wood,
I xal hem reve

Here wyttys deve,
 Here hedys cleve,
 And schedyn here blood.

Primus rex. Heyl be thou kynge in kage ful hye,
 Heyl, we nyghe thin halle ryght nye !
 Knowyst thou ought that chylde slye
 He is born here abowth ?
 He is born of a mayd 3ynge,
 He xal be kynge over every kynge,
 We go to seke that lovely thyng,—
 To hym ffayn wolde I lowth.

Secundus rex. Balaam spake in prophecye,
 A sterre xulde ful lovelye
 Lythtyn upon mayd Marye,
 Comyn of Jacobys kynne.
 The childe is born, and lythe here by,
 Blomyd in a madenys body,
 A sterre hath strekyn upon the sky
 And ledde us fayr be fenne.

Tertius rex. The sterre hath ledde us out of the Est,
 To seke a baroun born best;
 He xal be kynge of myghtes mest,
 As prophecy gynnyth spelle.
 We be kynges in wey wery ;
 Syr kynge, ffor thi curtesy,
 Telle us to that childe so lovely,
 In what towne gynnyth he dwelle.

Herodes rex. 3e thre kynges rekenyd be rowe,
 Ley now downe 3our wurdys lowe,
 Suche a carpyng is unknowe,
 Onrekenyd in my regne.

I am a kynge of hyȝ degré,
 Ther xal non ben above me,
 I have florens and fryhthis fre,
 Parkys and powndes pleyne.

But goth to fynde that ȝe seche,
 And yf ȝe knowe suche a leche,
 And ȝe hym fynde, I ȝow beseche,
 Comyth aȝen be me.
 And I xal be bothe blythe and do bowne,
 That alle worchep to hym be done,
 With reverens I xal seke hym sone,
 And honor hym on kne.

And, therfore, kynges, I ȝow pray,
 Whan ȝe have don ȝour jurnay;
 Come aȝen this same way,
 The trewthe to me to telle.
 Come and telle me as ȝe spede,
 And I xal qwyte ryght wel ȝour mede,
 With gold and tresour and ryche wede,
 With fures ryche and wurth pelle.

Primus Rex. Kynge have good day,
 I go my way,
 To seche
 Lord of myght,—
 He xal be ryght
 Oure leche.

Secundus Rex. Kynge fful sterne,
 Be felde and ferne,
 I goo
 To sekyn a kynge,—
 He takyth wonynge
 In woo.

Tertius Rex. If we hym finde,
 Oure kyng ful kynde,
 Be a may,
 ffrom kyng and qwen,
 We comyn aȝen,
 This day.

Transient.

Herodes Rex. A! fy, fy, on talys that I have ben tolde,
 Here befor my cruel kne;
 How xulde a barn wax so bolde,
 Be bestys yf he born be?
 He is yong and I am olde,
 An hardy kyng of hye degré;
 This daye tho kyngges xal be kold,
 If they cum ageyne be me.
 My goddes I xalle upreysen!
 A derke devylle with falsnese, I saye,
 Shalle cast a myst in the kyngges eye,
 Be bankes and be dalys drey,
 That be derk thei xalle cum this weyes.

Primus Rex. Go we to sek owr lorde and our lech,
 Yon stere wille us teche the weyis ful sone,
 To save us from myschyff God I here besech,
 Onto his joyn that we may rech,—
 I pray hem of this bone!

Tunc ibunt reges cum muneribus ad Jhesum et primus rex dicit,

Heyle be thou, kyng cold clade!
 Heylle, with maydynys mylk fade!
 Heylle, I cum to the with gold glade,
 As wese wrytyng bere it record.
 Golde is the rycheste metalle,
 And to weryng most ryalle,

Gold I gyff the in this halle,
 And know the for my Lorde.

Secundus rex. Lorde, I knele upon my kne ;
 Sote encence I offere to the,
 Thow xalte be the fyrst of hy₃ degré,
 None so mekelle of myght !
 In Goddes howse, as men xalle se,
 Thow xalt honor the Trynité,
 Iij. personys in oon Gode free,
 And alle oo lord of myght !

Tertius Rex. Lorde, I knele downe be thy bede,
 In maydyns flesche thou arte hede,
 Thy name xal be wyde rede,
 And kyng over alle kynges.
 Byttyr myre to the I brynge,
 ffor byttyr dentes on the thei xalle dyng,
 And byttyr deth xalle be thi endyng,
 And therfor I make mornyng.

Maria. Kyngges kynde,
 ffrome the fende
 God 3ow defende !
 Homwarde 3e wende,
 And to your places 3e lende,
 That 3e xulde tende.

Primus rex. Now have we the place fownde,
 To Herode go we this stownde,
 With owr wordes we were bownde,
 That we xulde cum ageyne.
 Go we a pace and sey owr speche,
 ffor we have fownde our Lorde and leche ;
 Alle the truth we wylle hem teche,
 How the kyng is borne of a quene.

Secundus Rex. Myn hede is hevy as lympe of leede,
 But yf I slepe, I am adrede
 My witt xalle fare the worse ;
 I wax hevy in lyme and flanke,
 Downe I ley me upone this banke,
 Under this bryght sterre i-wys.

Tertius Rex. Brother, I must lye the bye,
 I will go never over this styte
 Tylle I have a slepe.
 The yong kyng and his mother Mary,
 Save us alle from every velany !
 Now Cryst us save and kepe !

Primus rex. Such hevynese have us cawght,
 I must drynk with 3ow a drawght,
 To slepe a lytyll whyle.
 I am hevy heed and footte,
 I xulde stumbylle at resche and root,
 And I xulde goo a myle.

Hic dormiunt reges, et venit angelus, et dicit eis.

Angelus. 3e kyngges on this hille,
 Werk 3e not aftyr Herodes wyll,
 For yf 3e do, he wyll yow kille
 This day or nyght.
 My lorde 3ow sent this tydyng,
 To rest yow knynges in rych clothynge,
 And whan 3e rysyn and goo to your dwellyng,
 Tak home the wey fulle ryght.
 Whether that 3e be wakyn or slepe,
 My lorde God xalle yow kepe,
 In goode tyme 3e dede downe drepe
 To take 3owr rest.
 Herowdys to the devyl he tryste,
 To marre 3ow in a thyrke myste,

My lord God is ful of lyste,
 To glathe 3ow for his geste.

And therfore, kynges, whan 3e ryse,
 Wendyth forthe be weys wyse,
 Ther 3our halle be sett in syse,
 In dyverse londe.

The ffadyr of God in alle thyng
 Hath 3ow grawntyd his swete blyssynge,
 He xal 3ow save ffrom alle shendynge,
 With his ryght honde.

Tunc surgant reges, et dicat

Primus Rex. A bryght sterre ledde us into Bedleem,—
 A bryghter thyng I saw in drem,
 Bryghtere than the sunne beeme,
 An aungelle I saw ryght here.
 The fayre floure that here gan falle,
 ffrom Herowdys kynge he gan us kalle,
 He taught us hom tulle our halle
 A wey by another mere.

Secundus Rex. I sawghe a syght,
 Myn hert is lyght
 To wendyn home.
 God, fful of myght
 Hath us dyght
 ffro develys dome.

Tertius Rex. Oure God I blysse,
 He sent us, i-wys
 His aungel bryght.
 Now we be wake,
 The wey to take
 Home fulle ryght.

XVIII. THE PURIFICATION.

Symeon Justus. I have be prest in Jherusalem here,
And tawth Goddys lawe many a 3ere,
Desyrynge in alle my mende,
That the tyme we neyhand nere,
In whiche Goddys son xul apere,
In erthe to take mankende.
Or I deyde that I myght fynde,
My Savyour with myn ey to se ;
But that it is so longe behynde,
It is grett dyscomforte onto me.

ffor I waxe olde and wante my myght,
And begynne to fayle my syght,
The more I sorwe this tyde ;
Save only, as I telle 3ow ryght,
God of his grace hath me hyght,
That blysful byrth to byde ;
Wherfore now here besyde,
To Sancta Sanctorum wyl I go,
To pray God to be my gyde,
To comfort me aftyr my wo.

Here Symeon knelyth and seyth,

A ! gode God in Trinité !
Whow longe xal I abyde the,
Tyl that thou son thou doth sende,
That I in erthe myght hym se ?

Good Lord, consydyr to me,
 I drawe fast to an ende ;
 That or my strenthis fro me wende,
 Gode Lorde, send dow thi son,
 That I with my ful mende,
 Myght wurcheppe hym, if I con.

Bothe with my fete and hondys to,
 To go to hym and handele also,
 My eyn to se hym in certayn.
 My tonge for to speke hym to,
 And alle my lemys to werk and do,
 In his servyse to be bayn.
 Send forth thi son, my Lord sovereyn,
 Hastely anon withowte teryenge ;
 ffor fro this world I wolde be ffayn,—
 It is contrary to my levyng.

Angelus. Symeon, leff thi careful stevene,
 ffor thi prayer is herd in hevene ;
 To Jherusalem ffast now wyne.
 And ther xalt se ful evene,
 He that is Goddys son ffor to nevene,
 In the templ ther thou dwellyst inne.
 The darknes of orygynal synne,
 He xal make lyght and clarefye ;
 And now the dede xal begynne,
 Whiche hath be spokyn be propheeye.

Symeon. A ! I thank the, Lord of grace,
 That hath grauntyd me tyme and space,
 To lyve and byde thys !
 And I wyl walk now to the place,
 Where I may se thi sonys face,
 Whiche is my joye and blys.

I was nevyr lyghtere i-wys,
 To walke nevyr here beforn ;
 ffor a mery tyme now is,
 Whan God my lord is born.

Anna Prophetessa. Al heyl, Symeon ! what tydynges with
 3ow ?

Why make 3e al this myrth now ?
 Telle me whedyr 3e fare.

Symeon. Anne prophetes, and 3e wyst whou,
 So xulde 3e, I make avow,
 And alle maner men that are.

ffor Goddys son, as I declare,
 Is born to bye mankende ;
 Oure Savyour is come to sesyn oure care ;
 Therfore have I grett merthe to wende.

And that is the cawse I hast me
 Onto the temple hym to se ;
 And therfor lett me not, good frende !

Anna. Now blyssyd be God in Trinyté,
 Syn that tyme is come to be,
 And with 3ow wyl I wende.

To se my Savyour ende,
 And wurcheppe hym also,
 With alle my wytt and my ful mende,
 As I am bound, now wyl I do.

Et tunc ibunt ambo ad templum et prophetissa,

Symeon. In the temple of God who undyrstod,
 This day xal be offeryd with mylde mood,
 Whiche that is kynge of alle ;
 That xal be skorgyd and shedde his blood,
 And aftyr dyen on the rood,
 Withowtyn cawse to calle.

ffor whos passyon ther xal beffalle,
 Swyche a sorwe bothe sharpe and smerte ;
 That a swerd perce it xalle,
 3evene thorwe his modernys herte.

Anna. 3a, that xal be, as I wel fynde,
 ffor redempcion of alle mankende,
 That blysse ffor to restore.
 Whiche hath be lost fro oute of mende,
 As be oure fadyr of oure owyn kende,
 Adam and Eve beffore.

Maria. Joseph my husbond withowtyn mys,
 3e wote that ffourty days nere is,
 Sythe my sonys byrth fful ryght ;
 Wherefore we must to the temple i-wys,
 Therfor to offre oure sone of blys,
 Up to his fadyr in hyght.
 And I in Goddys syght,
 Puryfyed ffor to be ;
 In clene sowle with al my myght,
 In presence of the Trinyté.

Joseph. To be purefyed have 3e no nede,
 Ne thi son to be offryd, so God me spede ;
 ffor fyrst thou art ful clene,
 Undefowlyd in thought and dede ;
 And anothyr, thi son withowtyn drede,
 Is God and man to mene.
 Wherefore it nedyd not to bene,
 But to kepe the lawe on Moyses wyse ;
 Wherefore we xal take us betwene
 Dowys and turtelys ffor sacrefyce.
 Et ibunt ad templum.

Symeon. Alle heyl, my kyndely comfortour !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, mankyndys creditour !

Symeon. Alle heyl, thou God of myght !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, mankyndys savyour !

Symeon. Alle heyl, bothe kynge and emperour !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, as it is ryght !

Symeon. Alle heyl, also, Mary bryght !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, salver of seknes !

Symeon. Alle heyl, lanterne of lyght !

Anna Prophetissa. Alle heyl, thou modyr of mekenes !

Maria. Symeon, I undyrstand and se,

That bothyn of my sone and me

 3e have knowynge clere ;

And also in 3our compané

My sone desyryth for to be ;—

 And therffore have hym here.

Et accipiet Jhesum.

Symeon. Welcome, prynce withowte pere !

 Welcome, Goddys owyn sone !

Welcome, my Lord so dere !

 Welcome, with me to wone !

Suscepimus, Deus, misericordiam tuam.

Lord God in magesté,

We have receyvyd this day of the,

 In myddys of thi temple here,

Thy grett mercy, as we may se.

Therfore thi name of grett degré

 Be wurchepyd in alle manere,

Over alle this werde, bothe fere and nere,

 3evyn onto the untest ende !

ffor now is man owt of daungere,

 And rest and pes to alle mankende.

 “ *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, et cætera.* ”

The psalme song ther every vers, and ther qwyle Symeon

*pleyeth with the child, and qwhan the psalme is endyd,
he seyth,*

Now lete me dye, Lord, and hens pace !
ffor I thi servaunt in this place

Have sen my Savvour dere ;
Whiche thou hast ordeyned befor the face
Of al mankynde, this tyme of grace,

Opynly to appere.
That lyth is shynand clere,

To alle mankyndys savacion ;
Mary, take 3our childe now here,
And kepe wel this manis savacion.

Anna prophetissa. Ne I rowth nere to dye also,
ffor more than ffowre skore 3ere and to

This tyme hath bede to se.
And sythe that it is come therto,
What Goddys wyl is with me to do,
Ryght 3even so mot it be.

Joseph. Take here these candelys thre,—
Mary, Symeon, and Anne ;
And I xal take the fowrte to me,
To offre oure childe up thanne.

Maria. Hiest ffadyr, God of powere !
3our owyn dere son I offre 3ow here,
As I to 3our lawe am sworn.

Receyve thi childe in glad manere,
For he is the fyrst, this childe so dere,
That of his modyr is born.

But 3ow I offre hym 3ow befor,
Good Lord, 3it 3yf me hym a3en !
ffor my comforte were fully lorn,
If we xulde longe a-sondyr ben.

Mari leyth the childe on the autere.

Joseph. Sere prest of the temple, now
Have he ffyffe pens unto 3ow,

Oure childe a3en to take.

Capellanus. It is the lawe, as 3e woot how,
Joseph, 3e an do rygh a-now,

As for 3our childys sake.

But othere offerynge 3ett must 3e make ;

And therfore take 3our sone, Mary !

In meche joye 3e may awake,

Whylys he is in 3our company.

Maria. Therto I am ful glad and fayn,
ffor to receyve my childe agayn,

Ellys were I to blame.

And afterwarde ffor to be bayn,

To offre to God in ful certayn,

As in my sonys name,

With ffowlys bothe wyld and tame,—

ffor in Goddys servyse I xal nevyr irke.

Joseph. Lo ! Mary, have here tho same,

To do thi dewtys of holy kyrke.

And ther Mary offeryth ffowlys onto the autere, and seyth,

Maria. Allemyghtyfful fadyr, mercyful kynge !

Receyvvyth now this lytyl offrynge,

ffor it is the fyrst in degré,

That 3our lytyl childe so 3ynge,

Presentyth to day be my shewyng,

To 3our hy3 magesté,

Of his sympyl poverté,

Be his devocion and my good wylle ;

Upon 3our awtere receyve of me,

3our sonys offrynge, as it is skylle !

XIX. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

Tunc respiciens senescallus vadit ad Herodem dicens,
Senescallus. Lord, I have walkyd be dale and hylle,
And wayted, as it is 3our wylle ;
The kynges iij. stelyn away fulle style,
 Thorwe Bedleem londe.
They wyl nevyr, so mot y the,
Come in the lond of Galylé,
ffor to se 3our fay ceté,
 Ne dedys of 3our honde.

Herodes Rex. I ryde on my rowel ryche in my regne,
Rybbys fful reed with rape xal I sende ;
Popetys et paphawkes I xal puttyn in peyne,
With my spere prevyn, pychyn, and to-pende.
The gowys with gold crownys gete thei nevyr ageyn,
To seke tho sottys sondys xal I sende ;
Do howlott howtyn hoberd and heyn,
Whan here barnys blede undyr credyl bende ;
 Sharply I xal hem shende !
The knave childeryn that be
In alle Israel countré,
Thei xul have bloody ble,
 ffor on I calde unkende.

It is tolde in Grw,
His name xulde be Jhesu
 I-fownde.

To have hym 3e gon,
Hewe the flesche with the bon,
 And gyff hym wownde !
Now kene knyghtes, kythe 3our craftys,
 And kylllyth knave chylderyn and castyth hem in
 clay ;
Shewyth on 3our shulderes scheldys and schaftys,
 Shapyht amonge schel chowthys ashyrlyng shray ;
Doth rowncys rennyng with rakyng raftys,
 Tyl rybbys be to rent with a reed ray ;
Lete no barne beleve on bete baftys,
 Tyl a beggere blede be bestys baye
 Mahound that best may ;
I warne 3ow my knyghtes,
A barn is born I plyghtys,
Wolde clymbyn kynge and kyknytes,
 And lett my lordly lay.

Knyghtys wyse,
Chosyn ful chyse,
Aryse ! aryse !
 And take 3our tolle !
And every page
Of ij. 3ere age,
Or evyr 3e swage,
 Sleythe ilke a fool.

On of hem alle
Was born in stalle,
ffolys hym calle
 Kynge in crowne.
With byttyr galle,
He xalle down falle,—
My myght in halle
 Xal nevyr go down.

Primus miles. I xall sle scharlys,
And qwenys with therlys,
Here knave gerlys,
I xal steke.

fforthe wyl I spede,
To don hem blede,
Thow gerlys grede,
We xul be wreke.

Secundus miles. ffor swerdys sharpe,
As an harpe,
Quenys xul karpe,
And of sorwe synge.

Barnys 3onge,
They xul be stunge,—
Thurwe levyr and lunge
We xal hem styngge.

Angelus. Awake, Joseph, and take thi wyff,
Thy childe also ryd be-lyff!
ffor kynge Herowde, with sharpe knyff
His knyghtes he doth sende.
The Fadyr of hevyn hath to the sent,
Into Egypte that thou be bent,
ffor cruel knyghtes thli childe have ment
With sword to sle and shende.

Joseph. Awake, good wyff, out of 3our sleepe,
And of 3our childe takyght good kepe,
Whyl I 3our clothis ley on hepe,
And trus hem on the asse.
Kynge Herowde the chylde wyl scloo,
Therefore to Egypte muste we goo,
An aungel of God seyd me soo,
And therfore lete us passe.

Tunc ibunt milites ad pueros occidendos, et dicat prima fæmina,

Prima fæmina. Longe lullynge have I lorn !

Alas ! qwhy was my baron born ?

With swappynge swerde now is he shorn

The heed ryght fro the nekke !

Shanke and shulderyn is al to-torn,

Sorwyn I se behyndyn and befor,

Both mydnyth, mydday, and at morn,—

Of my lyff I ne recke.

Secunda fæmina. Serteynly I say the same,

Gon is alle my good game,

My lytylle childe lyth alle lame,

That lullyd on my pappys !

My ffourty wekys gronyng

Hath sent me sefne 3ere sorwyng,

Mykyl is my mornynge,

And ryght hard arne myn happys !

Primus miles. Lorde in trone

Makyght no mone,

Qwenys gyn grone

In werld aboute.

Upon my spere

A gerle I bere,

I dare welle swere,

Lett moderes howte.

Secundus miles. Lord, we han spad,

As 3e bad ;

Barnis ben blad,

And lyne in dyche.

fflesche and veyn

Han tholyd peyn,
 And 3e xul reyne
 Evermore ryche.

Herodes Rex. 3e xul have stedys
 To 3our medys,
 Londys and ledys,
 ffryth and ffe.
 Wele have 3e wrought,
 My ffo is sought,
 To deth is he brought,—
 Now come up to me.

In sete now am I sett, as kyng of myghtys most,
 Alle this werd ffor ther love to me xul thei lowt ;
 Bothe of hevyn, and of erthe, and of helle cost,
 ffor dygne of my dygnyté thei have of me dowt.
 Ther is no lord lyke on lyve to me wurthe a toost,
 Nether kyng nor kayser in alle this world abought ;
 If any brybour do bragge or blowe a3ens my bost,
 I xal rappe tho rebawdys and rake them on rought,
 With my bryght bronde.
 Ther xal be neyther kayser nere kyng,
 But that I xal hem down dyng,
 Lesse than he at my byddyng
 Be buxum to myn honde.

Now, my jentylle and curteys knyghtes, herke to me this
 stownde,
 Good tyme sone me thynkyghe at dyner that we were ;
 Smertly therfore sett a tabylle anon here fful sownde,
 Coverid with a coryous clothe and with ryche wurthy fare ;
 Servyse ffor the loveliest lorde that levyng is on grownde,
 Beste metes, and wurthyest wyne, loke that 3e non spare ;

Thow that a lytyl pynt xulde coste a m^l. pownde,
 Brynge alwey of the beste, for coste take 3e no care,—
 Anon that it be done.

Senescallus. My lorde, the tabyl is redy dyght;
 Here is watyr, now wasche forth ryght!
 Now blowe up mynstralle with alle 3our myght!
 The servyse comyth in sone.

Herodes. Now am I sett at mete,
 And wurthely servyd at my degré;
 Com forthe knyghtes, sytt down and ete,
 And be as mery as 3e kan be.
Primus Miles. Lord, at 3owre byddyng we take oure sete,
 With herty wyl obey we the;
 Ther is no lord of myght so grett,
 Thorwe alle this werde in no countré,
 In wurchep to abyde!

Herodes. I was nevyr meryer here befor,
 Suthe that I was fyrst born,
 Than I am now ryght in this morn,—
 In joy I gynne to glyde.

Mors Ow! I herde a page make preysyng of pride,
 Alle prynces he passyth, he wenyth, of powsté;
 He wenyth to be the wurthyest of alle this werde wyde,—
 Kynge ovyr alle kynges that page wenyth to be.
 He sent into Bedlem, to seke on every syde,
 Cryst for to qwelle, yf thei myght hym se;
 But of his wykkyd wyl lurdeyn 3itt he lyede,
 Goddys sone doth lyve,—ther is no Lord but he!
 Over alle lordys he is kynge!
 I am Dethe, Goddys masangere!
 Allemyghty God hath sent me here,
 3on lordeyn to sle, withowtyn dwere,
 ffor his wykkyd workyng.

I am sent fro God, Deth is my name !

Alle thynges that is on grownd I welde at my wylle ;
Bothe man and beste, and byrdys, wylde and tame,

Whan that I come them to, with deth I do them kylle.
Erbe, gres, and tres stronge, take hem alle in same ;
3a, the grete myghty okys with my dent I spylle ;
What man that I wrastele with, he xal ryght sone have
schame,—

I 3eve him suche a trepett, he xal evyr more ly style,
ffor deth kan no sporte.

Wher I smyte, ther is no grace,
ffor aftere my strook man hath no space
To make amendys ffor his trespass,
But God hym graunt comforte.

Ow ! se how prowdeley 3on kaytyff sytt at mete !

Of deth hath he no dowte, he wenyth to leve evyrmore ;
To hym wyl I go, and 3eve hym suche an hete,

That alle thelechis of thelonde his lyf xul nevyr restore :
A3ens my dredful dentys it vaylyth nevyr to plete,

Or I hym part fro I xal hym make ful pore ;
Alle the blood of his body I xal hym owt swete,
ffor now I go to sle hym with strokys sad and sore,
This tyde.

Bothe hym and his knyghtes alle,
I xal hem make to me but thralle,
With my spere sle him I xalle,
And so cast down his pride.

Herodes Rex. Now, kende knyghtes, be mery and glad !

With alle good diligens shewe now sum myrthe !
ffor, be gracyous Mahound, more myrthe never I had,
Ne nevyr more joye was inne from tyme to tyme of
my byrthe ;
ffor now my fo is ded and prendyd as a padde,

Above me is no kynge on grownd nere on gerthe !
 Merthis therfore make 3e, and be ryght nothyng sadde ;
 Spare nether mete nor drynke, and spare for no dyrthe
 Of wyne nor of brede.
 ffor now am I a kynge alone,
 So wurthy as I may ther be none,
 Therfore knyghtes be mery echone,
 ffor now my ffo is dede !

Primus Miles. Whan the boys sprawlyd at my sperys
 hende,

By Sathanas, oure syre, it was a goodly syght !
 A good game it was the boy for to shende,
 That wolde a bene oure kynge and put 3ow from 3our
 ryght.

Secundus Miles. Now trewly, my lorde the kynge, we
 had ben unkende,

And nevyr non of us able for to be a knyght ;
 If that any of us to hem had ben a frende,
 And a savyd any lyff a3en thi mekyl myght,—
 ffrom deth hem to flytt.

Herodes Rex. Amonges alle that grett rowthte
 He is ded, I have no dowte,
 Therfore, menstrelle, rownd abowte
 Blowe up a mery fytt.

*Hic dum buccinant mors interficiat Herodem et duos
 milites subito, et diabolus recipiat eos,*

Diabolus. Alle oure ! alle oure ! this catel is myn !
 I xalle hem brynge onto my celle !
 I xal hem teche pleyss fyn,
 And shewe suche myrthe as is in helle !
 It were more bettyr amonges swyne,
 That evyr more stynkyn ther be to dwelle ;

ffor in oure logge is so gret peyn,
 That non erthely tonge can telle :
 With 3ow I go my way.
 I xal 3ow bere forthe with me,
 And shewe 3ow sportes of oure gle,
 Of oure myrthis now 3al 3e se,
 And evyr synge “ welaway.”

Mors. Off kynge Herowde alle men beware,
 That hath rejoycyd in pompe and pryde ;
 ffor alle his boste of blysse ful bare,
 He lythe now ded here on his syde !
 ffor whan I come, I cannot spare,
 Fro me no whyht may hym hyde ;
 Now is he ded and cast in care,
 In helle pytt evyr to abyde ;
 His lordchep is al lorn.
 Now is he as pore as I,
 Wormys mete is his body,
 His sowle in helle ful peynfully
 Of develis is al to-torn.

Alle men dwellyng upon the grownde,
 Beware of me, be myn councel ;
 ffor feynt felachep in me is fownde,—
 I kan no curtesy, as I 3ow tel ;
 ffor be a man nevyr so sownde,
 Of helthe in herte nevyr so wel,
 I come sodeynly within a stownde,—
 Me withstande may no castel,
 My jurnay wyl I spede.
 Of my comyng no man is ware,
 ffor whan men make most mery fare,
 Than sodeynly I cast hem in care,
 And sle them evyn indede.

Thow I be nakyd and pore of array,
And wurmys knawe me all abowte,
3it loke 3e drede me nyth and day,
ffor whan deth comyth, 3e stande in dowte ;
Evyn lyke to me, as I 3ow say,
Shulle alle 3e be here in this rowte ;
Whan I 3ow chalange at my day,
I xal 3ow make ryght lowe to lowth,
And nakyd for to be.
Amonges wormys, as I 3ow telle,
Undyr the erthe xul 3e dwelle,
And thei xul etyn bothe flesche and felle,
As thei have don me.

XX. CHRIST DISPUTING IN THE TEMPLE.

Modo de doctoribus disputantibus cum Jhesu in templo.

Primus doctor. Scripturæ sacræ esse dinoscimur doctos,
We to bere the belle of alle maner clergyse.

Secundus doctor. Velud rosa omnium florum flos,
Lyke onto us was nevyr clerke so wyse.

Primus doctor. Loke what scyens 3e kan devyse,
Of redynge, wrytynge, and trewe ortografye;
Amonges alle clerkys we bere the prysse,
Of gramer, cadens, and of prosodye.

Secundus doctor. No clerke abył to bere oure book
Of versyfyeng, nor of other scyens ;
Of swete musyke who so wylle look,
Seke no ferther but to oure presens.

Of dyaletyk we have the hy3 excellence,
Of sophestrye, logyk, and phylosophye;
Ageyn oure argemente is no recystence,
In metaphesyk ne astronomye.

Primus doctor. Of calculacion and negremauncye,
Also of augrym and of asmatryk ;
O[f] lynyacion that longyth to jematrye,
Of dyetis and domys that longyth to phesyk ;
In alle this scyens is non us lyke,
In Caton, Gryscysme, nor Doctrynal ;
And for endytynge with retoryke,
The hyst degré is oure over alle.

Secundus doctor. In grett canon and in cevyle lawe,
 Also in scyens of polycye,
 Is non to us wurthe an hawe,—
 Of alle cunnyng we bere the maystrye ;
 Therfore in this temple we sytt on hye,
 And of most wurchep kepe the sovereynté ;
 Ther is on erthe no man so wurthye
 The hyȝ stat to holdyn, as we tweyn be.

Jhesus. Omnis sciencia a Domino Deo est :
 Al wytt and wysdam of God it is lent ;
 Of alle ȝour lernynge withinne ȝour brest,
 Thank hyghly that Lord that hath ȝow sent ;
 Thorwe bost and pryde ȝour soulys may be shent,
 Of wytt and wysdome ȝe have not so meche,
 But God may make, at hese entente,
 Of alle ȝour connyng many man ȝow leche.

Primus doctor. Goo hom, lytyl babe, and sytt on thi moderes
 lappe,
 And put a mokador aforn thi brest ;
 And pray thi modyr to fede the with the pappe,
 Of the for to lerne we desyre not to lest.
Secundus doctor. Go to thi dyner, for that behovyth the best,
 Whan thou art a threste than take the a sowke ;
 Aftyr go to cradyl therin to take thi rest,
 ffor that canst do bettyr than for to loke on book.

Jhesus. Stondynge that ȝe be so wytty and wyse,
 Can ȝe owth tellyn how this werde was wrought ?
 How longe xal it laste can ȝe devyse,

With alle the cunnyng that ȝe han sought ?

Primus doctor. Nay alle erthely clerkys that telle can nought,
 It passythoure wytt that for to contryve ;
 It is not possyble about to be brought,—
 The worldys endyng no man kan dyscryve.

Jhesus. How it was wrought, and how longe it xal endure,
 That I can telle be good delyberacion ;
 Not only therof, but of every creature,
 How it is wrought, I knowe the phasmacion.

Secundus doctor. Of thi wurdys I have skorne and derysone ;
 How schulde a chylde, that nevyr lettyr dyde lere,
 Com to the wytt of so hyȝ cognysion
 Of tho grete werkys that so wundryfoille were ?

Jhesus. Alle thyng is brought to informacion,
 Be thre personys, oo God in Trynité !
 And on of tho thre hath take incarnation,
 Bothe flesche and blood of a mayd ffre ;
 And be that myght of tho personys thre,
 Hevyn and erthe and alle thyng is wrought ;
 And as it plesyth that hyȝ magesté,
 Alle thyng xal leste and lenger nowght.

Primus doctor. I grawnt weyl alle thyng that God dyde make,
 And withowtyn hym nothyng may be ;
 But o thyng thou seydyt, and that I forsake,
 That oo God alone was personys thre ;
 Ryght onpossyble that is to me,
 That on is thre I kannot thynke :
 If thou canst preve it, anon lett se,
 ffor in oure hertys it may nevyr synke.

Jhesus. In the sunne consydyr ȝe thynges thre,
 The splendure, the hete, and the lyght ;
 As tho thre partys but oo sunne be,
 Ryght so thre personys be oo God of myght.

Secundus doctor. In very feyth this reson is ryght ;
 But ȝitt, fayr babe, oo thyng we pray ȝow :—
 What do alle tho thre personys hyght
 Us to enforme ? ȝe sey to me now.

Jhesus. The fyrst is calde the fadyr of myght,
 The secunde the sone of wysdam and wytt ;
 The holy gost the iij^{de}. of grace he is lyght,
 And in oo substauns alle these iij. be knyht.
Primus doctor. Another questyon I aske 3ow 3itt,
 3e seyde on of these iij. toke flesche and blood ;
 And sche a clene mayde, I kannot beleve it,
 Clene mayde and modyr never 3it in oo persone stood.

Jhesus. Lyke as the sunne doth pers the glas,
 The glas not hurte of his nature ;
 Ryght so the Godhede entryd has
 The virgynes wombe, and sche mayd pure ;
 That maydonys childe xal do grett cure,
 Convicte the devyl in the opyn folde ;
 And with his bolde berst fecche hom his creature,
 Mankende to save his brest xal be the schelde.

Secundus doctor. This childys doctryne dothe passe our wytt,
 Sum aungel of hevyn I trowe that he be ;
 But, blyssyd babe, of oo dowte 3itt,
 We pray 3ow enforme us for charyté—
 Whiche toke flesche of the personys thre,
 Ageyn the fende to holde suche batayle ?
Jhesus. The secunde persone forsothe is he,
 Xal fray the fende withowte fayle.

Primus doctor. Why rather he than any of that tother,
 The fyrst or the thyrd, why come they nowth ?
Jhesus. This is the cawse why, sertys, and non other,
 Ageyn the secunde the trespas was wrought ;
 Whan the serpent Adam to synne browth,
 He temptyd hym nowght be the faderes myght ;
 Of the gostys goodnes spak he ryght nowght,
 But in connyng he temptyd hym ryght.

Myght is the Faderys owyn propyrté;
 To the Gost apperyd is goodnes;
 In none of these tweyn temptyd he
 Mankende to synne, whan he dede dresse:
 To the Sone connynge doth longe expres,
 Therwith the serpent dyd Adam asay,—
 “Ete of this appyl,” he seyde no lesse,
 “And thou xalt have connynge as God verray.”

Thus the secunde person attrIBUTE,
 Was only towchyd by temptacion;
 Wherefore hymself wyl holde the sewte,
 And kepe his propyrté fro maculacion.
Secundus doctor. This is an hevynly declaracion,
 Oure naturalle wytt it doth excede;
 So 3onge a childe of suche informacion
 In al this werld nevyr er non 3ede.

Primus doctor. We be not worthy to kepe this sete,
 Whylle that oure mayster is in presens;
 The maystry of us this childe doth gete,—
 We must hym wurchep with hy3 reverens!
 Come forthe, swete babe of grett excellens,
 The whysest clerke that evyr 3ett was born;
 To 3ow we 3eve the hy3 resydens,
 Us more to teche, as 3e have done befor.

*Hic adducunt Jhesum inter ipsos et in scanno altiori ipsum
 sedere faciunt, ipsis in inferioribus scannis sedentibus, et ait*

Secundus doctor. So 3onge a chylde suche clergie to reche,
 And so sadly to say it, we woundyr sore.
 Who was 3oure mayster? who dede 3ow teche?
 Of what man had 3e this wurthy lore?
Jhesus. My wytt and my lernynge is no 3onge store;
 Or this worde was wrought alle thinge dede I knowe;

ffyrst or 3e wore borne 3eres many score,
 Thorwe the myght of my fadyr, my wytt in me dede flowe.

Primus doctor. Or that we weryn born, nay that may nat be ;
 The 3ongest of us tweyn is iij. score 3ere of age,
 And thiselfe art but a chylde, al men may wel se,
 Late camst out of cradyl, as it semyth be thi vesage.

Jhesus. I am of dobyl byrthe and of dobyl lenage ;
 ffyrst, be my Fadyr I am without gynnyng,
 And lyke as he is hendeles in his hy3 stage,
 So xal I also nevyr mor have endyng.

ffor be my ffadyr, kynge celestyalle,
 Without begynnyng I am endles ;
 But be my modyr that is carnalle,
 I am but xij. 3ere of age, that is expres ;
 My body of 3oughe doth shewe wyttnes,
 Whiche of my modyr here I dude take ;
 But myn hy3 godhede, this is no lesse,
 Alle thinge in this worlde forsothe dude I make.

Secundus doctor. Be 3our fadyr that endles is :
 Who is 3our modyr ? telle us we pray.

Jhesus. Be my fadyr, the hy3 kynge of blys,
 A modyrles chylde I am veray.

Primus doctor. Who was 3our fadyr to us than say ?
 Be 3our modyr a woman that was.

Jhesus. I am ffadyrles ; as for that may,
 Of fleschly luste she dude nevyr trespass.

Secundus doctor. Telle us, I pray 3ow, what is 3our name ?
 What hyght 3oure modyr ? telle us also.

Jhesu. Jhesu of Nazareth, I am the same,
 Born of a clene mayd, prophetys seyde so ;
 Ysaye seyde thus,—“ Ecce virgo !”
 A mayd xal conceyve in clennes a chylde :

3itt ageyn nature and alkende, loo !
 ffrom alle wenn of synne pure and undefylde.

Mary, the chylde of Joachym and Anne,
 Ys that clene mayd, and here childe am I ;
 The frute of here wombe xal save every manne
 ffrom the grett dowte of the ffyndys tormentry.
Primus doctor. Alle the clerkys of this worlde trewly
 Cannot brynge this to declaracion ;
 Lesse than thei have of God Almyghty
 Sum influens of informacion.

Secundus doctor. No, jentyl Jhesu, we 3ow pray,
 Whyt that we stodye a whyle to dwelle ;
 In cas mo dowyts that we fynde may,
 The trewthe of hem 3e may us telle.
Jhesu. Goo, take 3our stodye and avyse 3ow welle,
 And alle 3our leysere I xal abyde ;
 If any dowyts to me 3e melle,
 The trewthe therof I xalle unhyde.

Maria. Alas ! alas ! myn hert is wo,
 My blyssyd babe away is went ;
 I wott nevyr whedyr that he is go :
 Alas ! for sorwe myn hert is rent !
 Jentyl hysbond, have yow hym sent
 Out on herrande to any place ?
 But yf 3e knowe were he is bent,
 Myn hert for woo asondyr wyl race.

Joseph. On my massage I hym not sent,
 Forsothe, good wyff, in no degré ;
 How longe is it that he hens went ?
 What tyme dude 3e 3our childe last se ?
Maria. Trewly, gode spowse, not these days thre ;
 Therfore myn herte is cast in care :

Hym for to seke, wher so he be ;
 In hast, good husbonde, lete us forthe fare.

Joseph. Than to Hierusalem lete us streyte wende,
 ffor kynred gladly togedyr wole gon ;
 I hope he is ther with sum good ffrende ;
 Ther he hath cosynys ryght many on.

Maria. I am aferde that he hath fon,
 ffor his grett wyttes and werkys good ;
 Lyke hym of wytt fforsothe is non,—
 Every childe with hym is wrothe and wood.

Alas, my babe ! my blys ! my blood !
 Whedyr art thou thus gon fro me ?
 My sowle ! my swetyng ! my frute ! myn ffood !
 Send me sum wurd where that thou be !
 I'elle me, good seres, ffor charyté,
 Jhesu, my childe, that babe of blysse,
 Among this compayné dude 3e hym se ?
 ffor Godys love, telle where he is !

Primus doctor. Of oo qwestyone I am bethought,
 Alle of 3our modyr, that blyssyd may ;
 In what governauns is she brought ?
 How is sche rewlyd be nyght and day ?

Thesu. An old man, Joseph, as I 3ow say,
 Here weddyd be meracle onto his wyff ;
 Here for to fede and kepe alway,
 And bothyn in clenness be maydenys olyff.

Secundus doctor. What nede was it here to be wedde
 Onto a man of so grett age ?
 Lesse than thei myght bothe a go to bedde,
 And kept the lawe of maryage.

Jhesus. To blynde the devyl of his knowlache,
 And my byrthe from hym to hyde,—

That holy wedlok was grett stopage,
The devyl in dowte to do abyde.

Also, whan sche xulde to Egypte gon,
And fle from Herowde, for dowte of me ;
Becawse she xulde nat go alon,
Joseph was ordeyned here make to be,
My ffadyr, of his hy3 magesté,
Here for to comforte in the way :
These be the cawsys, as 3e may se,
Why Joseph weddyd that holy may.

Maria. A ! dere childe ! dere chylde ! why hast thou
thus done ?

ffor the we have had grett sorwe and care ;
Thy ffadyr and I thre days have gone,
Wyde the to seke of blysse ful bare.

Jhesus. Why have 3e sought me with hevvy fare ?
Wete 3e not wele that I muste bene
Amonge hem that is my faderes ware,
His gostly catel for to ovyrseu ?

Maria. 3our ffaderes wyl must nedys be wrought,
It is most wurthy that it so be ;
3itt on 3our modyr have 3e sum thought,
And be nevyr more so longe fro me.
As to my thynkyng, these days thre,
That 3e absente have ben away,
Be more lengere in ther degré
Than alle the space of xij. 3ere day.

Jhesus. Now, ffor to plesse my modyr mylde,
I xal 3ow folwe with obedyence ;
I am 3our sone and subjecte childe,
And owe to do 3ow hy3 reverence.

Home with 3ow I wyl go hens :—

Of 3ow, clerkys, my leve I take.

Every childe xulde, with good dyligens ;

His modyr to plese, his owyn wyl to forsake.

Primus doctor. O blyssyd Jhesu ! with 3ow we wende,

Of 3ow to have more informacion ;

fful blyssyd is 3our modyr hende,

Of whom 3e toke 3our incarnacion !

We pray 3ow, Jhesu, of consolacion,

At oure most nede of 3ow to have,—

All that hath herd this consummacion

Of this pagent, 3our grace them save! *Amen !*

XXI. THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

Johannes. Ecce vox clamantis in deserto !

I am the voyce of wyldernese,
That her spekyth and prechyth yow to ;
Loke 3e forsake alle wrecchidnesse !
fforsake alle synne that werkyth woo,
And turne to vertu and holynese !
Beth clene of levyng in your sowle also ;
Than xalle he be savyd from peynfulnese
Of fyere brynnyng in helle !

If that 3e forsak synne,
Hevyn blysse xalle 3e wyne,
Drede 3e not the devylles gynne,
With angells xalle 3ow dwelle !

Penitenciam nunc agite !

Appropinquabit regnum cœlorum !
ffor your trespas penaunce do 3e,
And 3e xalle wyne hevyn Dei deorum !
In hevyn blyse ye xalle wyn to be,
Among the blyssyd company omnium supernorum ;
Ther as is alle merth, joye, and glee,
Inter agmina angelorum,
In blyse to abyde !

Baptyme I cowncelle yow for to take,
And do penaunce for ys synnys sake,
And for your offens amendys 3e make,
Your synnys for to hyde.

I gyff baptyme in water puere,
 That is callyd ffrom Jordon;
 My baptyme is but sygnifyure
 Of his baptyme that his lyke hath non!
 He is a lord of gret valour,
 I am not worthy to onbokylle his schon;
 ffor he xalle baptyze, as seyth Scryptour,
 That comyth of hem alle everychone
 In the Holy Goost!
 He may dampne and he may save,
 Alle goodnesse of hem we have,
 Ther may no man his werkes deprave,
 ffor he is Lorde of myghtes most?

*Hic accedit Jhesus ad Johannem, quem intuens Jo-
 hannes dicat, digito demonstrans Jhesum, " Ecce agnus
 Dei qui tollit peccata mundi !"*

Beholde ! the lombe of God is this,
 That comyth now here beforne;
 The wich xalle wasche the worlds mys,
 And save alle that that was forlorne:
 This same lombe forsothe it is,
 That of a mayd fulle clene was borne;
 Shamfulle deth this lambe i-wys
 Xalle suffer for us and be alle to-torne,
 And rent on a roode!
 He xalle suffer for mannys sake
 Lytylle rest, and moche gret sorow and wrake;
 Hys bake xalle be bowndyn to a stake,
 And betyn owt alle his bloode!

Jhesus. John Baptyste, myn owyn good ffrende,
 That ffeythffully dothe preche my wylle;
 I the thanke with alle my mende,
 ffor that good servyse thou dost me tylle.

Thy desyre is synne to shende,
 Alle synful lyff thou woldyst spylle ;
 Thyn entente hath a good hende,
 The lawe of God thou dost ffulffylle
 This tyde.

Baptym to take I come to the,
 And conferme that sacrement that newe xal be,
 In ffrom Jordon thou baptyze me,
 In watyr that is wyde.

Johannes. My lorde God, this behovyth me nought,
 With myn hondys to baptyze the ;
 I xulde rather of the have sought
 Holy baptym, than thou of me.

Jhesus. Suffyr now, John, my wyl were wrought,
 Alle ryghtffulenes thus ffulffylle we ;
 Me to baptyze take thou no dowthe,
 The vertu of mekenes here tawthe xal be,
 Every man to lere.

And take ensawmple here by me,
 How mekely that I come to the,
 Baptym confermyd now xal be,
 Me to baptyze take thou no dwere.

Johannes. Alle men may take example, lo !
 Of lowly mekenes evyn ryght here,
 Be oure Lorde God, that comyth me to,
 Hese pore servaunt and his sutere.
 Every man lere to werke ryght so,
 Bothe kyng and caysere, and grett empere ;
 Be meke and lowe the pore man to,
 And put out pryde in alle manere—
 God dothe here the same !
 To thi byddyng, my Lord so dere,
 I me obey with gladsum chere,

And baptyze the with watyr clere,
 Ever halwyd be thi name !

*Spiritus Sanctus hic descendat super ipsum, et Deus,
 Pater Celestis, dicet in cælo,*

This is my welbelovyd chylde,
 Over whome my spryte doth oversprede !
 Clene, and pure, and undefyld,
 Of body, of sowle, ffor thought, for dede !
 That he is buxhum, meke, and mylde,
 I am wel plesyd withowtyn drede ;
 Wysly to wysse 3ow ffrom weys wylde,
 To lysten his lore alle men I rede,
 And 3oure erys to herke.

Take good heede what he dothe preche,
 And ffolwyth the lawys that he doth teche,
 ffor he xal be 3our altheris leche,
 To save 3ow from develys derke.

Johannes Baptyst. Here I se with opyn syght,
 The Sone of God that thou erte !
 The Holy Goost over the doth lyght,
 Thi faderes voys I here fful smerte.
 The childe of God, as I the plyght,
 That thou be, whilys I am qwerte,
 I xalle wyttnes to every whyght,
 And teche it trewly with alle myn hert ;
 To sese it were grett synne.
 ffor Goddys sone I wurchypp the,
 ffrom hevyn, thin hy3 magesté,
 Thu comyst hedyr ffrom dygnité,
 Mannys sowle to wyne.

Jhesus. John Baptyste, thou be wyttnes,
 The trewthe loke that thou nat hyde ;

ffor now I passe forthe into wyldernes,
The Holy Gost xal be my gyde.

Hic Jhesus transit in desertum, dicens, etc.

In whylsum place of desertnes,
Xl.^u days, a terme ful wyde,
And ffourty nyghtes, bothe more and lesse,
Withowtyn bodyly ffode ther to abyde ;
ffor man thus do I swynke.
Into deserte I passe my way,
ffor mannys sake, as I 3ow say,
Xl.^u nyghtes and xl.^u day,
I xal nowther ete nor drynke.

Johan Baptyst. In place where I passe wyttnes I bere,
The trewth xal I telle wheresoevyr I go,
That Cryst, the Sone of God, is become oure fere,
Clad in oure clothyng to sofer for us wo !
I baptyzid with myn owyn handys Cryst Jhesu ryght here,
And now he is to wyldyrnes penawns ther to do,
Informyng so alle us that Lord that hath no pere,
To do for oure trespase penawnce here also ;
Of penawnce do I preche.
In wyttnes ryght be this,
That what man for his mys,
Doth penawns here, i-wys,
His sowle he dothe wel leche.

Alle men on ground that be 3itt on lyve,
ffor 3our grett offens loke 3e be repentaunt ;
Of alle 3our venym synne I rede that 3e 3ow shryve,
ffor God is ful redy mercy for to graunt.
Be contryte for 3our trespas, and penauns do belyve,
Reconsyle 3ourself and be to God plesaunt ;
With contryscion, schryffte, and penauns, the devil may
3e dryve,

ffor fro þour felachep he xal not be erraunt,
 3ow for to meve.

To penauns and synne forsake,
 Shryfte of mowthe loke that 3e make,
 And than the fende in helle so blake,
 He xal 3ow nevyr more greve.

A tre that is bareyn and wyl bere no frute,
 The ownere wyl hewe it downe and cast it on the fyre ;
 Ryght so it be man that folwyth the fowle sute
 Of the devyl of helle, and werkyth his desyre.
 God wyl be vengyd on man that is bothe dum and mute,
 That wyl nevyr be shrevyn, but evyr more doth delyre ;
 Clothe the in clennes, with vertu be indute,
 And God with his grace he wyl the sone inspyre
 To amendynge of thi mys.
 Schryfte of mowthe may best the save,
 Penauns for synne what man wyl have,
 Whan that his body is leyd in grave,
 His sowle xal go to blys.

Corne that is good, men kepe it ful clene ;
 Chaff that is sympyl is sett wul nere at nought.
 So good men of levyng to God chosyn bene,
 Whan synful men be lyke chaff and to helle xul be
 brought.
 Good penauns 3ow to preche ful hertyly do I mene,
 Shryfft and satysfaccion evyrmore to have in thought ;
 What man in good penauns and schryfte of mowthe be sene,
 Of God he is welbelovyd, that alle this worlde hath
 wrought,
 And alle thinge of nowth dede make.
 Now have I tawght 3ow good penauns,
 God graunt 3ow grace, at his plesauns
 To have of synne delyverauns,
 ffor now my leve I take !

XXII. THE TEMPTATION.

Sathan. Now Belyard and Belzabub, 3e der wurthy
devele of helle,

And wysest of counce!l amonges alle the rowte!
Herke now what I sey, a tale I xalle 3ow telle,
That trobelyth sore my stomak: therof I have grett dowte.

Behalle. Syr Sathanas, owre sovereyn, syre, with the
wol we dwelle,

Alle redy at thi byddynge to the do we lowte;
If thou have any nede of oure wyse counselle,
Telle us now thi qwestyon alle out and oute;
Sey al thi dowt be-dene.

Belsabub. 3a, sere, telle us thi dowte by and by,
And we xul telle the so sekyrly,
That thou xalt knowe verryly
What thi dowte dothe mene.

Sathan. The dowte that I have it is of Cryst i-wys;
Born he was in Bedleem, as it is seyd,
And many a man wenyth that Goddes sone he is,
Born of a woman and she a clene mayd.
And alle that evyr he prechyth, it is of hevyn blys,
He wyl lese oure lawe, I am ryght sore afrayd;
ffayn wolde I knowe who were ffadyr his,
ffor of this grett dowte I am sore dysmayd
Indede.

If that he be Goddys childe,
And born of a mayd mylde,

Than be we rygh sore begylde,
 And short xal ben oure spede.

Therefore, seres, sumwhat that 3e shewe,
 In this grett dowth what is best to do;
 If he be Goddys sone he wyl brede a shrewe,
 And werke us meche wrake, bothe wreche and woo:
 Sorwe and care he wyl sone strewe,
 Alle oure gode days than xulde sone be goo;
 And alle oure lore and alle oure lawe he wyl downe hewe,
 And than be we alle lorn, if that it be soo,
 He wylle don us alle tene.
 He wylle be Lorde over hevyn and helle,
 And ffeche away alle oure catelle,
 Therfor shewe now sum good counselle,
 What comfort may best bene.

Belyalle. The best wytt that I kan say,
 Hym to tempte forsothe it is;
 With sotyl whylys, if that thou may,
 Asay to make hym to don amys.
 If that he synne, this is no nay,
 He may nat be kynge of blys:
 Hym to tempte, go walke thi way,
 ffor best counselle I trowe be this;
 Go forthe now and asay!

Belsabub. The best wytt I hold it be,
 Hym to tempte in synnys thre,
 The whiche mankende is frelté
 Doth ffalle sonest alway.

Sathan. So afftyr 3our wytt now wylle I werke,
 I wylle no lengeré now here abyde;
 Be he nevyr so wyse a clerke,
 I xal apposyn hym withinne a tyde.

Belsabub. Now, lovely Lucyfer, in helle so derke,
 Kyng and Lorde of synne and pryde ;
 With sum myst his wittys to merke,
 He send the grace to be thi gyde,
 And evyr more be thi spede !

Belyalle. Alle the develys, that ben in helle,
 Shul pray to Mahound, as I the telle,
 That thou mayst spede this jurney welle,
 And comforte the in this dede.

Jhesus. Xl.^u days and xl.^u nyght
 Now have I fastyd for mannys sake ;
 A more grett hungyr had nevyr no wyght,
 Than I myself begynne to take ;
 ffor hungyr in peyn stronge am I pyght,
 And bred have I non myn hungyr for to slake,
 A lytel of a loof relese myn hungyr myght,
 But mursele have I non my comforte for to make ;
 This suffyr I, man, for the.
 ffor thi glotenye and metys wronge,
 I suffyr for the this hungyr stronge,
 I am afferde it wyl be longe
 Or thou do thus for me.

Sathan. The Sone of God if that thou be,
 Be the grett myght of thi godhede,
 Turne these flyntes, anon lett se,
 ffrom arde stonys to tendyr brede.
 More bettyr it is, as I telle the,
 Wysely to werke aftyr my reed,
 And shewe thi myght of grett majesté,
 Than thorw grett hungyr ffor to be dede.
 These stonys now bred thou make,
 Goddys Sone if that thou be,
 Make these stonys bred, lett se,

Than mayste thou ete ryght good plenté,
Thyn hungyr for to slake.

Jhesus. Nott only be bred mannys lyff 3itt stood,
But in the wurde of God, as I the say,
To mannys sowle is nevyr mete so good,
As is the wurd of God that prechid is alway.
Bred materyal dothe norche blood,
But to mannys sowle, this is no nay,
Nevyr more may be a betyr food,
Than the wurd of God, that lestyth ay.
To here Goddys wurde therfore man love.
Thi body doth love materal brede,
Withoute the wurde of God thi soule is but dede,
To love prechyng therfore I rede,
If thou wylt duellyn in blysse above.

Sathan. ffor no grett hungyr that I kan se,
In glotony thou wylt not synne;
Now to the temple come forthe with me,
And ther xal I shewe the a praty gynne.
Up to this pynnable now go we,
I xal the sett on the hy3est pynne,
Ther I preve what that thou be,
Or that we tweyn part a twynne,
I xal knowe what myght thou have.

*Hic ascendit Deus pinnaculum templi, dum diabolus
dicit quoque sequitur,*

Whan thou art sett upon the pynnable,
Thou xalt ther pleyn a qweynt steracle,
Or ellys shewe a grett meracle,
Thysself ffrom hurte thou save.

Hic Satanas ponit Jhesum super pinnaculum, dicens,
Now if thou be Goddys ssone of myght,
Ryght down to the erthe anon thou ffalle,

And save thisylf in every plyght
 ffrom harm and hurte, and scappys alle;
 ffor it is wretyn with aungelys bryght
 That ben in hevyn, thi faderes halle,
 The to kepe bothe day and nyght,
 Xul be ful redy as thi tharalle,
 Hurt that thou non have.
 That thou stomele not ageyn the ston,
 And hurt thi fote as thou dost gon,
 Aungelle be redy alle everychon,
 In weys the to save.

Jhesus. It is wretyn in holy book,
 Thi Lorde God thou xalt not tempte;
 Alle thynges must obeye to Goddys look,
 Out of his myght is non exempt;
 Out of thi cursydnes and cruel crook,
 By Godys grace man xal be redempt:—
 Whan thou to helle, thi brennyng brook,
 To endles payne xal evyr be dempt,
 Therin alwey to abyde.
 Thi Lorde God thou tempt no more,
 It is nott syttenge to thi lore,
 I bydde the sese anon therfore,
 And tempte God in no tyde.

Sathan. Ow! in gloteny nor in veynglory it dothe ryght
 nott awayl
 Cryst for to tempt, it profyteth me ryght nought;
 I must now begynne to have a newe travayl,—
 In covetyse to tempt hym it comyth now in my thought.
 ffor if I went thus away and shrynkyd as a snayle,
 Lorn were the labore alle that I have wrought;
 Therfore in covetyse oure syre I xal asayle,

And assay into that synne yf he may be brought,
 Anon forthe ryght.

Syr, 3itt onys I pray to the,
 To this hy3 hyl com forthe with me,
 I xal the shewe many a ceté,
 And many a wurthy syght.

Tunc Jhesus transit cum diabolo super montem et diabolus dicit,

Into the northe loke fforthe evyn pleyn,
 The towre of Babylogy ther mayst thou se ;
 The ceté of Jerusalem stondyth ther ageyn,
 And evyn ffast therby stondyth Galylé.
 Nazareth, Naverne, and the kyngdom of Spayn,
 3abulon, and Neptalym, that is a ryche countré,
 Both 3ebee and Salmana, thou mayst se serteyn,
 Itayl and Archage that wurthy remys be,
 Bothe Jannense and Jurye.
 Rome doth stonde before the ryght,
 The temple of Salamon as sylver bryght,
 And here mayst thou se opynly with syght
 Bothe ffraunce and Normandye.

Turne the now on this syde and se here Lumbardye,
 Of spycery ther growyth many an c. balys ;
 Archas and Aragon, and grett Almonye,
 Parys and Portyngale, and the towne of Galys :
 Pownteys and Poperynge, and also Pycardye,
 Erlonde, Scottlonde, and the londe of Walys.
 Grete pylis and castellys thou mayst se with eye,
 3a, and alle the wyd werde without mo talys,
 Alle this longygh to me.
 If thou wylt knele down to the grownde,
 And wurchep me now in this stownde,

Alle this world, that is so rownd,
I xal it gyve to the !

Jhesus. Go a bak, thou fowle Sathanas !
In holy Scrypture wretyn it is,
Thi Lorde God to wurchipp in every plas,
As for his thralle and thou servaunt his.

Sathan. Out, out, harrow ! alas ! alas !
I woundyr sore what is he this ?
I cannot brynge hym to no trespas,
Nere be no synne to don amys,
He byddyth me gon abakke !
What that he is I kannot se,
Whethyr God or man, what that he be
I kannot telle in no degré :
ffor sorwe I lete a crakke.

Hic venient angeli cantantes et ministrantes ei:—
“ *Gloria tibi, Domine !*” *Dicens.*

Jhesus. Now, alle mankende, exaample take
By these grete werkys that thou dost se,
How that the devylle of helle so blake
In synne was besy to tempte me ;
ffor alle hise maystryes that he dyd make,
He is overcom and now doth ffile ;
Alle this I suffyr ffor mannys sake,
To teche the how thou xalt rewle the,
Whan the devylle dothe the assayle.
Loke thou concente nevyr to synne,
For no sleytys, ne for no gynne,
And than the victory xalt thou wynne,
The devyl xal lesyn alle his travayl.

To suffyr temptacion it is grett peyn,
If thou withstonde it thou wynnyst grett mede,

Of God the more grace thou hast serteyn,
If thou with-sett the devyl in his dede.
Thow that the fende tempt the ageyn,
Of his power take thou no drede ;
ffor God hath the 3ovyn bothe myght and mayn,
Hym for to with-sytt evyr at nede,
Thou hast more myght than he.
Whan the devyl doth tempte the thoo,
Shewe thi myght a3ens thi ffoo,
Whan thi sowle partyth the froo,
In blysse than xal it be. *Amen!*

XXIII. THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

Hic de muliere in adulterio deprehensa.

Jhesus. Nolo mortem peccatoris !

Man for thi synne take repentaunce,
If thou amende that is amys,
Than hevyn xal be thin herytaunce ;
Thow thou have don azens God grevauns,
3ett mercy to haske loke thou be bolde,
His mercy doth passe in trewe balauns,
Alle cruel jugement be many folde.

Thow that 3our synnys be nevyr so grett,
ffor hem be sad and aske mercy ;
Sone of my ffadyr grace 3e may gett,
With the leste teer wepynge owte of 3our ey.
My ffadyr me sent the, man, to bye,
Alle thi raunsom mysylfe must pay ;
ffor love of the mysylfe wyl dye,
Iff thou aske mercy, I sey nevyr nay.

Into the erthe ffrom hevyn above,
Thi sorwe to sese and joy to restore,
Man, I cam down, alle ffor thi love,—
Love me ageyn, I aske no more !
Thow thou myshappe and synne ful sore,
3it turne agen and mercy crave ;

It is thi fawte and thou be lore,
Haske thou mercy and thou xalt have.

Uppon thi neybore be not vengabyl,
Ageyn the lawe if he offende;
Lyke as he is, thou art unstabyl,
Thyn owyn frelté evyr thou attende.
Evermore thi neybore helpe to amende,
Evyn as thou woldyst he xulde the;
Ageyn hym wrathe if thou accende,
The same in happ wylle falle on the.

Eche man to othyr be mercyable,
And mercy he xal have at nede;
What man of mercy is not trefable,
Whan he askythe mercy he xal not spede.
Mercy to graunt I com indede;
Whoso aske mercy he xal have grace;
Lett no man dowte for his mysdede,
But evyr aske mercy, whyl he hath space.

Scriba. Alas! Alas! oure lawe is lorn!
A! fals ypocryte, Jhesu be name,
That of a sheppherdis dowtyr was born,
Wyl breke oure lawe and make it lame.
He wyl us werke ryght mekyl shame,
His fals purpos if he upholde;
Alle oure lawys he dothe defame,
That stynkyng beggere is woundyr bolde.

Phariseus. Sere scribe, in feyth that ypocryte
Wyl turne this londe al to his lore;
Therefore I councele hym to indyte,
And chastyse hym ryght wel therfore.

Scriba. On hym beleve many a score,
 In his prechyng he is so gay ;
 Eche man hym ffolwygh ever more and more,
 Aȝens that he seyth no man seyth nay.

Phariseus. A ffals qwarel if we cowde feyne,
 That ypocrite to puttyn in blame ;
 Alle his prechyng xulde sone disteyne,
 And than his wurchep xuld turne to shame.
 With sum falshede to spyllyn his name
 Lett us assay, his lore to spyllle ;
 The pepyl with hym yff we cowde grame,
 Than xulde we sone have al oure wylle.

Accusator. Herke, sere pharysew, and sere scrybe,
 A ryght good sporte I kan ȝow telle,
 I undyrtake that ryght a good brybe
 We alle xul have to kepe councele.
 A fayre ȝonge qwene here by doth dwelle,
 Bothe ffresche and gay upon to loke,
 And a talle man with her dothe melle,—
 The wey into hyr chawmere ryght evyn he toke.

Lett us thre now go streyte thedyr,
 The wey fful evyn I xalle ȝow lede ;
 And we xul take them bothe togedyr,
 Whylle that thei do that synful dede.

Scriba. Art thou sekyr that we xal spede ?
 Shalle we hym fynde whan we cum there ?

Accusator. Be my trowthe I have no drede,
 The hare fro the fforme we xal arere.

Phariseus. We xal have game and this be trewe !
 Lete us thre werke by on assent,
 We wyl here brynge evyn beforn Jhesu,
 And of here lyff the truthe present ;

How in advowtrye hyre lyff is lent ;
 Than hym beforne whan she is browth,
 We xul hym aske the trew jugement,
 What lawful deth to here is wrouthe ?

Of grace and mercy hevyr he dothe preche,
 And that no man xulde be vengeable ;
 Ageyn the woman if he sey wreche,
 Than of his prechyng he is unstabyl ;
 And if we fynde hym varyable
 Of his prechyng that he hath tawth,
 Than have we cawse, bothe juste and able,
 ffor a fals man that he be cawth.

Scriba. Now, be grete God, 3e sey fful welle :
 If we hym fyndyn in varyaunce,
 We have good reson, as 3e do telle,
 Hym for to bryng to foule myschauns.
 If he holde styll his dalyauns,
 And preche of mercy hire for to save ;
 Than have we mater of gret substauns,
 Hym for to kille and putt in grave.

Grett reson why I xal 3ow telle ;
 ffor Moyses dothe bydde in oure lawe,
 That every advowterere we xuld qwelle,
 And 3itt with stonys thei xulde be slawe ;
 Ageyn Moyses if that he drawe,
 That synful woman with grace to helpe,
 He xal nevyr skape out of oure awe,
 But he xal dye lyke a dogge whelpe.

Accusator. 3e tary ovyr longe, seres, I sey 3ow,
 They wyl sone parte, as that I gesse ;
 Therfore if 3e wyl have 3our pray now,
 Lete us so take them in here whantownnesse.

Phariseus. Goo thou befor the way to dresse,
 We xal the ffolwe within short whye;
 Iff that we may that quene dystresse,
 I hope we xal Jhesu begyle.

Scriba. Breke up the dore, and go we inne,
 Sett to the shuldyr with alle thi myght;
 We xal hem take evyn in here synne,
 Here owyn trespas shal them indite.

*Hic juvenis quidam extra currit indeploydo, calligis non
 ligatis, et braccas in manu tenens, et dicit accusator,*

Accusator. Stow that harlot sum erthely wyght,
 That in advowtrye here is ffownde.

Juvenis. 3iff any man stow me this nyth,
 I xal hym 3eve a dedly wownde.

If any man my wey doth stoppe
 Or we departe, ded xal I be;
 I xal this daggare putt in his croppe,
 I xal hem kylle or he xal me.

Phariseus. Grett Goddys curse mut go with the,
 With suche a shrewe wylle I not melle.

Juvenis. That same blyssynge I 3yff 3ow thre,
 And qwhethe 3ow alle to the devyl of helle;

In feyth I was so sore affrayd
 Of 3one thre shrewys, the sothe to say,

My breche be nott 3ett welle up teyd,

I had such hast to renne away:

Thei xal nevr cacche me in suche affray,—

I am fulle glad that I am gon.

Adewe! adewe! a xxth. devyl way,

And Goddys curse have 3e everychon.

Scriba. Come forthe, thou stotte! com forthe, thou scowte!
 Come forthe, thou bysmare and brothel bolde!

Come fforthe, thou hore, and stynkyng byche. clowte !

How longe hast thou suche harlotry holde ?

Phariseus. Come forth, thou quene ! come fforthe, thou scolde !

Com forth, thou sloveyn ! com fforthe, thou slutte !

We xal the teche with carys colde,

A lytyl bettyr to kepe thi kutte.

Mulyer. A ! mercy, mercy, seres, I 3ow pray,

ffor Goddys love have mercy on me !

Of my myslevyng me not bewray,

Have mercy on me, for charyté !

Accusator. Aske us no mercy, it xal not be ;

We xul so ordeyn ffor thi lot,

That thou xalt dye ffor thin advowtrye ;

Therefore come fforthe, thou stynkyng stott !

Mulier. Seres, my wurchep if 3e wyl save,

And helpe I have non opyn shame ;

Bothe gold and sylvyr 3e xul have,

So that in clennes 3e kepe my name.

Scriba. Mede ffor to take, we were to blame,

To save suche stottys, it xal not be ;

We xal brynge the to such a game,

That alle advowtereres xul lern be the.

Mulier. Stondynge 3e wyl not graunt me grace,

But for my synne that I xal dye ;

I pray 3ow kylle me here in this place,

And lete not the pepyl upon me crye.

If I be sclaundryd opynly,

To alle my frendys it xal be shame :

I pray 3ow kylle me prevyly,

Lete not the pepyl knowe my defame !

Phariseus. ffy on the, scowte ! the devyl the qwelle !

Ageyn the lawe xul we the kylle ?

ffyrst xal hange the the devyl of helle,
 Or we suche folyes xulde ffulfyll ;
 Thow it lyke the nevyr so ille,
 Befforn the prophete thou xalt have lawe,
 Lyke as Moyses doth charge us tylle,
 With grett stonys thou xalt be slawe.

Accusator. Com forthe apase, thou stynkyngescowte !
 Before the prophete thou were this day ;
 Or I xal 3eve the suche a clowte,
 That thou xalt falle downe evyn in the way.
Scriba. Now, be grett God ! and I the pay,
 Suche a buffett I xal the take,
 That alle the tethe, I dare wel say,
 Withinne thin heed ffor who xul shake.

Phariseus. Herke, sere prophete, we alle 3ow pray
 To gyff trewe dome and just sentence
 Upon this woman, whiche this same day
 In synfulle advowtery hath don offense.

Hic Jhesus, dum isti accusant mulierem, continue debet digito suo scribere in terra,

Accusator. Se, we have brought here to 3our presens,
 Becawse 3e ben a wys prophete,
 That 3e xal telle be consyens,
 What dethe to hyre 3e thynke most mete.

Scriba. In Moyses lawe ryght thus we fynde,
 That suche fals lovers xul be slayn,
 Streyte to a stake we xul hem hynde,
 And with grett stonys brest out ther brayn.
 Of 3our concyens telle us the playn,
 With this woman what xal be wrought ;
 Shalle we lete here go qwyte agayn,
 Or to hire dethe xal she be brought ?

Jhesu nichil respondit, sed semper scribyt in terra,
Mulier. Now, holy prophete, be mercyable !

Upon me, wrecche, take no vengeance !
 ffor my synnys abhomynable,

In hert I have grett repentaunce.

I am wel wurthy to have myschaunce,

Bothe bodyly dethe and werdly shame ;

But gracyous prophete of socurraunce,

This tyme pray 3ow for Goddys name.

Phariseus. Ageyn the lawe thou dedyst offenses,

Therefore of grace speke thou no more ;

As Moyses gevyth in law sentens,

Thou xalt be stonyd to deth therfore.

Accusator. Ha don, sere prophete, telle us 3oure lore ;

Xul we this woman with stonys kylle ?

Or to hire hous hire home restore ?

In this mater telle us 3our wyll.

Scriba. In a colde stodye me thynkyth 3e sytt ;

Good sere, awake, telle us 3our thought :

Xal she be stonyd ? telle us 3our wytt,—

Or in what rewle xal sche be brought ?

Jhesus. Loke whiche of 3ow that nevyr synne wrought,

But is of lyff clenner than she,

Cast at here stonys, and spare here nowght,

Clene out of synne if that 3e be.

*Hic Jhesus iterum se inclinans scribet in terra, et omnes
 accusatores quasi confusi separatim in tribus locis se dis-
 jungent.*

Phariseus. Alas ! alas ! I am ashamyd !

I am afferde that I xal deye ;

Alle myn synnys evyn propyrly namyd

3on prophete dede wryte befor myn eye.

Iff that my felawys that dude aspye,
They wylle telle it bothe ffer and wyde ;
My sunfulle levyng if thei out crye,
I wot nevyr wher myn heed to hyde.

Accusator. Alas ! for sorwe myn herte doth blede,
Alle myn synnys 3on man dude wryte ;
If that my felawys to them toke hede,
I kannot me ffrom deth acquyte.
I wold I wore hyd sumwhere out of syght,
That men xuld me no where se ne knowe ;
Iff I be take I am afflyght
In mekyl shame I xal be throwe.

Scriba. Alas ! the tyne that this betyd,
Ryght byttyr care doth me embrace !
Alle my synnys be now unhyd,
3on man befor me hem alle doth trace.
If I were onys out of this place,
To suffyr deth gret and vengeauns able ;
I wyl nevyr come befor his face,
Thow I xulde dye in a stable.

Mulier. Thow I be wurthy ffor my trespas
To suffyr dethe abhomynable,
3itt, holy prophete, of 3our hy3 grace
In 3our jugement be mercyable.
I wyl nevyr more be so unstable,
O, holy prophete ! graunt me mercy !
Of my synnys unresonable,
With alle myn hert I am sory.

Jhesus. Where be thi fomen that dude the accuse ?
Why have thei lefte us to alone ?

Mulier. Bycawse they cowde nat hemself excuse,
With shame they ffled hens everychone ;

But, gracyous prophete, lyst to my mone !

Of my sorwe take compassyon !

Now alle myn enmyes hens be gone,

Sey me sum wurde of consolacion.

Jhesus. ffor tho synnys that thou hast wrought,

Hath any man condempnyd the ?

Mulier. Nay forsothe that hathe ther nought,

Butt in 3our grace I putt me.

Jhesus. ffor me thou xalt nat condempnyd be ;

Go hom ageyn and walke at large :

Loke that thou leve in honesté,

And wyl no more to synne, I the charge.

Mulier. I thanke 3ow hy3ly, holy prophete,

Of this grett grace 3e have me graunt ;

Alle my lewde lyff I xal doun lete,

And ffonde to be Goddys trewe servaunt.

Jhesus. What man of synne be repentaunt,

Of God if he wyl mercy crave,

God of mercy is so habundawnt,

That what man haske it he xal it have.

Whan man is contrite, and hath wonne grace,

God wele not kepe olde wrethe in mynde,

But bettyr love to hem he has,

Very contryte whan he them fynde.

Now God, that dyed ffor alle mankende,

Save alle these pepyl, both nyght and day !

And of oure synnys he us unbynde,

Hy3e Lorde of hevyn, that best may! *Amen.*

XXIV. LAZARUS.

Hic incipit de suscitatione Lazari.

Lazarus. God, that alle thynges dede make of nowth,
And puttyst eche creature to his fenaunce,
Save thyn handwerke that thou hast wrought,
As thou art lord of his substauns !
O, gracyous God ! att thi plesauns,
Of my dysese now comforte me,
Whiche thorowe syknes hath suche penawnce,
On ethys ffor heed-ache may I now se.

Systyr Martha and Mawdelyn eke,
What hast helpe me in bedde to dresse ;
ffor trewly I am so woundyrly seke,
I may nevyr schape this grett seknes.
My deth is com now I gesse,
Help into chawmere that I be led,
My grett desesse I hope xal lesse,
If I were leyd upon a bed.

Martha. Lazarus, brother, be of good cher,
I hope 3our syknes ryght wel xal slake ;
Upon this bed rest 3ow rygh here,
And a good slep assay to take.

Magdalyne. Now, jentyl brothyr, ffor Goddys sake
Lyfte up 3owre herte and be not feynt ;
An hevvy householde with us 3e make,
If dedly syknes have 3ow ateynt.

Lazarus. fforsothe, dere systeryn, I may not slepe,

My syknes so sore dothe evyr encrese ;
Of me I pray 3ow take ryght good kepe,

Tyll that my peyne begynne relese.

Martha. God graunt grace that it may sese,

Of syknes God make 3ow sownde ;
Or ellys oure joy wylle sone dyscres,
In so grett peynes if 3e ly bownde.

Magdalyn. A ! brothir, brothir, lyfte up 3oure herte,
3our hevy cher doth us grevaunce ;

If deth from us 3ow xulde departe,

Than were we brought in comberaunce.

3e be oure brothyr syb of alyaunce,

If 3e wore deed, than had we none ;
3e do us brynge in distemperaunce,

Whan 3e us telle 3e xal hens gone.

Primus consolator. Dame Martha and Magdalyne,

How faryth 3our brothir ? lete us hym se.

Martha. He is ryght seke and hath grett pyne,

I am aferde deed he xal be.

Magdalyn. A man may have ryght grett peté,

The fervent hete of hym to fele.

Secundus consolator. Take 3e no thought in no degré,

I hope that he xal ffare fful wele.

Martha. He may nat leve, his colowre doth chaunge,

Come to his bed, 3e xal hym se.

Magdalyn. Iff he longe leve, it wyl be straunge,

But as God wole, so mut it be ;

Chere hym, gode frendys, ffor charyté,

Comforte of hym we kan non gete.

Alas ! alas ! what eylyght me,

Myne herte for wo is wundyr grete.

Tertius consolator. Ah, heyl ! syr Lazarus, how do 3e fare ?

How do 3e ffele 3ow in 3our herte ?

Lazarus. I am with syknes alle woundyn in care,
And loke whan deth me xulde departe.

Quartus consolator et nuncius. 3e xal have hele and leve
in qwart,

If 3e wol take to 3ow good chere.

Lazarus. Whan deth on me hath shet his dart,
I xal have hele and ly on bere.

Primus consolator. Be of good comforte and thynke not so,
Put out of herte that idyl thought ;

3oure owyn mysdemyng may werke 3ow wo,
And cause 3ow sonere to dethe be brought.

Secundus consolator. With gret syknes thow 3e be sought,
Upon 3ouresylf have no mystruste ;

If that 3e have, I wundyr ryght nought,
Thow 3e be deed and cast in duste.

Tertius consolator. Many on hathe had ryght grett
syknesse,

And aftyр hath had his hele ageyn ;
And many a man, this is no lesse,
With his wantruste hymself hathe slayn.

3e be a man of ryght sad brayn,

Thow that 3our syknes greve 3ow ryght ille,—
Pluk up 3our herte with myght and mayn,
And chere 3oursylf with alle 3our wylle.

Lazarus. Ageyn my syknes ther is non ese,
But Jhesu Cryst, my maystyr dere,
If that he wyst of my dyssese,

Ryght sone I trust he wolde ben here.

Quartus consolator. I xal go to hym withoutyn dwere,
And of 3our syknes telle hym serteyne ;

Loke that 3e be of ryght good chere,
 Whylle that I go and com ageyn.

Martha. Now, jentyl ffrend, telle hym ryght thus,
 He that he lovyth hath grett syknes,
 Hedyr to come and comforte us,
 Say that we prayd hym of his goodnes.
Magdalyn. Recomende us onto his hyznes,
 And telle hym alle oure hertys wo;
 But he comforte oure hevynes,
 Oure werdly joy away wyl go.

Quartus consolator et nuncius. The trewth fforsothe alle
 every dele,
 As 3e have told, so xal I say;
 Go to 3our broythyр and cheryse hym wele,
 ffor I walke fforthe streyte in my way.
Martha. What chere, good brothyр? telle me I pray;
 What wele 3e ete? what wele 3e drynk?
 Loke what is plesynge to 3our pay;—
 3e xal have what 3e wole thynke.

Lazarus. My wynde is stoppyd, gon is my brethe,—
 And dethe is come to make myn ende;
 To God in hevyn my sowle I qwethe,—
 ffarwelle, systeryn, for hens I wende.

Hic Lazarus moritur, etc.

Magdalyn. Alas! ffor wo myn here I rende,
 Myn owyn dere brothyр lyth here now ded;
 Now have we lost a trusty ffrende,—
 The sybbest blood of oure kynreed!

Martha. Alas! alas! and weleway!
 Now be we tweyn bothe brothyрles!

ffor who my hert is colde as clay ;

A ! hoo xal comforte oure carefulnes ?

Ther had nevyr woman more doolfulnes ;

A ! systyr Magdalyn, what is your reed ?

What whith may helpe oure hevynes,

Now that oure brother is gon and deed ?

Magdalyn. Alas ! dere systyr, I cannot telle ;

The best comforte that I can sey,

But sum man do us sle and qwelle,

Lete us ly down by hym and dey.

Alas ! why went he alone away ?

If we had deyed with hym also,

Than had oure care alle turnyd to pley,

Ther now alle joye is turnyd to woo.

Primus consolator. Be of good comforte and thank God
of al,

ffor dethe is dew to every man ;

What tyme that deth on us xal ffal,

Non erthely wyght the oure telle can.

Martha. We alle xul dye, that is sertain,

But 3it the blood of kynde nature,

When dethe the brothyr away hath tan,

Must nedys murne that sepulture.

Secundus consolator. Good ffrendys, I pray 3ow holde
3our pes,

Alle 3our wepynge moy not amende itt ;

Of 3our sorwinge therfore now ses,

And helpe he were buryed in a cley pitt.

Magdalyn. Alas ! that wurde myn herte doth slytt,

That he must now in cley be grave ;

I wolde sum man my throte wulde kytt,

That I with hym myght lyne in cave.

Tertius consolator. Bothe heed and ffoot now he is wounde,
 In a schete bothe ffayr and clene,
 Lete us bere hym streyte to that grounde,
 Where that 3e thynke his grave xal bene.
Martha. We be ffulle lothe that pytt to sen ;
 But stondynge it may no bettyr be,
 The coors take up 3ow thre betwen,
 With carefulle herte 3ow ffolwe xal we.

Hic portavit corpus ad sepelliendum.

Magdaleyn. Alas ! comforte I se non othyr,
 But alle of sorwe, and care, and woo ;
 We dulfulle women must burry oure brothir,
 Alas ! that deth me wyl not slo.
 If I to pitt with hym myght go,
 Therin evyrmore with hym to abyde,
 Than were my care alle went me fro,
 Ther now grett sorwe doth wounde me wyde.

Primus consolator. This coors we burry here in this pytte,
 Allemyghty God the sowle mut have ;
 And with this ston this grave we shytt,
 ffro ravenous bestes the body to save.
Magdalyn. He is now brought into his cave,
 Myn hert ffor woo this syght doth kylle ;
 Lete us sytt down here by the grave,
 Or we go hens wepe alle oure ffylle.

Martha. Us for to wepe no man may lett,
 Beforn oure face to se this syght.
 Alas ! qwhy doth deth us not fett,
 Us for to brynge to this same plyght ?

Secundus consolator. Arys, for shame, 3e do not ryght,
 Streyth from this grave he xul go hens.
 Thus for to grugge ageyns Godys myght,
 A3ens hy3 God 3e do offens.

Magdalen. Syth I must nedys with 3ow hens gon,
 My brotheres grave lete me fyrst kys ;
 Alas ! no whith may helpe my mon,
 ffarewel, my brother ! farewel, my blys !

Tertius consolator. Hom to 3our place we xal 3ow wysse,
 ffor Goddys love be of good chere ;
 Indede 3e do ryght sore amys,
 So sore to wepe, as 3e do here.

Martha. Lete us go hom than to oure place,
 We pray 3ow alle with us to abyde ;
 Us to comforte with sum solace,
 Tyl that oure sorwe doth slake and sclyde.

Primus consolator. 3ow for to comforte at every tyde,
 We xalle dwelle here bothe nyght and day,
 And God that made this werd so wyde,
 Be 3owre comforte, that best may.

Hic quartus consolator et nuncius loquitur Jhesu dicens,

Quartus consolator. Heyl, holy prophete, Jhesu by name !
 Martha and Mawdelyn, tho systeryn too,
 Recommende hem to 3our hy3 fame,
 And bad me sey to 3ow thus, loo !
 How that Lazarus, qwhiche that 3e lovyd so,
 With grett syknes is sore dyssesynd ;
 To hym they prayd 3ow that 3e wolde goo,
 If that 3our hy3nes therwith were plesyd.

Jhesus. Dedly syknes Lazarus hath non,
 But for to shewe Goddys grete glorye ;
 ffor that syknes is ordeynynd alon,
 The sone of God to gloryfie.

Nuncius. They be in dowte that he xal deye,
 Grett syknes hym sore doth holde ;

ffor vervent hete his blood dothe dreye,
His colore chaungyth, as they me tolde.

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Jhesus. Goo hom ageyn, and telle hem thus,
I xal come to hem whan that I may.

Nuncius. At 3our comaundement, O prophete Jhesus!
I xal hem telle, as 3e do say.

Jhesus. Com forthe, bretheryn, walke we oure way,
Into Jurye go we anon;
I cam not there ful many a day,
Therfore thedyr now wyl I gon.

Omnes discipuli. The Jewys ageyn the were grym and
grylle,

Whan thou were there wolde the a slayn;
With stonys they sowte the ffor to kylle,
And wylt thou now go thedyr ageyn.

Jhesus. Xij. owrys the day hathe in certeyn,
In them to walke bothe clere and bryght;
He xal not stomble ageyn hylle nor pleyn,
That goth the wey whyl it is day lyght.

But if men walke whan it is nyght,
Sone they offende in that dyrknes,
Becawse they may have no cler syght,
They hurte there ffete ofte in suche myrkenes.
But as ffor this, 3itt nevyrthelesse,
The cawse therfore I thedyr wyl wende,
Is ffor to reyse, ffrom bedde expresse,
Lazarus that slepyth, oure althere ffrende.

Omnes discipuli. Of his syknes he xal be save,
If that he slepe, good sygne it is.

Jhesus. Lazarus is deed and leyed in grave,
Of his slepynge 3e deme amys;

I was not there, 3e knew weyl this,
 To strengthe 3oure feyth I am ful glad.
 Therfore I telle 3ow the trewthe i-wys,
 Oure ffrende is deed and undyr erthe clad.

Thomas. Than goo we alle ryght evyn streyth thedyr,
 There as oure ffrende Lazarus is deed ;
 And lete us deye with hym togedyr,
 Ther as he lyth in the same stede.

Jhesus. The ffor to deye have thou no drede,
 The wey streyth thedyr in hast we take ;
 Be the grett myght of myn Godhede,
 Oute of his slepe he xal awake.

Nuncius. Alle heyl ! Martha and Mawdelyn eke,
 To Jhesu I have 3our massage seyde,
 I tolde hym how that 3our brothyr was seke,
 And with grett peyn in his bed leyde.
 He bad 3e xulde not be dysmayde,
 Alle his syknes he xal askape ;
 He wylle byn here within a brayde,
 As he me tolde, he comyth in rape.

Mawdelyn. That holy prophete doth come to late,
 Oure brothyr is beryed iij. days or this ;
 A grett stone stoppyth the pyttys gate,
 There as oure brothere beryde is.

Nuncius. Is Lazarus deed ? now God his sowle blys !
 3it loke 3e take non hevynes,
 So longe to wepe 3e don amys,
 It may not helpe 3our sorynes.

Martha. Oute of myn herte alle care to lete, .
 Alle sorwe and wo to caste away,

I xal go forthe in the strete

To mete with Jhesu, if that I may.

Secundus consolator. God be 3our spede bothe evyr and ay,
ffor with 3our sustyr we wyl abyde;

Here to comforte we xal asay,

And alle here care to caste asyde.

Tertius consolator. Mary Mawdelyn, be of good herte,
And wel bethynke 3ow in 3our mynde,
Eche creature hens must depart,

Ther is no man but hens must wende !

Deth to no wyht can be a frende,

Alle thinge to erthe he wyl downe cast ;

Whan that God wol alle thyng hath ende,

Lengere than hym lyst nothyng may last.

Magdalyne. I thanke 3ow, frendys, ffor 3our good chere,
Myn hed doth ake, as it xulde brest ;

I pray 3ow, therfore, while 3e ben here,

A lytil whyle that I may rest.

Quartus consolator nuncius. That Lord that made bothe
est and west,

Graunt 3ow good grace suche rest to take,

That onto hym xulde plese most best,

As he this worlde of nought dyd make !

Martha. A ! gracyous Lord, had 3e ben here,

My brother Lazarus this tyme had lyvyd ;

But iiij. days gon upon a bere

We dede hym berye whan he was ded.

3itt now I knowe withowtyn drede,

What thyng of God that thou do crave,

Thou xalt spede of the hy3 Godheede,

What so thou aske thou xalt it have.

Jhesus. Thy brothyr Lazarus azen xal ryse,

A levyng man azen to be.

Martha. I woot wel that at the grett last syse,

He xal aryse and also we.

Jhesus. Resurreccion thou mast me se,

And hendeles lyff I am also ;

What man that deyth and levyth in me,

ffrom deth to lyve he xal ageyn go.

Eche man in me that feytheful is,

And ledyth his lyff aftere my lore,

Of hendeles lyff may he nevyr mys,

Evere he xal leve and deye nevyr more.

The body and sowle I xal restore

To endeles joye, dost thou trowe this ?

Martha. I hope in the, O Cryst ! ful sore,

Thou art the Sone of God in blys !

Thy ffadyr is God of lyff endeles,

Thiself is Sone of lyff and gras ;

To sese these wordlys wrecchydnes,

ffrom hefne to erthe thou toke the pas.

Jhesus. Of hevynly myght ryght grett solas,

To alle this world me xul sone se ;

Go, calle thi systyr into this plas,

Byd Mary Mawdelyn come hedyr to me.

Martha. At thi byddyng I xalle here calle,

In hast we were here 3ow befor.

Mawdelyn. Alas ! my mowthe is byttyr as galle,

Grett sorwyn my herte on tweyn hath scorne ;

Now that my brothyr from syth is lorn,

Ther may no myrthe my care releve.

Alas, the tyme that I was borne !

The swerde of sorwe myn hert doth cleve.

Primus consolator. ffor his dere love that alle that
wrought,

Ses sumtyme of 3our wepynge,
And putt alle thyng out of thought,
Into this care that 3ow doth brynge.

Secundus consolator. 3e do 3oursel ryght grett hyndrynge,
And short 3oure lyff or 3e beware ;
ffor Goddys love, ses of 3our sorwyng,
And with good wysdam refreyn 3our care.

Martha. Sustyr Magdalen, come out of halle,
Our maystyr is com, as I 3ow say ;
He sent me hedyr 3ow for to calle,
Come forthe in hast, as I 3ow pray.

Magdalen. Ha ! where hath he ben many a longe day ?
Alas ! why cam he no sonere hedyr ?
In hast I folwe 3ow anon the way,
Me thynkyth longe or I come thedyr.

Tertius consolator. Herke, gode ffrendys, I 3ow pray,
Aftyr this woman in hast we wende ;
I am aferde ryght in good fay,
Hereself for sorwe that she wyl shende.

Nuncius. Here brothyr so sore is in hire mende,
She may not ete, drynke, nor slepe ;
Streyte to his grave she goth on ende,
As a mad woman, ther for to wepe.

Magdalen. A ! sovereyn Lord, and mayster dere !
Had 3e with us ben in presens,
Than had my brother on lyve ben here,
Nat ded but qwyk, that now is hens.
Ageyn deth is no resystens,
Alas ! myn hert is woundyrly wo,

Whan that I thynke of his absens,
That 3e 3oursel in herte lovyd so.

Primus consolator. Whan we have mynd of his sore dethe,
He was to us so gentyl and good,
That mend of hym oure hertes sleth,
The losse of hym doth marre oure mood.

Secundus consolator. Be bettyr neybore nevyr man stood,
To every man he was ryght hende ;
Us he dede refresche with drynk and food,
Now he is gon, gon is oure frende !

Jhesus. 3owre grett wepynge doth me constreyne
ffor my good ffrend to wepe also ;
I cannot me for wo restreyn,
But I must wepe lyke as 3e do.

Hic Jhesus fingit se lacrimari.

Tertius consolator. Beholde this prophete, how he doth
wepe lo !

He lovyd Lazarus ryght woundyrly sore,
He wolde not ellys for hym thus wepe so,
But if that his love on hym were the more.

Nuncius. A straw for thi tale, what nedyth hym to wepe ?
A man born blynde dyde he nat 3eve syght ?
Myght he not thanne his frende on lyve kepe,
Be the vertu of that same hy3 myght ?

Jhesus. Where is he put ? telle me anon ryght ;
Brynge me the weye streyth to his grave.

Martha. Lord ! at 3our wylle we xal brynge 3ow tyght,
Evyn to that place ther he doth lyve in cave.

Magdalyn. Whan that we had the massangere sent,
Or he had fullyche half a myle gon,

Deyd my brother, and up we hym hent,

Here in this grave we beryed hym anon.

Jhesus. The myght of the Godhed xal gladd 3ow everychon,

Suche syght xal he se hens or 3e wende ;

Sett to 3our handys, take of the ston,

A syght lete me have of Lazarus my ffrende.

Martha. He stynkygh ryght fowle longe tyme or this,

Iiij. days gon forsothe he was dede.

Lete hym ly styлле ryght evyn as he is,

The stynke of his careyn myght hurte us I drede.

Jhesus. As I have the tolde, syght of the Godhede

Thyself xuldyst have, feythful if thou be ;

Take of the ston, do aftyr my rede,

The glorie of the Godhede anon 3e xal se.

Primus consolator. 3oure byddyngge xal be done a ful
swyfte,

Sett to 3our handys and helpe echone ;

I pray 3ow, seres, help me to lyfte,

I may not reyse it myself alon.

Secundus consolator. In feyth it is an holy ston,

Ryth sad of weyth and hevy of peys.

Tertius consolator. Thow it were twyes so hevy as on,

Undyr us foure we xal it reyse.

Nuncius. Now is the ston take ffrom the cave,

Here may men se a rewly sygth

Of this ded body that lyth here in grave,

Wrappyd in a petefful plyght.

Jhesus elevatis ad cælum oculis, dicit,

I thanke the, Fadyr, of thin hy3 myght,

That thou hast herd my prayour this day ;

I know ful wel, bothe day and nyght,
Ever thou dost graunt that I do say.

But for this pepyl that stondyth about,
And beleve not the power of the and me;
Them for to brynge clene out of dowl,
This day oure myght they alle xul se.

Hic Jhesus clamat voce magna, dicens,

Lazarus! Lazarus! my frende so fre!
ffrom that depe pitt come out anon!
Be the grett myght of the hy3 magesté,
Alyve thou xalt on erthe ageyn gon.

Lazarus. At 3oure comaundement I ryse up ful ryght,
Heyn, helle, and erthe 3oure byddyng must obeye;
ffor 3e be God and man, and Lord of most myght,
Of lyff and of deth 3e have bothe lok and keye.

*Hic resurget Lazarus ligatis manibus et pedibus ad
modum sepulturi, et dicit Jhesus,*

Jhesus. Goo forthe, bretheryn, and Lazarus 3e untey,
And alle his bondys losyth hym asundyr;
Late hym walke hom with 3ow in the wey,
Ageyn Godes myght this meracle is now undyr.

Petrus. At 3our byddyng his bondys we unbynde,
Alle thyng muste lowte unto 3our magesté!
Be this grett meracle opynly we fynde,
Very God and man in trewthe that 3e be.

Johannes. That thou art very God every man may se,
Be this meracle so grett and so mervaylle;
Alle thyng undyr hevyn must nedys obeye the,—
Whan azens the thowh deth be, he may not prevaylle.

Omnes Consolatores. We allewith o voys ffor God do th-
knowe,

And for oure Savyour we do the reverens ;
Alle oure hool love now in the doth growe,
O sovereyn Lord of most excellens !
Helpe us of 3our grace whan that we go hens,
ffor azens deth us helpyht not to stryve,
But a3en 3our myght is no resistens,
Oure dethe 3e may aslake and kepe us styлле on lyve.

Jhesus. Now I have shewyd in opyn syght,
Of my Godhed the gret glorye ;
To-ward my passyon I wyl me dyght,
The tyme is nere that I must deye.
ffor alle mankynde his sowle to bye,
A crown of thorn xal perchyn myn brayn,
And on the mont of Calvarye,
Upon a cro3 I xal be slayn.

XXV. THE COUNCIL OF THE JEWS.

Demon. I am your lord Lucifer, that out of helle cam,
Prince of this werd, and gret duke of helle.
Wherefore my name is clepyd Sere Satan,
Wheche aperyth among you a matere to spelle.

I am norssher of synne to the confusyon of man,
To bryng hym to my dongeon ther in fyre to dwelle.
Ho so evyr serve me, so reward hym I kan,
That he xal syng weleaway ever in peynes ffelle.

Lo! thus bountevous a lord than now am I,
To reward so synners, as my kend is;
Whoso wole folwe my lore and serve me dayly,
Of sorwe and peyne anow he xal nevyr mys.

ffor I began in hefne synne for to sowe,
Amonge alle the angellys that weryn there so bryth;
And therfore was I cast out into helle ful lowe,
Notwythstandyng I was the fayrest and berere of lyth.

yet in drowe in my tayle of tho angelys bryth;
With me into helle takyth good hed what I say;
I leste but tweyn a3ens on to abyde there in lyth,
But the iij.^{de} part come with me, this may not be
seyd nay.

Takyth hed to your prince than, my pepyl everychon,
And seyth what maystryes in hefne I gan ther do play;

To gete a thowsand sowlys in an houre me thynkyth it
 but skorn,
 Syth I wan Adam and Eve on the fyrst day.

But now mervelous mendys rennyn in myn rememberawns,
 Of on Cryst wiche is clepyd Joseph and Maryes sone ;
 Thryes I tempte hym be ryth sotylle instawnce,
 Aftyr he fast fourty days ageyns sensual myth or reson.

ffor of the stonys to a mad bred, but sone I had conclusyon,
 Than upon a pynacle, but angelys were to hym as-
 systent ;
 His answerys were mervelous, I knew not his intencion ;
 And at the last to veyn glory, but nevyr I had myn intent.

And now hath he xij. dyscypulys to his attendauns,
 To eche towne and cety he sendyth hem as bedellys ;
 In dyverce place to make ffor hym purvyauns,
 The pepyl of hese werkys fful grettly merveyllys.
 To the crokyd, blynd, and dowme, his werkys prevaylys,
 Lazarus that foure days lay ded his lyff recuryd ;
 And where I purpose me to tempt, anon he me asaylys ;
 Mawdelyn playn remyssyon also he bath ensuryd.

Goddys son he pretendyth and to be born of a mayde,
 And seyth he xal dey for mannys salvacion,
 Than xal the trewth be tryed and no fordere be delayd,
 Whan the soule from the body xal make separacion ;
 And as for hem that be undre my grett domynacion,
 He xal fayle of hese intent and purpose also,
 Be this tyxt of holde remembryd to myn intencion,
 Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio !

But whan the tyme xal neyth of his persecucion,
 I xal arere new engynes of malycious conspiracy,

Plenté of reprevys I xal provide to his confusyon,
 Thus xal I false the wordys that his pepyl doth testefy ;
 His discipulis xal forsake hym, and here mayster denye,
 Innoumberabyl xal hese woundys be of woful grevauns.
 A tretowre xal countyrfe his deth to fortyfye ;
 The rebukys that he gyf me xal turne to his displeasauns.

Some of hese dyscypulys xal be chef of this ordenawns,
 That xal fortifye this terme that in trost is treson ;
 Thus xal I venge be sotylté al my malycious grevauns ;
 ffor nothyng may excede my prudens and dyscrecion.

Gyff me 3our love, grawnt me myn affeccion,
 And I wyl uncloze the tresor of lovys alyawns,
 And gyff 3ow 3oure desyrys afftere 3oure intencion ;
 No poverté xal aproche 3ow, fro plentevous abundauns.

Byholde the dyvercyté of my dysgysyd varyauns,
 Eche thyng sett of dewe nateralle dysposycion,
 And eche parte acordynge to his resemblauns,
 ffro the sool of the ffoot to the hiest asencion.

Off ffyne cordewan a goodly peyre of long pekyd schon ;
 Hosyn enclosyd of the most costyous cloth of crenseyn ;
 Thus a bey to a jentylman to make comperycion,
 With two doseyn poyntys of cheverelle, the aglottes of sylver
 feyn.

A shert of feyn Holond, but care not for the payment ;
 A stomachere of clere reynes the best may be bowth ;
 Thow poverté be chef, lete pride ther be present,
 And alle tho that repreff pride, thou sette hem at nowth.

Cadace wolle or flokkys, where it may be sowth,
 To stuffe withal thi dobbelet, and make the of proporcyon ;

Two smale legges and a gret body, thow it ryme nowth,
3et loke that thou desyre to an the newe faccion.

A gowne of thre 3erdys, loke thou make comparison,
Unto alle degrees dayly that passe thin astat;
A purse withoutyn mony, a daggere for devoseyon;
And there repref is of synne, loke thou make debat.

With syde lokkys I schrewe thin here to thi colere hangyng downe,
To herborwe qweke bestys that tekele men onyth;
An hey smal bonet for curyng of the crowne,
And alle beggeres and pore pepyll have hem in dyspyte.
Onto the grete othys and lycherye gyf thi delyte;
To maynteyn thin astate lete brybory be present;
And yf the lawe repreve the, say thou wylt ffyth,
And gadere the a felachep after thin entent,

Loke thou sett not be precept nor be comawndement,
Both sevyle and canon sett thou at nowth;
Lette no membre of God but with othys be rent;
Lo! thus this werd at this tyme to myn entent is browth.
I, Sathan, with my felawus this werd hath sowth,
And now we han it at houre plesawns;
ffor synne is not shamfast, but boldnes hath bowth,
That xal cause hem in helle to have inerytawns.

A beggerys dowtere to make gret purvyauns,
To cownterfete a jentylwoman, dysgeysed as she can,
And yf mony lakke, this is the newe chevesauns,
With here prevy plesawns to gett it of sum man.
Here colere splayed, and furryd with ermyn, calabere, or satan;
A seyn to selle lechery to hem that wyl bey;
And thei that wyl not by it, yet i-now xal thei han,
And telle hem it is for love, she may it not deney.

I have browth 3ow newe namys, and wyl 3e se why
 ffor synne is so plesaunt to eche mannys intent,
 3e xal kalle pride oneste, and nateralle kend lechory,
 And covetyse wysdam there tresure is present.

Wreth manhod, and envye callyd chastement ;
 Seyse nere sessyon, lete perjery be chief ;
 Gloteny rest, let abstynawnce beyn absent ;
 And he that wole exorte the to vertu, put hem to repreff.

To rehers al my servauntes my matere is to breff,
 But alle these xal everyth the dyvicion eternal ;
 Thow Cryst by his sotylté many materys meef,
 In evyrlastyng peyne with me dwellyn thei xal.

Remembre, oure servauntes, whoys sowlys ben mortalle,
 ffor I must remeffe for more materys to provyde ;
 I am with 3ow at alle tymes whan 3e to counsel me calle,
 But for a short tyme myself I devoyde.

Johannes Baptist. I, John Baptyst, to 3ow thus prophesye,
 That on xal come aftyr me and not tary longe,
 In many folde more strengere than I,
 Of whose shon I am not worthy to lose the thonge.
 Wherefore I counsel the 3e reforme alle wronge,
 In 3our concyens of the mortalle dedys sevyn,
 And for to do penawns loke that 3e ffonge,
 ffor now xal come the kyngdham of hevyn.

The weys of oure lord cast 3ow to aray,
 And therin to walk loke 3e be applyande ;
 And make his pathys as ryth as 3e may,
 Kepyng ryth forth, and be not declinande.
 Neyther to fele on ryth nor on lefte hande,
 But in the myddys purpose 3ow to holde,

ffor that in alle wyse is most plesande,
 As 3e xal here, whan I have tolde.

Of this wey for to make moralysacyon,
 Be the ryth syde 3e xal undyrstonde mercy,
 And on the lefte syde lykkenyd dysperacion,
 And the patthe betwyn bothyn, that may not wry,
 Schal be hope and drede to walk in perfectly,
 Declynyng not to fele, for no maner nede ;
 Grete cawsys I xal sheve 3ow why,
 That 3e xal sowe the patthe of hope and drede.

On the mercy of God to meche 3e xal not holde,
 As in this wyse behold what I mene ;
 ffor to do synne be thou no more bolde,
 In trost that God wole mercyful bene.
 And yf be sensualyté, as it is ofte sene,
 Synnyst dedly, thou xalt not therfore dyspeyre ;
 But therfore do penawns and confesse the clene,
 And of hevyn thou mayst trost to ben eyre.

The pathe that lyth to this blyssyd enherytawns,
 Is hope and drede copelyd be conjuncceyon ;
 Betwyx these tweyn may be no dysseverawns,
 ffor hope withowtyn drede is maner of presumpcion.
 And drede withowtyn hope is maner of dysperacion,
 So these tweyn must be knyt be on a orde.
 How 3e xal aray the wey, I have made declaracion,
 Also the ryth patthis, azens the comyng of oure Lord.

*Here xal Annas shewyn hymself in his stage, be seyn after a
 busshop of the hoold lawe, in a skarlet gowne, and over that a
 blew tabbard furryd with whyte, and a mytere on his hed, after
 the hoold lawe ; ij. doctorys stondyng by hym in furryd hodys,
 and on beforn hem with his staff of astal, and eche of hem on*

here hedys a furreyd cappe, with a gret knop in the crowne, and on stondyng befor as a Sarazyn, the wiche xal be his masangere. Annas thus seyng,

As a prelat am I properyd to provyde pes,
 And of Jewys jewge the lawe to fortefye,
 I, Annas, be my powere xal comawnde dowteles,
 The lawys of Moyses no man xal denye.
 Hoo excede my comawndement anon 3e certefye,
 If any eretyk here reyn to me 3e compleyn,
 For in me lyth the powere, alle trewthys to trye,
 And pryncypaly oure lawys tho must I susteyn.

3ef I may aspey the contrary, no wheyle xal thei reyn,
 But anon to me be browth and stonde present .
 Before her jewge, wiche xal not feyn,
 But aftere here trespase to gef hem judgement.
 Now, serys, for a prose herythe myn intent,
 There is on Jhesus of Nazareth that oure lawys doth excede,
 Yf he procede thus we xal us alle repent,
 For oure lawys he dystroyt dayly with his dede.

Therefore be 3our cowncel we must take hede,
 What is be to provyde or do in this case ;
 ffor yf we let hym thus go and ferdere prosede,
 Ageyn Sesare and oure lawe we do trespase.
Primus Doctor. Sere, this is myn avyse that 3e xal do,
 Send to Cayphas for cowncel, knowe his intent ;
 ffor yf Jhesu procé and thus forth go,
 Oure lawys xal be dystroyed, thes so we present.

Secundus doctor. Sere, remembre the gret charge that on 3ow
 is leyd,
 The lawe to ke[pe] whiche may not ffayle ;
 Yf any defawth prevyd of 3ow be seyde,
 The Jewys with trewth wyl 3ow asayl.

Tak hed whath cownsayl may best prevayl,
 After Rewfyn and Leyon I rede that 3e sende,
 They arn temperal jewgys that knowyth the parayl,
 With 3oure cosyn Cayphas this matere to amende.

Annas. Now surely this cowncel revyfe myn herte.
 3oure cowncel is best, as I can se,—
Arfexe, in hast loke that thou styрте,
 And pray Cayphas my cosyn come speke with me.

To Rewfyn and Leon thu go also,
 And pray hem thei speke with me in hast ;
 ffor a pryncipal matere that have to do,
 Wiche must be knowe, or this day be past.

Arfexe. My sovereyn at 3our intent I xal gon,
 In al the hast that I kan hy ;
 Onto Cayphas, Rewfyn, and Lyon,
 And charge 3oure intent that thei xal ply.

Here goth the masangere forth, and in the mene tyme Cayphas shewyth himself in his skafhald arayd lyche to Annas, savyng his tabbard xal be red furreyd with white : ij. doctorys with him arayd with pellys aftyr the old gyse, and furreyd cappys on here hedys. Cayphas thus seying,

As a primat most preudent I present here sensyble
 Buschopys of the lawe with al the cyrcumstawns ;
 I, Cayphas, am jewge, with powerys possyble,
 To distroye alle erroris that in owre lawys make varyawns.
 Alle thynges I convey be reson and temperawnce,
 And alle materis possyble to me ben palpable ;
 Of the lawe of Moyses I have a chef governawns,
 To severe ryth and wrong in me is termynable.

But ther is on Cryst that oure lawys is varyable,
 He pervertethe pepyl with his prechyng ille ;

We must seke amene onto hym reprevable,
 ffor yf he procede, owre lawys he wyl spylle.
 We must take good cowncel in this case,
 Of the wisest of the lawe that kan the trewthe telle ;
 Of the jewgys of pharasy and of my cosyn Annas,
 For yf he procede be prossesse oure lawys he wyl felle.

Primus doctor. Myn lord, plesyt 3ow to pardon me for
 to say,

The blame in 3ow is, as we fynde ;
 To lete Cryst contenue thus day be day,
 With his fals wichecraft the pepyl to blynde.
 He werkyth fals meraclis ageyns alle kende,
 And makyth oure pepyl to leve hem in ;
 It is 3our part to take hym and do hym bynde,
 And gyf hym jugement for his gret syn.

Secundus doctor. fforsothe, sere, of trewth this is the case,
 Onto oure lawe 3e don oppressyon,
 That 3e let Cryst from 3ou pace,
 And wyl not don on hym correxion.
 Let Annas knowe 3our intencion,
 With prestys and jewges of the lawe,
 And do Cryst fforsake his fals oppynyon,
 Or into a prison lete hem be thrawe.

Cayphas. Wel, seres, 3e xal se withinne short whyle,
 I xal correcte hym for his trespas,
 He xal no lenger oure pepyl begyle,
 Out of myn dawngere he xal not pas.

*Here comyth the masangere to Cayphas, and in the
 mene tyme Rewfyn and Lyon schewyn hem in the place,
 in ray tabardys furreyd and ray hodys abouth, here neckys
 furreyd, the masangere seyng,*

Myn reverent sovereyn, and it do 3ow plese,
 Sere Annas, my lord hath to 3ou sent,
 He prayt 3ou that 3e xal not sese,
 Tyl that 3e ben with hym present.

Cayphas. Sere, telle myn cosyn I xal not fayl,
 It was my purpose hym for to se,
 For serteyn materes that wyl prevayle,
 Thow he had notwth a sent to me.

Masangere. I recomende me to 3our hey degré,
 On more massagys I must wende.

Cayphas. ffarewel, sere, and wel 3e be,
 Gret wel my cosene and my ffrende.

Here the masager metyth with the jewges, sayng,

Heyl! jewgys of Jewry, of reson most prudent,
 Of my message to 3ou I make relacion,
 My lord, sere Annas, hath for 3ou sent,
 To se his presens withowth delacion.

Rewfyn. Sere, we are redy at his comawndement,
 To se sere Annas in his place ;
 It was oure purpose and oure intent,
 To a be with hym withinne short space.

Leyon. We are ful glad his presence to se ;
 Sere, telle him we xal come in hast ;
 No delacion therin xal be,

But to his presens hye us fast.

Masager. I xal telle my lord this, as 3e say,
 3e wyl fulfyll al his plesawns.

Rewfyn. Sere, telle hym we xal make no delay,
 But come in hast at his instawns.

Here the masangere comyth to Annas, thus seyng,

My lord and it plese 3ou to have intellygens,
 Ser Cayphas comyth to 3ou in hast :

Rewfyn and Lyon wyl se 3our presens,

And se 3ow here or this day be past.

Annas. Sere, I kan the thank of thi dyligens,

Now ageyn my cosyn I wole walk ;

Serys, folwyth me onto his presens,

ffor of thes materys we must talk.

Here Annas goth down to mete with Cayphas, and in the mene tyme thus seyng,

Cayphas. Now onto Annas let us wende,

Eche of us to knowe otheres intent :

Many materes I have in mende,

The wiche to hym I xal present.

Primus doctor. Sere, of alle othere thyng remembre this case,

Loke that Jhesus be put to schame.

Secundus doctor. Whan we come present beforn Annas,

Whe xal rehers alle his gret blame.

Here the buschopys with here clerkes and the Phariseus mett, and the myd place, and ther xal be a lytil oratory with stolys and cusschonys clenly be-seyn, lyche as it were a counsel-hous ; Annas thus seyng,

We come, ser Cayphas, and 3e, jewgys alle,

Now xal 3e knowe alle myn entent ;

A wondyr case, serys, here is befall,

On wiche we must gyf jewgement.

Lyst that we aftere the case repent,

Of on Cryst that Goddys sone som doth hym calle ;

He shewyth meraclys and sythe present

That he is prynce of prynces alle.

The pepyl so fast to hym doth falle,

Be prevy menys, as we aspye ;

3yf he procede, son sen 3e xalle,

That oure lawys he wyl dystrye ;

It is oure part thus to deny :

What is your cowncelle in this cas ?

Cayphas. Be reson the trewth here may we try,

I cannot dem hym withouth trespase ;

Because he seyth in every a place,

That he kyng of Jewys in every degré.

Therfor he is fals, knowe wel the case,

Sesar is kyng and non but he.

Rewfyn. He is an eretyk and a tretour bolde,

To Sesare and to oure lawe sertayn ;

Bothe in word, and in werke, and 3e beholde

He is worthy to dey with mekyl peyn.

Leon. The cawse that we been here present,

To fortefye the lawe, and, trewth to say,

Jhesus ful nere oure lawys hath shent,

Therefore he is worthy for to day.

Primus doctor Annas. Seres, 3e that ben rewelerys of the
lawe,

On Jhesu 3e must gyf jugement,

Let hym fyrst ben hangyn and drawe,

And thanne his body in fyre be brent.

Secundus doctor Annas. Now xal 3e here the intent of me,

Take Jhesu that worke us alle gret schame ;

Put hym to deth, let hym not fle,

For than the comownys thei wyl 3ow blame.

Primus doctor Cayphas. He werke with wechecrafte in
eche place,

And drawyth the pepyl to hese intent ;

Bewhare, 3e jewgys, let hym not passe,

Than be my trowthe ze xal repent.

Secundus doctor Cayphas. Serys, takyth hede onto this
case,

And in your jewgement be not slawe ;
Ther was nevyr man dyd so gret trespace,
As Jhesu hath don ageyn oure lawe.

Annas. Now, bretheryn, than wyl 3e here myn entent,
These ix. days let us abyde ;
We may not gyf so hasty jugement,
But eche man inqwere on his syde.
Send spyes abouth the countré wyde,
To se and recorde and testymonye,
And than hese werkys he xal not hyde,
Nor have no power hem to denye.

Cayphas. This cownecelle acordyth to my reson.

Annas. And we alle to the same.

XXVI. THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Jhesus. ffriendys, beholde the tyme of mercy,
The whiche is come now withowt dowth ;
Mannys sowle in blys now xal edyfy,
And the prynce of the werd is cast owth.

Go to 3on castel that standyth 3ow ageyn,
Sum of myn dyscyplis go forthe 3e to ;
There xul 3e ffyndyn bestys tweyn,
An asse tyed and here fole also.
Unlosne that asse, and brynge it to me pleyn ;
Iff any man aske why that 3e do so,
Sey that I have nede to this best serteyn,
And he xal not lett 3ow 3our weys for to go :
That best brynge 3e to me.

Primus Apostolus. Holy prophete, we gon oure way,
We wyl not 3oure wourd delay,
Also sone as that we may,
We xal it brynge to the.

Here thei ffecche the asse with the ffole, and the bur-
geys seyth,

Burgensis. Herke 3e, men, who 3aff 3ow leve,
Thus this best ffor to take away?

But only ffor pore men to releve,

This asse is ordeyned, as I 3ow say.

Philippus. Good sere, take this at no greff,

Oure mayster us sent hedyr this day,

He hath grett nede withowte repreff,

Therefore not lett us, I the pray,

This best for to lede.

Burgensis. Sethyn that it is so that he hath 3ow sent,

Werkyth his wylle and his intent,

Take the beste, as 3e be bent,

And evyr wel mote 3e spede.

Jacobus minor. This best is brought ryght now here lo!

Holy prophete at thin owyn wylle,

And with this clothe, anon, also,

This bestys bak we xal sone hylle.

Philippus. Now mayst thou ryde whedyr thou wylt go,

Thyn holy purpos to ffulfille,

Thy best fful redy is dyth the to,

Bothe meke and tame the best is styлле.

And we be redy also,

Iff it be plesynge to thi ssyght,

The to helpe anon forthe ryght,

Upon this best that thou were dyght,

Thi jurney ffor to do.

Here Cryst rydyth out of the place and he wyl, and Petyr and John abydyn styлле, and at the last, whan thei have done ther prechyng, thei mete with Jhesu,

Petrus. O, 3e pepyl dyspeyryng, be glad!

A grett cawse 3e have, and 3e kan se,

The Lord that alle thyng of nought mad,

Is comynge 3our comfort to be.

Alle your langoris salvyn xal he,

3our helthe is more than 3e kan wete,

He xal cawse the blynde that thei xal se,
The def to here, the dome for to speke !

Thei that be crokyd, he xal cause hem to goo
In the wey that John Baptyst of prophecyed ;
Sweche a leche kam 3ow nevyr non too,
Wherfore what he comawndyth loke 3e applyed.
That som of 3ow be blynd, it may not be denyid ;
ffor hym that is 3our makere with 3our gostly ey 3e
xal not knowe ;
Of his comaundementes in 3ow gret neclygens is aspyed,
Wherfore def fro gostly heryng clepe 3ow I howe.

And som of 3ow may not go, 3e be so crokyd ;
ffor of good werkyng in 3ow is lytyl habundawns,
Tweyn fete hevery man xuld have and it were lokyd,
Wyche xuld bere the body gostly most of substawns ;
ffyrst is to love God above alle other plesawns ;
The secunde is to love thi neybore as thin owyn persone ;
And yf these tweyn be kepte in perseverawns ;
Into the celestyal habytacion 3e arn habyl to gone.

Many of 3ow be dome ; why ? for 3e wole not redresse,
Be mowthe 3our dedys mortal but therin don perdure ;
Of the wyche but 3e have contrycyon and 3ow confesse,
3e may not inheryte hevyn, this I 3ow ensure.
And of alle these maladyes 3e may have gostly cure,
ffor the heavenly leche is comyng 3ow for to vicyte ;
And as for payment he wole shewe 3ow no redrure,
ffor with the love of 3oure hertys he wole be aqwhyte.

Johannes Apostolus. Onto my brotherys forseyd rehersalle,
That 3e xuld 3eve the more veray confydens,
I come with hym as testymonyalle,
ffor to conferme I fortefye his sentens.

This lord xal come without resystens,
 Onto the cety-ward he is now comyng,
 Wherefore dresse 3ow with alle dew dylygens,
 To honowre hym as 3our makere and kyng.

And to fulfyll the prophetys prophesé,
 Upon an asse he wole hedyr ryde,
 Shewing 3ow exawmple of humylyté,
 Devoydyng the abhomynable synne of pryde.
 Wheche hath ny conqweryd alle the werd wyde,
 Grettest cause of all 3our trybulacyon,
 Use it ho so wole, for it is the best gyde,
 That 3e may have to the place of dampnacyon.

Now, brothyr in God, syth we have intellygens,
 That oure Lord is ny come to this ceté,
 To attend upon hys precyous presens,
 It syttyth to us, as semyth me.
 Wherefore to mete with hym now go we,
 I wold fere no thyng we where to late ;
 To the ceté-ward fast drawyth he,
 Me semyth he is ny at the gate.

Here spekyth the iiij. ceteseyngs, the fyrst thus seying,
Primus cives de Jherusalem. Neyborys, gret joye in oure
 herte we may make,
 That this hefly kyng wole vycyte this cyté.
Secundus cives. Yf oure eerly kyng sweche a jorné xuld
 take,
 To don hym honor and worchepe, besy xuld we be.
Tertius cives. Meche more than to the hevynly kyng
 bownd are we,
 ffor to do that xuld be to his persone reverens.
Quartus cives. Late us than welcome hym with flowres
 and brawnchis of the tre,
 ffor he wole take that to plesawns becawse of redolens.

Here the iiij. ceteseynys makyn hem redy for to mete with oure Lord, goyng barfot and barelegged, and in here shyrtes, savyng thei xal have here gownys cast abouth them ; and qwan thei seen oure Lord, thei xal sprede ther clothis beforn hym, and he xal lyth and go ther upon, and thei xal falle downe upon ther knes alle at onys, the fyrst thus seyng,

Primus cives. Now blyssyd he be that in oure Lordys name,

To us in any wyse wole resorte,
And we beleve veryly that thou dost the same,
For be thi mercy xal spryng mannys comforte.

Here Cryst passyth forth, ther metyth with hym a serteyn of chyldeyn with flowres, and cast beforn hym, and they synggyn "Gloria Laus," and beforn on seyth,

Thow sone of Davyd, thou be oure supporte,
At oure last day whan we xal dye,
Wherefore we alle at onys to the exorte,
Cryeng mercy ! mercy ! mercy !

Jhesu. ffrendys, beholde the tyme of mercy ;
The wiche is come now, withowtyn dowth ;
Mannys sowle in blysse now xal edyfy,
And the prynce of the werd is cast owth.
As I have prechyd in placys abowth,
And shewyd experyence to man and wyf,
Into this werd Goddys sone hath sowth
ffor veray love man to revyfe.

The trewthe of trew this xal now be tryede,
And a perfith of corde betwyx God and man,
Wiche trewthe xal nevyr be dyvide,
Confusyon onto the fynd Sathan !

Primus pauper homo. Thou sone of Davyd ! on us have
mercy,

As we must stedfast belevyn in the ;
Thi goodnesse, Lord, lete us be nye,
Wheche lyth blynd here and may not se !

Secundus pauper homo. Lord, lete thi mercy to us be sewre,
And restore to us oure bodyly syth !

We know thou may us wel recure,
With the lest poynt of thi gret myth.

Jhesu. 3owre beleve hath made thou for to se,
And delyveryd 3ow fro alle mortal payne ;
Blyssyd be alle tho that beleve on me,
And se me not with here bodyly eyn.

*Here Cryst blyssyth here eyn and thei may se, the fyrst
seyng,*

Primus pauper homo. Gramercy, Lord ! of thi gret grace,
I that was blynd, now may se.

Secundus pauper homo. Here I forsake al my trespace,
And stedfastly wyl belevyn on the.

*Here Cryst procedyth on fote, with his discipulys
after hym, Cryst wepyng upon the cyté, saying thus,*

Jhesu. O Jherusalem ! woful is the ordenawnce

Of the day of thi gret persecucion ;
Thou xalt be dystroy with woful grevans,
And thi ryalté browth to trew confusyon.
3e that in the ceté han habytacyon,
Thei xal course the tyme that thei were borne,
So gret advercyté and trybulacion,
Xal falle on hem bothe evyn and morwyn.

Thei that han most chylderyn sonest xal wayle,
And seyn, alas ! what may this meen ?

Both mete and drynk sodeynly xal fayle,—

The vengeance of God ther xal be seen.

The tyme is comyng hes woo xal ben,

The day of trobyl and gret grevauns ;

Bothe templys and towrys they xal down cleen,

O ceté ! fful woful is thin ordenawns !

XXVII. THE LAST SUPPER.

Petrus. Lord ! where wolte thou kepe thi maundé ?

I pray the now lete us have knowyng :

That we may make redy for the,

The to serve withowte latyng.

Johannes. To provyde, Lord, for thi comyng,

With alle the obedeyns we kan atende,

And make redy for the in al thyng,

Into what place thou wyth us send.

Jhesu. Serys, goth to Syon, and 3e xal mete

A pore man in sympyl aray,

Beryng watyr in the strete,

Telle hym I xal come that way.

Onto hym mekely loke that 3e say,

That hese hous I wole come tylle ;

He wele not onys to 3ow sey nay,

But sofre to have alle 3our wylle.

Petrus. At thi wyl, Lord, it xal be don,

To seke that place we xal us hye.

Johannes. In alle the hast that we may go,

Thin comawdement nevyr to denye.

Here Petyr and John gon forth metyng with Symon leprows beryng a kan with watyr, Petyr thus seyng,

Petrus. Good man, the prophete, oure Lord Jhesus,

This nyth wyl reste wythin thin halle ;

On message to the he hath sent us,

That ffor his sopere ordeyn thou xalle.

Johannes. 3a ! for hym and his dyscypulys alle,
 Ordeyn thu for his maundé,
 A paschalle lomb what so befallé,
 ffor he wyl kepe his pasche with the.

Symon. What, wyl my Lord vesyte my plase ?
 Blyssyd be the tyme of his comyng !
 I xal ordeyn withinne short space
 ffor my good lordys welcomyng.

Serys, walkyth in at the begynnyng,
 And se what vetaylys that I xal take,
 I am so glad of this tydyng,
 I wot nevyr what joye that I may make.

Here the dyscypulys gon in with Symon to se the ordenawns, and Cryst comyng thedyr-ward, thus seying,

Jhesus. This pathe is cal Sydon be goostly ordenawns,
 Weche xal convey us, wher we xal be,
 I knowe ful redy is the purvyaunce,
 Of my frendys that lovyn me.
 Contewnyng in pees now procede we,
 ffor mannys love this wey I take,
 With gostly ey I veryly se,
 That man ffor man an hende must make.

Here the dysciples come ageyn to Cryst, Petyr thus seying,

Petrus. Alleredy lord is oure ordenawns,
 As I hope to 3ow plesyng xal be,
 Seymon hath don, at 3oure instawns,
 He is ful glad 3our presens to se.

Johannes. Alle thyng we have, Lorde, at oure plesyng,
 That longyth to 3oure mawndé with ful glad chere ;
 Whan he herd telle of 3our comyng,
 ret joye in hym than dyd appere.

Here comyth Symon out of his hous to welcome Cryst,

Symon. Gracyous Lord, welcome thu be,

Reverens be to the, both God and man !

My poer hous that thou wylt se,

Weche am thi servaunt, as I kan.

Jhesu. There joye of alle joyis to the is sewre !

Symon, I knowe thi trewe intent,

The blysse of hefne thou xalt recure,

This rewarde I xal the grawnt present.

Here Cryst enteryth into the hous with his disciplys and ete the Paschal lomb ; and in the mene tyme the counsel-hous befor-seyd xal sodeynly onclose, schewyng the buschopys, prestys, and jewgys syttyng in here astat, lyche as it were a convocacyon ; Annas seying thus,

Annas. Beheld it is nowth al that we do,

In alle houre materys we prophete nowth ;

Wole 3e se weche peusawns of pepyl drawyth hym to,

ffor the mervaylys that he hath wrowth.

Some othyr sotylté must be sowth,

ffor in no wyse we may not thus hym leve ;

Than to a schrewde conclusyoun we xal be browth,

ffor the Romaines than wyl us myscheve,

And take oure astat and put us to repreve,

And convey alle the pepyl at here owyn request,

And thus alle the pepyl in hym xal beleve,

Therefore I pray 3ow, cosyn, say what is the best ?

Cayphas. Attende now, serys, to that I xal seye,

Onto us alle it is most expedyent ;

That o man ffor the pepyl xuld deye,

Than alle the pepyl xuld perysch and be shent.

Therfor late us werk wysely that we us not repent,

We must nedys put on hym som fals dede ;

I sey for me I had levyr he were brent,
Than he xuld us alle thus ovyr-lede ;
Therfore every man on his party help at this nede,
And cowntyrfete alle the sotyltés that 3e kan,
Now late se he kan 3eve best rede,
To ordeyn sum dystruccion ffor this man.

Gamatyel. Late us no lenger make delacion,
But do Jhesu be takyn in hondys fast ;
And alle here ffolweres to here confusyon,
And into a preson do hem be cast.
Ley on hem yron that wol last,
ffor he hath wrouth azens the ryth ;
And sythyn aftyr we xal in hast
Jewge hym to deth with gret dyspyth.

Rewfyn. ffor he hath trespacyd azens oure lawe,
Me semyth this were best jewgement ;
With wyld hors lete hym be drawe,
And afftyr in fyre he xal be brent.
Leyon. Serys, o thyng myself herd hym sey,
That he was kyng of Jewys alle.
That is anow to do hym dey,
ffor treson to Se3ar we must it calle.

He seyð also to personys that I know,
That he xuld and myth serteyn
The gret tempyl mythyly ovyrthrow,
And the thrydde day reysynt ageyn.

Seche materys the pepyl doth conseyye,
To 3eve credens to his werkys alle,
In hefne, he seyth, xal be his reyn,
Bothe God and man he doth hym calle.

Rewfyn. And alle this day we xuld contrive,
 What shameful deth Jhesu xuld have ;
 We may not do hym to meche myscheve,
 The worchep of oure lawe to save.

Leyon. Upon a jebet lete hym hongyn be,
 This jugement me semyth it is reson ;
 That alle the countré may hym se,
 And be ware behis gret treson.

Rewfyn. 3et o thyng, serys, 3e must aspye,
 And make a ryth sotyl ordenawns ;
 Be what menys 3e may come hym bye,
 ffor he hath many folwerys at his instawns.

Annas. Serys, therof we must have avysement,
 And ben acordyd or than we go ;
 How we xal han hym at oure entent,
 Som wey we xal fynd therto.

Here Judas Caryoth comyth into the place.

Maria Magdalene. As a cursyd creature closyd alle in care,
 And as a wyckyd wrecche alle wrappyd in wo,
 Of blysse was nevyr no berde so bare,
 As I mysylf that here now go.

Alas ! alas ! I xal forfare,
 ffor tho grete synnys that I have do ;
 Lesse that my lord God sumdel spare,
 And his grett mercy receyve me to.

Mary Maudelyn is my name.

Now wyl I go to Cryst Jhesu,
 ffor he is Lord of alle vertu,
 And for sum grace I thynke to sew,
 ffor of myself I have grett shame.

A ! mercy ! Lord ! and salve my synne,
 Maydenys floure thou wasche me fre,

Ther was nevyr woman of mannys kynne,
 So ful of synne in no countré.
 I have beffowlyd be fryth and ffenne,
 And sowght synne in many a ceté;
 But thou me borwe, Lord, I xal brenne,
 With blake ffendys ay bowne to be.
 Wherefore, kyng of grace,
 With this oynement that is so sote,
 Lete me anoynte thin holy fote
 And for my balys thus wyn sum bote,
 And mercy, Lord, for my trespase.

Jhesus. Woman, ffor thi wepyng wylle,
 Sum socowre God xal the sende;
 The to save I have grett skylle,
 ffor sorwefful hert may synne amende.
 Alle thi prayour I xal fulfyllle,
 To thi good hert I wul attende,
 And save the fro thi synne so hylle,
 And fro vij. develys I xal the ffende,—
 ffendys, flethe 3our weye!
 Wyckyd spyritys I 3ow con3owre,
 flethe out of hire bodyly bowre,
 In my grace she xal evyr fflowre,
 Tyl dethe doth here to deye.

Maria Magdalene. I thanke the, Lorde, of this grett
 grace;
 Now these vij. ffendys be fro me fl tt.
 I xal nevyr fforffett nor do trespase,
 In wurd nor dede, ne wyl, nor wytt.

Now I am brought ffrom the fendys brace,
 In thi grett mercy closyd and shytt;

I xal nevyr returne to synful trace,
 That xulde me dampne to helle pytt.
 I wurchep the on knes bare,
 Blyssyd be the tyme that I hedyr sowth,
 And this oynement that I hedyr brought,
 ffor now myn hert is elensyd from thought,
 That ffyrst was combryd with care.

Judas. Lord ! me thynkyth thou dost ryght ille,
 To lete this oynement so spyllle,
 To selle it yt were more skylle,
 And bye mete to poer men.
 The box was worthe of good moné,
 iij.c. pens, fayr and fre,
 This myght a bowht mete plenté.
 To ffede oure power kene.

Jhesus. Pore men xul abyde ;
 Ageyn the woman thou spekyst wronge.
 And I passe forthe in a tyde,
 Off mercy is here mornyng songe.

*Here Cryst restyth and etyth a lytyl, and seyth, syt-
 tyng to his disciplis, and Mary Mawdelyn,*

Jhesus. Myn herte is ryght sory and no wondyr is,
 Thoo dethe I xal go and nevyr dyd trespas ;
 But 3itt most grevyth myn hert evyr of this,
 On of my bretheryn xal werke this manas.
 On of 3ow here syttyng my treson xal tras,
 On of 3ow is besy my dethe here to dyth,
 And 3itt was I nevyr in no synful plas,
 Wherefore my dethe xuld so shamfully be pyght.

Petrus. My dere Lord, I pray the the trewth for to telle,
 Whiche of us ys he that treson xal do ?

Whatt traytor is he that his lord that wold selle?

Expresse his name, Lord, that xal werke this woo.

Johannes. If that ther be on that wolde selle so,

Good mayster, telle us now opynly his name.

What traytour is hym that from the that wolde go?

And with ffals treson ffylfille his grett shame?

Andreas. It is ryght dredfull suche tresson to thynke,

And wel more dredfful to werk that bad dede;

ffor that ffals treson to helle he xal synke,

In endles peynes grett myscheff to lede.

Jacobus major. It is not I, Lord, ffor dowte I have drede,

This synne to fulfille cam nevyr in my mende.

Iff that I solde the thy blood ffor to blede,

In doyng that treson my sowle xulde I shende.

Matheus. Alas! my dere Lord, what man is so wood,

ffor gold or for sylvyr hymself so to spylle?

He that the doth selle ffor gold and for other good,

With his grett covetyse hymself he doth kylle.

Bartholomeus. What man so evyr he be of so wyçkyd
wylle,

Dere Lord, among us telle us his name alle owt;

He that to hym tendyth this dede to fulffille,

ffor his grett treson his sowle stondyth in dowl.

Philippus. Golde, sylver, and tresoor sone dothe passe away,

But withowtyn ende evyr dothe laste thi grace.

A! Lord! who is that wylle chaffare the for monay?

ffor he that sellyth his lord to grett is the trespase.

Jacobus minor. That traytour that doth this orryble manace,

Bothe body and sowle I holde he be lorn;

Dampnyd to helle-pytt, fer from thi face,

Amonge alle ffowle fyndys to be rent and torn.

Symon. To bad a marchawnt that traytour he is,
 And ffor that monye he may mornyng make ;
 Alas ! what cawsyth hym to selle the kyng of blys ?
 ffor his fals wynnyng the devyl hym xal take.
Thomas. ffor his ffals treson the fendys so blake
 Xal bere his sowle depe down into helle pytt ;
 Resste xal he non have, but evyr more wake,
 Brennyng in hoot fyre, in preson evyr shytt.

Thadeus. I woundyr ryght sore who that he xuld be,
 Amonges us alle bretheryn, that xuld do this synne ?
 Alas, he is lorn ! ther may no grace be,
 In depe helle donjeon his sowle he doth pynne.
Jhesus. In my dysche he etyht this treson xal begynne,
 Wo xal betydyn hym for his werke of dred ;
 He may be ryght sory swyche ryches to wynne,
 Ad whysshe hymself unborn ffor that synful ded.

Judas. The trewth wolde I knowe as leff as 3e,
 And therfore, good ssere, the trewthe thou me telle ;
 Whiche of us alle here that traytour may be,
 Am I that person that the now xal selle.
Jhesus. So seyst thiselff, take hed att thi spelle,
 Thou askyst me now here if thou xalt do that treson ;
 Remembyr thiself, avyse the ryght welle,
 Thou art of grett age, and wotysst what is reson,

Here Judas rysyth prevely and goth in the place and seyt,

Judas. Now cowntyrfeted I have a prevy treson,
 My masterys power for to felle,
 I, Judas, xal asay be some encheson,
 Onto the Jewys hym for to selle.
 Som mony for hym 3et wold I telle,
 Be prevy menys I xal asay,

Myn intent I xal fulfyll,
 No lenger I wole make delay.

The princys of prestys now be present,
 Unto hem now my way I take,
 I wyl go tellyn hem myn entent,
 I trow ful mery I xal hem make.
 Mony I wyl non forsake,
 And thei profyr to my plesyng,
 For covetyse I wyl with hem wake,
 And onto my maystyr I xal hem bryng.

Heyl prynsesse and prestys that ben present,
 New tydynges to 3ow I come to telle,
 3yf 3e wole folwe myn intent,
 My mayster, Jhesu, I wole 3ow selle,
 Hese intent and purpose for to felle ;
 ffor I wole no lenger folwyn his lawe ;—
 Late sen what mony that I xal telle,
 And late Jhesu my maystyr ben hangyn and drawe.

Gamalyel. Now welcome, Judas, oure owyn frende !
 Take hym in, serys, be the honde :
 We xal the bothe geve and lende,
 And in every qwarel by the stonde.
Rewfyn. Judas, what xal we for thi mayster pay ?
 Thi sylver is redy, and we acorde,
 The payment xal have no delay,
 But be leyde down here at a worde.

Judas. Late the mony here down be layde,
 And I xal telle 3ow, as I kan ;
 In old termys I have herd seyde,
 That mony makyth schapman.

Rewfyn. Here is thretty platys of sylver bryth,
Fast knyth withinne this glove ;
And we may have thi mayster this nyth,
This xalt thou have, and alle oure love.

Judas. 3e are resonable chapman to bye and selle,
This bargany with 3ow now xal I make ;
Smyth up, 3e xal have al 3our wylle,
ffor mony wyl I non forsake.

Leyon. Now this bargany is mad ful and fast,
Noyther part may it forsake ;
But Judas thou must telle us in hast,
Be what menys we xal hym take.

Rewfyn. 3a ther be many that hym nevyr sowe,
Weche we wyl sende to hym in fere ;
Therfor be a tokyn we must hym knowe,
That must be prevy betwyx us here.

Leyon. 3a beware of that for ony thyng,
For o dyscypil is lyche thi mayster in al parayl ;
And 3e go lyche in alle clothyng,
So myth we of oure purpose fayl.

Judas. As for that, serys, have 3e no dowth.
I xal ordeyn, so 3e xal not mysse ;
Whan that 3e cum hym alle abowth,
Take the man that I xal kysse.

I must go to my maystyr ageyn,
Dowth not, serys, this matere is sure i-now.

Gamalyel. Farewel, Judas, oure frend serteyn,
Thi labour we xal ryth wel alow.

Judas. Now wyl I sotely go seke my mayster ageyn,
And make good face, as I nowth knew ;

I have hym solde to wo and peyn,
 I trowe ful sore he xal it rew.

Here Judas goth in sotylyly wher as he cam fro.

Annas. Lo, serys, a part we have of oure entent,
 For to take Jhesu now we must provyde;
 A sotyl meny to be present,
 That dare fyth and wele abyde.

Gamahyel. Ordeyn eche man on his party,
 Cressetys, lanternys, and torchys lyth;
 And this nyth to be ther redy,
 With exys, gleyvis, and swerdys bryth.

Cayphas. No lenger than make we teryeng,
 But eche man to his place hym dyth,
 And ordeyn prively for this thyng,
 That it be don this same nyth.

Here the buschopys partyn in the place, and eche of hem takyn here leve, be contenawns, resortyng eche man to his place with here meny to make redy to take Cryst; and than xal the place ther Cryst is in xal sodeynly uncloose round about, shewyng Cryst syttyng at the table and hese dyscypules eche in ere degré, Cryst thus seyng,

Jhesu. Bredereyn, this lambe that was set us befor,
 That we alle have etyn in this nyth,
 It was comawndyd be my fadyr to Moyses and Aaron,
 Whan thei weryn with the chylderyn of Israel in Egythp.
 And as we with swete bredys have it ete,
 And also with the byttyr sokelyng,
 And as we take the hed with the fete,
 So dede thei in alle maner thyng.

And as we stodyn so dede thei stond,
 And here reynes thei gyrdyn veryly,

With schon on here fete and stavys in here hond,
 And as we ete it, so dede thei hastyly.
 This fygure xal sesse, anothyr xal folwe therby;
 Weche xal be of my body that am 3our hed,
 Weche xal be shewyd to 3ow be a mystery,
 Of my fflesche and blood in forme of bred.

And with fervent desyre of hertys affeccion,
 I have enterly desyryd to kepe my mawndé,
 Among 3ow er than I suffre my passyon,
 ffor of this no more togedyr suppe xal we.
 And as the Paschal lomb etyn have we,
 In the eld lawe was usyd for a sacryfyce,
 So the newe lomb that xal be sacryd be me,
 Xal be usyd for a sacryfyce most of price.

*Here xal Jhesus take a noble in his hand, loking
 upward into hefne, to the fadyr thus seying,*

Wherefore to the, Fadyr of hefne, that art eternalle,
 Thankyng and honor I 3eld onto the,
 To whom be the Godhed I am eqwalle,
 But be my manhod I am of lesse degré.
 Wherefore I, as man, worchep the deyté,
 Thankyng the, fadyr, that thou wylt shew this mystery,
 And thus thurwe thi myth, Fadyr, and blyssyng of me.
 Of this that was bred is mad my body.

Here xal he spekyn ageyn to his dysciples, thus seying,

Bretheryn, be the vertu of these wordys that reheryd be,
 This that shewyth as bred to 3our apparens,
 Is mad the very flesche and blod of me,
 To the weche thei that wole be savyd must 3eve credens.
 And as in the olde lawe it was comawndyd and precepte,
 To ete this lomb to the dystruceyon of Pharao unkende,

So to dystroy 3our gostly enmye this xal be kepte,
ffor 3our paschal lombe into the werdys ende.

ffor this is the very lombe, withowte spot of synne,
Of weche John the Baptyst dede prophesy,
Than this prophesye he dede begynne,
Seyng “ Ecce agnus Dey !”

And how 3e xal ete this lombe I xal 3eve infformacion,
In the same forme as the eld lawe doth specyfye,
As I shewe be gostly interpretacyon ;
Therefore to that I xal sey 3our wyttes loke 3e replie.

With no byttyr bred this bred ete xal be,
That is to say, with no byttyrnesse of hate and envye,
But with the suete bred of love and charyté,
Weche ffortefyet the soule gretlye.
And it schuld ben etyn with the byttyr sokelyng,
That is to mene, 3yf a man be of synful dysposycion,
Hathe led his lyff here with myslevyng,
Therefore in his hert he xal have byttyr contrycion.

Also the hed with the feet ete xal 3e,
Be the hed 3e xal undyrstand my Godhed,
And be the feet 3e xal take myn humanyté,
These tweyn 3e xal receyve togedyr in dede.
This immaculat lombe that I xal 3ow 3eve,
Is not only the Godhed alone,
But bothe God and man, thus must 3e beleve ;
Thus the hed with the feet 3e xal receyve eche on.

Of this lombe un-ete yf owth belevyth i-wys,
Yt xuld be cast in the clere fyre and brent ;
Weche is to mene, yf thou undyrstande nowth al this, .
Put thi feyth in God, and than thou xalt not be shent.

The gyrdyl that was comawndyd here reynes to sprede,
 Xal be the gyrdyl of clennes and chastyté ;
 That is to sayn, to be contynent in word, thought, and
 dede,
 And alle leccherous levyng cast 3ow for to fle.

And the schon that xal be 3our feet upon,
 Is not ellys but exawnpyl of vertuis levyng ;
 Of 3our form fadeys 3ou beforne,
 With these schon my steppys 3e xal be sewyng.

And the staf that in 3our handys 3e xal holde,
 Is not ellys but the exawmplys to other men teche ;
 Hold fast 3our stavys in 3our handys, and beth bolde
 To every creature myn preceptys for to preche.

Also 3e must ete this paschalle lombe hastyly,
 Of weche sentens this is the very entent ;
 At every oure and tyme 3e xal be redy,
 ffor to fulfyll my cowmawndement.

ffor thow 3e leve this day, 3e are not sure
 Whedyr 3e xal leve to morwe or nowth ;
 Therfor hastyly every oure do 3oure besy cure,
 To kepe my preceptys, and than thar 3e not dowth.

Now have I lerned 3ow how 3e xal ete
 3our paschal lombe, that is my precyous body ;
 Now I wyl fede 3ow alle with awngellys mete,
 Wherfore to reseyye it come fforth seryattly.

Petrus. Lord, ffor to receyve this gostly sustenawns
 In dewe forme, it excedyth myn intellygens ;
 ffor no man of hymself may have substawns
 To receyve it with to meche reverens.

ffor with more delyceous mete, Lord, thou may us not
fede,

Than with thin owyn precyous body ;
Wherfore what I have trespacyd in word, thought, or dede,—
With byttyr contrycion, Lord, I haske the mercy.

*Whan oure Lorde 3yvyth his body to his dyscypulys,
he xal sey to eche of hem, except to Judas,*

This is my body, fflesch, and blode,
That for the xal dey upon the rode.

*And whan Judas comyth last, oure Lord xal sey to
hym,*

Judas, art thou avysyd what thou xalt take ?
Judas. Lord, thi body I wyl not forsake !

And sythyn oure Lord xal sey onto Judas,

Jhesu. Myn body to the I wole not denye,
Sythyn thou wylt presume therupon ;
Yt xal be thi dampnacyon verylye,—
I 3eve the warnyng now befor.

*And aftyr that Judas hath reseyydyd, he xal syt ther he
was, Cryst seyng,*

On of 3ow hath betrayd me,
That at my borde with me hath ete ;
Bettyr it hadde hym for to a be
Bothe unborn and unbegete.

*Than eche dyscypyl xal loke on other, and Petyr xal
sey,*

Petrus. Lord, it is not I.

*And so alle xul seyn, tyl thei comyn at Judas, weche
xal sey,*

Judas. Is it owth I, Lord?

Than Jhesus xal sey,

Jhesus. Judas, thou seyst that word!
Me thou ast solde, that was thi ffrend,
That thou hast begonne brenge to an ende.

Than Judas xal gon ageyn to the Jewys, and, yf men wolne, xal mete with hym and sey this speche folwyng, or levynt, whether thei wyl, the devyl thus seying,

Demon. A! a! Judas, derlyng myn!
Thou art the best to me that evyr was bore!
Thou xalt be crownyd in helle peyn!
And therof thou xalt be sekyr for evyrmore!

Thow hast solde thi maystyr and etyn hym also,
I wolde thou kowdyst bryngyn hym to helle every del;
But yet I fere he xuld do ther sum sorwe and wo,
That alle helle xal crye out on me that sel.

Sped up thi matere that thou hast begonne,
I xal to helle for the to mak redy;
Anon thou xalt com wher thou xalt wonne,
In fyre and stynk thou xalt sytt me by.

Jhesu. Now the sone of God claryfied is,
And God in hym is claryfied also;
I am sory that Judas hath lost his blysse,
Weche xal turne hym to sorwe and wo.

But now in the memory of my passyon,
To ben partabyl with me in my reyn above,
3e xal drynk myn blood with gret devocyon,
Wheche xal be xad ffor mannys love.

Takyth these chalys of the newe testament,
 And kepyth this evyr in 3our mende ;
 As often as 3e do this with trewe intent,
 It xal defende 3ow from 3e ffende.

*Than xal the dysciplys com and take the blod. Jhesus
 seyng,*

This is my blood that for mannys synne,
 Outh of myn herte it xal renne.

*And the dysciplys xul sett them azen ther thei were,
 and Jhesus xal seyn,*

Takyth hed now, bretheryn, what I have do ;
 With my flesch and blood I have 3ow fed !
 ffor mannys love I may do no mo
 Than for love of man to be ded.

Werfore, Petyr, and 3e everychon,
 3yf 3e love me, fede my schep ;
 That, for fawth of techyng, thei go not wrong,
 But evyr to hem takyth good kep.

3evyth hem my body, as I have to 3ow,
 Qweche xal be sacryd be my worde ;
 And evyr I xal thus abyde with 3ow,
 Into the ende of the werde.

Ho so etyth my body and drynkyth my blood,
 Hol God and man he xal me take ;
 It xal hym defende from the devyl wood,
 And at his deth I xal hym nowth forsake.

And ho so not ete my body nor drynke my blood,
 Lyfe in hym is nevyr a dele ;
 Kepe wel this in mende for 3our good,
 And every man save hymself wele.

Here Jhesus takyth a basyn with watyr and towaly gyrt abowtyn hym, and fallyth beforn Petyr on his o kne.

Jhesus. Another exawmpyl I xal 3ow shewe,
How 3e xal leve in charyté;
Syt here down at wordys fewe,
And quat I do 3e, sofre me.

Here he takyth the basyn and the towaly, and doth as the robbery ch seyth befor.

Petrus. Lord ! what wylt thou with me do ?
This service of the I wyl forsake ;
To wassche my feet thou xal not so,—
I am not worthy it of the to take.

Jhesu. Petyr and thou forsake my servyces alle,
The weche to 3ow that I xal do ;
No part with me have thou xal,
And nevyr com my blysse onto.

Petrus. That part, Lord, we wyl not forgo,
We xal abey his comawndement ;
Wasche hed and hond, we pray the so,
We wyl don aftyr thin entent.

Here Jhesus wasshyth his dyscypulys feet by and by, and whypyth hem and kyssyth hem mekely, and sythyn settyth hym down, thus seyng,

ffrendys, this wasshyng xal now prevayll,
3oure Lord and mayster 3e do me calle ;
And so I am, withowytyn fayl,
3et I have wasschyd 3ow alle.
A memory of this have 3e xall,
That eche of 3ow xal do to othyr,

With umbyl hert submyt egal,
As eche of 3ow were otherys brother.

Nothyng, serys, so wele plesyth me,
Nor no lyff that man may lede,
As thei that levyn in charyté;
In efne I xal reward here mede.
The day is come,—I must procede
ffor to fulfyll the prophecy;
This nyth for me 3e xal han drede,
Whan noumber of pepyl xal on me cry.

ffor the prophetys spoke of me,
And seydyn of deth that I xuld take;
ffro wheche deth I wole not fle,
But for mannys synne amendys make.

This nyth fro 3ow be led I xal,
And 3e for fer fro me xal fle;
Not onys dur speke whan I 3ow calle,
And some of 3ow forsake me.

ffor 3ow xal I dey and ryse ageyn,—
Un the thrydde day 3e xal me se
Beforn 3ow all walkyng playn,
In the lond of Galylé.

Petrus. Lord, I wyl the nevyr forsake!
Nor for no perellys fro the fle;
I wyl rather my deth take,
Than onys, Lord, forsake the!

Jhesu. Petyr, thou ferthere than thou doyst knowe,
As for that promese loke thou not make;
ffor or the cok hath twyes crowe,
Thryes thou xal me forsake.

But all my frendys, that arn me dere,
Late us go, the tyme drawyth ny;
We may no lengere abydyn here,
ffor I must walke to Betany.

The tyme is come, the day drawyth nere,
Onto my deth I must in hast;
Now, Petyr, make halle thi felawys chere,
My flesche for fere is qwakyng fast.

*Here Jhesus goth to Betany-ward, and his dyscipulys
folwyng with sad contenawns, Jhesus seying,*

XXVIII. THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST.

Now, my dere frendys and bretheryn echone,
Remembyr the wordys that I xal sey ;
The tyme is come that I must gon,
ffor to fulfylle the prophesey.

That is seyde that I xal dey,
The fendys power fro 3ow to flem ;
Weche deth I wole not deney,
Mannys sowle my spouse for to redem.

The oyle of mercy is grawntyde playn
Be this jorne that I xal take ;
Be my fadyr I am sent sertayn,
Betwyx God and man an ende to make.

Man for my brother may I not forsake,
Nor shewe hym unkendenesse be no wey ;
In peynys for hym my body schal schake,
And for love of man, man xal dey.

*Here Jhesus and his discipules go toward the mount
of Olyvet ; and whan he comyth a lytyl ther besyde,
in a place lyche to a park, he byddyt his dyscipules
abyde hym ther, and seyth to Petyr or he goth,*

Petyr, with thi ffelawys here xalt thou abyde,
And weche tyl I come ageyn ;
I must make my prayere here 3ou besyde,
My flesche qwakyth sore for fere and peyn.

Petrus. Lord, thi request doth me constreyn ;
 In this place I xal abyde styлле
 Not remeve tyl that thou comyst ageyn,
 In confermyng, Lord, of thi wylle.

*Here Jhesu goth to Olyvet and settyth hym downe
 on his knes, and prayth to his fadyr, thus seyng,*

O, ffadyr ! fadyr ! for my sake
 This gret passyon thou take fro me
 Weche arn ordeyned that I xal take,
 3yf mannys sowle savyd may be.
 And 3yf it behove, Fadyr, for me
 To save mannys sowle that xuld spylle,
 I am redy in eche degré,
 The vyl of the for to fulfylle.

*Here Jhesus gothe to his discipulis and fyndyth hem
 sclepyng, Jhesus thus seyng to Petyr,*

Petyr ! Petyr ! thou slepyst fast,
 Awake thi felawys and sclepe no more ;
 Of my deth 3e are not agast,
 3e take 3our rest and I peyn sore.

*Here Cryst goth ageyn the second tyme to Olyvet,
 and seyth knelyng,*

ffadyr in hevyn, I beseche the
 Remeve my peynes be thi gret grace,
 And lete me fro this deth fle,
 As I dede nevyr no trespase !
 The watyr and blood owth of my face,
 Dystyllyth for peynes that I xal take ;
 My flesche qwakyth in ferful case,
 As thow the joyntes asondre xuld schake.

*Here Jhesus goth a3en to his discipulis and fyndyth
 hem asclepe ; Jhesus thus seyng, latyng hem lyne,*

Aryse, serys, whom seke 3e? fast have 3e gon.

Is howth 3our comyng hedyr for me?

I stond befor 3ow here echone,

That 3e may me bothe knowe and se.

Rufyne. Jhesus of Nazareth we seke,

And we myth hym here aspye.

Jhesu. I told 3ow now with wordys meke,

Befor 3ow alle, that it was I.

Judas. Welcome, Jhesu, my mayster dere,

I have the sowth in many a place!

I am ful glad I fynd the here,

For I wyst nevyr wher thou wace.

Here Judas kyssyth Jhesus, and anoon alle the Jewys come abowth hym, and ley handys on hym, and pullyn as thei were wode, and makyn on hym a gret cry alle at onys; and aftyr this, Petyr seyth,

I drawe my swerd now this sel;

Xal I smyte, mayster? fayn wolde I wete!

And forthwith he smytyth of Malchus here, and he cryeth "Help myn here! myn here!" and Cryst blyssyth it, and tys hol.

Jhesus. Put thy swerd in the shede fayr and wel,

ffor he that smyth with swerd, with swerd xal be smete.

A! Judas, this treson cowntyrfetyd hast thou!

And that thou xalt ful sore repent!

Thou haddyst be bettyr a ben unborn now,

Thi body and sowle thou hast shent!

Gamahyel. Lo, Jhesus! thou mayst not the cace refuse,

Bothe treson and eresye in the is fownde;

Stody now fast on thin excuse,
 Whylys that thou gost in cordys bownde,
 Thou kallyst the kyng of this werd rownde,
 Now lete me se thi gret powere,
 And save thiself here, hool and sownde,
 And brynge the out of this dawngere.

Leyon. Bryng forth this tretoure, spare hym nowth !
 Onto Cayphas thi jewge we xal the lede.
 In many a place we have the sowth,
 And to thi werkys take good hede.

Rufyne. Com on, Jhesus, and folwe me ;
 I am ful glad that I the have ;
 Thou xalt ben hangyn upon a tre,—
 A melyon of gold xal the not save !
Leyon. Lete me leyn hand on hym in heye,
 Onto his deth I xal hym bryng ;
 Shewe forth thi wychecrafte and nygramansye ;
 What helpyth ye now al thi fals werkyng ?

Jhesu. ffrendys, take hede 3e don unrhyth,
 So unkendely with cordys to bynd me here ;
 And thus to falle on me be nyth,
 As thow I were a thevys fere.
 Many tyme befor 3ow I dede apere ;
 Withinne the temple sen me 3e have,
 The lawys of God to teche and lere,
 To hem that wele here sowlys sawe.

Wy dede 3e not me dysprave,
 And herd me preche, both lowd and lowe ?
 But now as wood men 3e gynne to rave,
 And do thyng that 3e notwth knove.
Gamalyel. Serys, I charge 3ow not o word more this nyth,
 But onto Cayphas in hast loke 3e hym lede ;

Have hym forth with gret dyspyte,
And to his wordys take 3e non hede.

Here the Jewys lede Cryst oute of the place with gret cry and noyse, some drawyng Cryst forward and some bakward, and so ledyng forth with here weponys alofte, and lytys brennyng. And in the mene tyme Marye Magdalene xal rennyng to oure Lady, and telle here of oure Lordys takyng, thus seyng,

Maria Maydelene. O, immaculate modyr, of alle women most meke!

O devowtest, in holy medytacyon evyr abydyng!

The cawse, Lady, that I to 3our person seke,

Is to wetyn yf 3e heryn ony tydyng

Of 3our swete sone, and my reverent Lord Jhesu,

That was 3our dayly solas,—3our gostly consolacyon!

Mary. I wold 3e xuld telle me, Mawdelyn, and 3e knew,

ffor to here of hym it is alle myn affeccyon.

Maria Magdalene. I wold fayn telle, Lady, and I myth for
wepyng,

For sothe, Lady, to the Jewys he is solde;

With cordys thei have hym bownde and have hym in kepyng,

The hym bety spetously, and have hym fast in holde.

Maria Virgo. A! A! A! how myn hert is colde!

A! hert hard as ston, how mayst thou lest?

Whan these sorweful tydyngys are the told,

So wold to God, hert, that thou mytyst brest.

A! Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu!

Why xuld 3e sofer this trybulacyon and advercyté?

How may thei fynd in here hertys 3ow to pursewe,

That nevyr trespassyd in no maner degré?

For nevyr thyng but that was good thowth 3e,

Wherefore than xuld 3e sofer this gret peyn?

I suppoce verily it is for the tresspace of me,

And I wyst that myn hert xuld cleve on tweyn.

ffor these langowrys may I susteyn,

The sword of sorwe hath so thyryld my meende ;

Alas ! what may I do ? alas ! what may I seyn ?

These prongys myn herte asondyr thei do rende.

O ffadyr of hefne ! wher ben al thi behestys

That thou promysyst me, whan a modyr thou me made ?

Thi blyssyd sone I bare betwyx tweyn bestys,

And now the bryth colour of his face doth fade.

O good fadyr ! why woldyst that thin owyn dere sone xal sofre
al this ?

And dede he nevyr azens thi precept, but evyr was obedyent ;

And to every creature most petyful, most jentyl, and benygn
i-wys,

And now for alle these kendnessys is now most shameful
schent.

Why wolt thou, gracyous Fadyr, that it xal be so ?

May man not ellys be savyd be non other kende ?

3et, Lord Fadyr, than that xal comforte myn wo,

Whan man is savyd be my chylde, and browth to a good
ende.

Now, dere sone, syn thou hast evyr be so ful of mercy,

That wylt not spare thiself for the love thou hast to man ;

On alle mankend now have thou pety,

And also thynk on thi modyr, that hevvy woman.

XXIX. KING HEROD.

Primus doctor. O thou altitude of al gostly ryches !

O thou incomprehensibele of grete excyllence !

O thou luminarye of pure lyghtnes !

Shete oute thi bemys ontyl this audyens.

Secundus doctor. O fili Altissimi ! clepyd by eternalyté !

Hele this congregacion with the salve of thi passyon !

And we prey the, Spiritus paraclyté !

With the ffyre of thi love to slake alle detraccion.

Primus doctor. To the pepyl not lernyd I stonde as a techer,

Of this processyon to 3eve informacion ;

And to them that be lernyd, as a gostly precher,

That in my rehersayl they may have delectacion.

Secundus doctor. Welcome of the aposteyls, the glorious qwere,

ffyrst Petyr 3our prynce and eke 3our presydent,

And Andrewe 3our half brother, togedyr in ffere,

That ffyrst ffowlyd Cryst be on assent.

Primus doctor. O 3e tweyn luminaryes, Jamys and John !

Contynually brennyng as bryght as the sonn bem !

With the chene of charyté, bothe knyght in on,

And offeryd of 3our modyr to Cryst in Jherusalem.

Secundus doctor. Welcome, Phelypp, that convertyd Samaryan !

And convertyd the tresorere of the qwene Cabdas !

With Jamys the lesser, that apud Jherosolyman
Was made fyrst patryarke, by the ordenauns of Cephas.

Primus doctor. Heyl, Mathew the apostel and also Evangelyst !
That was clepyd to the fflok of gostly conversacion
ffrom thyrknes of concyens that 3e were in ffest,
With Bertylmew that ffled alle carnalle temptacion.

Secundus doctor. Heyl, Symeon Zelotes ! thus be 3our name,
And Judas, that bothe wel lovyd oure Lord !
Therffore 3e have bothe joye and game,
Wher nevyr is sstryff but good acorde.

Primus doctor. Heyl, Poul, grett doctour of the ffeyth,
And vessel chosyn be trewe eleccion !
Heyl Thomas, of whom the gospel seyth,
In Crystys wounde was 3our refleccion !

Secundus doctor. Heyl, John Baptyst, most sovereyn creature
That evyr was born be naturalle conseyyng !
And hyst of prophetys, as wytnessyth Scrypture ;
Heyl voys that in desert was allewey cryeng !

*What tyme that processyon is enteryd into the place, and
the Herowdys takyn his schaffalde, and Pylat and Annas and
Cayphas here schaffaldys ; also than come ther an exposytour,
in doctorys wede, thus seying,*

Contemplacio. Sofreynes and frendys, 3e mut alle be gret with
gode ;
Grace, love, and charyté evyr be 3ou among ;
The maydenys sone preserve 3ou that for man deyed on rode ;
He that is o God in personys thre, defende 3ou fro 3our fon !

Be the leve and soferauns of allemythty God,
We intendyn to procede the matere that we lefte the last
3ere ;

Wherefore we beseche 3ow that 3our wyllys be good,
To kepe the passyon in 3our mende that xal be shewyd here.

The last 3ere we shewyd here how oure Lord for love of man
Cam to the cety of Jherusalem mekely his deth to take ;
And how he made his mawndé, his body 3evyng than,
To his apostelys evyr with us to abydyn for mannys sake.

In that mawnd he was betrayd of Judas, that hym solde
To the Jewys for xxx^{ti}. platys to delyvyr hym that nyth.
With swerdys and gleyvys to Jhesu they come with the tretour
bolde,
And toke hym amonges his apostelys about myndnyth.

Now wold we procede, how he was browth than
Beforn Annas and Cayphas, and sythe befor Pylate :
And so forth in his passyon how mekely he toke it for man,
Besekyng 3ou for mede of 3our soulys to take good hede
theratte.

Here the Herowndys xal shewe hymself and speke.

Herodes Rex. Now sees of 3our talkyng, and gevyth lordly
audyence ;

Not o word I charge 3ow, that ben here present,
Noon so hardy to presume in my hey presence
To onlose hese lyppys ageyne myn intent.
I am Herowde, of Jewys kyng most reverent,
The lawys of Mahownde my powere xal fortifye ;
Reverens to that Lord of grace moost excyllent,
ffor be his powere alle thinge doth multiplye.

3ef ony Crystyn be so hardy his feyth to denye,
Or onys to erre ageyns his lawe ;
On gebettys with cheynes I xal hangyn hym heye,
And with wyld hors tho traytours xal I drawe.

To kille a thowsand Crystyn I gyf not an hawe ;
 To se hem hangyn or brent to me is very plesauns,
 To dryvyn hem into doongenys dragonys to knawe,
 And to rende here flesche and bonys onto here sustenauns.

John the Baptyst crystenyd Cryst, and so he dede many on,
 Therefore myself dede hym brynge o dawe ;
 It is I that dede hym kille, I telle 3ou everychon,
 ffor and he had go forth he xuld a dystroyd our lawe.
 Where as Crystyn apperyth to me is gret grevauns,
 It peynyth myn hert of tho tretowrys to here ;
 ffor the lawys of Mahownde I have in governawns,
 The whiche I wele kepe, that Lord hath no pere !
 ffor he is God most prudent !
 Now I charge 3ou, my lordys, that ben here,
 Yf any Crystyn doggys here doth apere,
 Bryng tho tretores to my hey powere,
 And thei xal have sone jewgement.

Primus miles. My sovereyn Lord, heyst of excillens,
 In 3ou alle jewgement is termynabyle ;
 Alle Crystyn dogges that do not here dyligens,
 3e put hem to peynes that ben inportable.
Secundus miles. Nothing in 3ou may be more comendable,
 As to dysstroye tho traytores that erre
 Ageyn oure lawys, that ben most profytable ;
 Be rythwysnesse that lawe 3e must profferre.

Rex Herowdes. Now, be glorious Mahownd, my sove-
 reyn Savyour,
 These promessys I make, as I am trewe knyth !
 Thoo that excede his lawys by ony errour,
 To the most xamefullest deth I xal hem dyth.
 But o thyng is sore in my gret delyte,
 Ther is on Jhesus of Nazareth, as men me tellyth ;

Of that man I desyre to han a sythte,
ffor with many gret wondrys oure lawe he fellyth.

The son of God hymself he callyth,
And kyng of Jewys he seyth is he,
And many woundrys of hym he fallyth—
My hert desyryth hym for to se.
Seres, yf that he come in this cowntré,
With oure jursesdyccion loke 3e aspye,
And anon that he be brouth onto me,
And the trewth myself than xal trye.

Primus miles. Tomorwe my jorné I xal begynne,
To seke Jhesus with my dew dilygens;
3yf he come 3our provynce withinne,
He xal not askape 3our hey presens.

Secundus miles. Myn sovereyn, this is my cowncel that
3e xal take,

A man that is bothe wyse and stronge,
Thurwe alle Galylé a serge to make,
Yf Jhesu be enteryd 3our pepyl among,
Corrette hese dedys that be do wronge,
ffor his body is undyr 3our bayle,
As men talkyn hem among,
That he was born in Galylé.

Rex. Thanne of these materys, serys, take hede;
ffor a whyle I wele me rest,
Appetyde requyryth me so indede,
And ffesyk tellyth me it is the best.

XXX. THE TRIAL OF CHRIST.

Here xal a massanger com into the place rennyng and cryyng "Tydyngys! tydynges!" and so rownd abowth the place, "Jhesus of Nazareth is take! Jhesus of Nazareth is take!" and forthwith heylyng the prynces, thus seying,

Massanger. Alle heyle, my lordys, princys of prestys!
Sere Cayphas and sere Annas, lordys of the lawe!
Tydynges I brynge 3ou, reseyyve them in 3our brestys;
Jhesus of Nazareth is take, therof 3e may be fawe!
He xal be browth hedyr to 3ou anon;
I telle 3ou trewly with a gret rowth,—
Whan he was take I was hem among,
And ther was I ner to kachyd a clowte.

Malcus bar a lanterne and put hym in pres,
Anoon he had a towche and of went his ere!
Jhesus bad his dyscyple put up his swerd and ces,
And sett Malcus ere ageyn as hool as it was ere!
So mot y the, methowut it was a strawnge syth!
Whan we cam fyrst to hym, he cam us ageyn,
And haskyd whom we sowth that tyme of nyth?
We seyde Jhesus of Nazareth, we wolde have hym fayn.

And he seyde, "it is I that am here in 3our syth;"
With that word we ovyrthrowyn bakward everychone,
And some on her bakkys lyeng upryth,
But standyng upon fote manly ther was not on.

Cryst stode on his fete as meke as a lom,
 And we loyn styлле lyche ded men tyl he bad us ryse ;
 Whan we were up, fast handys we leyd hym upon,
 But 3et me thought I was not plesyd with the newe gyse.

Therefore takyth now 3our cowncel and avyse 3ou ryth
 weyl,

And beth ryth ware that he make 3ou not amat ;
 ffor be my thryfte I dare sweryn at this seyl,
 3e xal fynde hym a strawnge watt !

*Here bryng thei Jhesus beforн Annas and Cayphas,
 and on xal seyn thus,*

Lo ! lo ! lordys, here is the man
 That 3e sent us fore.

Annas. Therefore we cone 3ou thanke than,
 And reward 3e xal have the more.

Jhesus, thou art welcome hedyr to oure presens ;
 Ful oftyn tymes we han the besyly do sowth ;
 We payd to thi dyscypyle for the thretty pens,
 And as an ox or an hors we trewly the bowth.
 Therefore now art oure as thou standyst us before ;
 Sey, why thou ast trobelyd us and subvertyd oure lawe ?
 Thou hast ofte concludyd us, and so thou hast do more,
 Wherfore it were ful nedful to bryng the a dawe.

Cayphas. What arн thi dysciplys that folwyn the aboute ?
 And what is thi doctryne that thou dost preche ?

Telle me now somewhath, and bryng us out of doute,
 That we may to othere men thi prechyng forth teche.

Jhesus. Al tymes that I have prechyd, opyn it was don
 In the synagog or in the temple, where that alle
 Jewys com :

Aske hem what I have seyde, and also what I have don ;
 Thei con telle the my wordys, aske hem everychone.

Primus Judeus. What thou, fela? to whom spekyst thou?

Xalt thou so speke to a buschop?

Thou xalt have on the cheke, I make a vow,

And 3et therto a knok.

Here he xal smyte Jhesus on the cheke.

Jhesus. Yf I have seyde amys,

Therof wytnesse thou mayst bere;

And yf I have seyde but weyl in this,

Tho[u] dost amys me to dere!

Annas. Serys, takyth hed now to this man,

That he dystroye not oure lawe;

And brynge 3e wytnesse a3ens hym that he can,

So that he may be browt of dawe.

Primus doctor. Sere, this I herd hym with his owyn
mowth seyn,—

Brekth down this temple without delay,

And I xal settynt up ageyn

As hool as it was, by the thrydde day.

Secundus doctor. 3a, ser, and I herd hym seyn also

That he was the Sone of God;

And 3et many a fole wenyth so,

I durst leyn theron myn hed.

3a! 3a! and I herd hym preche meche thyng,

And a3ens oure lawe everydel;

Of wheche it were longe to make rekenyng,

To tellyn alle at this seel.

Cayphas. What seyst now, Jhesus? whi answeryst not?

Heryst not what is seyde a3ens the?

Spek man, spek! spek, thou fop!

Hast thou scorn to speke to me?

Heryst not in how many thynges thei the accuse?

Now I charge the and conjure, be the sonne and the mone,
That thou telle us and thou be Goddys sone !

Jhesus. Goddys sone I am, I sey not nay to the !

And that 3e alle xal se domys-day,
Whan the sone xal come in gret powere and magesté,
And deme the qweke and dede, as I the say.

Cayphas. A ! out ! out ! alas ! what is this ?

Heryth 3e not how he blasfemyth God ?
What nedyth us to have more wyttness ?

Here 3e han herd alle his owyn word !
Thynk 3e not he is worthy to dey ?

Et clamabant omnes. “ 3ys ! 3ys ! 3ys ! alle we seye
he is worthy to dey, 3a ! 3a ! 3a ! ”

Annas. Takyth hym to 3ow and betyth hym som del,
ffor hese blasfemyng at this sel.

*Here thei xal bete Jhesus about the hed and the body,
and spyttyn in his face, and pullyn hym down, and
settyn hym on a stol, and castyn a cloth ovyr his face ;
and the fyrst xal seyn,*

Primus Judæus. A ! felawys, beware what 3e do to this
man,
ffor he prophecye weyl kan.

Secundus Judæus. That xal be asayd be this batte,
What thou, Jhesus ? ho 3aff the that ?

Et percuciet super caput.

Tertius Judæus. Whar ? whar ? now wole I
Wetyn how he can prophecy.

Ho was that ?

Quartus Judæus. A ! and now wole I a newe game
begynne,
That we mon pley at alle that arn hereinne ;

Whele and pylle ! whele and pylle !
Comyth to halle ho so wylle.

Ho was that ?

Here xal the woman come to Jewys and seyn,

Prima ancilla. What, serys, how take 3e on with this
man ?

Se 3e not on of hese dyscipleys how he beheldyth 3ou than.

Here xal the tother woman seyn to Peter,

Secunda ancilla. A ! good man me semyth be the,
That thou on of hese dyscipleys xulde be.

Petrus. A ! woman, I sey nevyr er this man,
Syn that this werd fyrst began.

Et cantabit gallus.

Prima ancilla. What ? thou mayst not sey nay, thou
art on of hese men,

Be thi face wel we may the ken.

Petrus. Woman, thou seyst amys of me ;
I know hym not ; so mote I the.

Primus Judæus. A ! fela myn, wel met,
For my cosynys ere thou of smet ;
Whan we thi mayster in the 3erd toke,
Than alle thi ffelawys hym forsoke ;
And now thou mayst not hym forsake,
For thou art of Galylé, I undyrtake.

Petrus. Sere, I knowe hym not, be hym that made me !

And 3e wole me beleve ffor an oth,
I take record of alle this compayné,
That I sey to 3ow is soth.

Et cantabit gallus. And than Jhesus xal lokyn on
Petyr, and *Petyr* xal wepyn, and than he xal gon out and
seyn,

A ! weel away ! weel away ! fals hert, why wylt thou not
brest,

Syn thi maystyr so cowardly thou hast forsake ?

Alas ! qwher xal I now on erthe rest,

Tyl he of his mercy to grace wole me take ?

I have forsake my mayster and my lord Jhesu

Thre tymes, as he tolde me that I xuld do the same ;

Wherfore I may not have sorwe anow,

I synful creature am so meche to blame.

Whan I herd the cok crowyn, he kest on me a loke,

As who seyth, “ bethynke the what I seyde before ? ”

Alas, the tyme that I evyr hym forsoke !

And so wyl I thynkyn from hens evyrmore.

Cayphas. Massangere ! Massangere !

Massangere. Here, lord, here !

Cayphas. Massanger, to Pylat in hast thou xalt gon,

And sey hym we comawnde us in word and in dede ;

And prey hym that he be at the mot-halle anoon,

ffor we han gret matere that he must nedes spede.

In hast now go thi way,

And loke thou tery nowth.

Massanger. It xal be do, lord, be this day,

I am as whyt as thought.

Here Pylat syttyth in his skaffald, and the massanger kneleth to hym, thus seyng,

Al heyl ! sere Pylat, that semly is to se !

Prynce of al this Juré, and kepere of the lawe !

My lord busshop Cayphas comawndyd hym to the,

And prayd the to be at the mot-halle by the day dawe.

Pylat. Go thi way, praty masanger, and comawnde me
also ;

I xal be there in hast, and so thou mayst say :

Be the oure of prime I xal comyn hem to,
I tery no lenger, no make no delay.

Here the massanger comit azen and bryngit an answer, thus seying,

Massanger. Al heyl! myn lordys, and buschoppys, and princys of the lawe!

Ser Pylat comawndyth hym to 3ou, and bad me to 3ou say,

He wole be at the mot-halle in hast sone after the day dawe,

Hewold 3e xuld be ther be prime withouth lenger delay.

Cayphas. Now weyl mote thou fare, my good page;

Take thou this for thi massage.

Here enteryth Judas onto the Juwys thus seying,

Judas. I Judas have synnyd and treson have don,

ffor I have betrayd this rythful blood;

Here is 3our mony azen, alle and some,

ffor sorwe and thowth I am wax wood.

Annas. What is that to us? avyse the now,

Thou dedyst with us covnawnt make;

Thou seldyst hym us as hors or kow,

Therfore thin owyn dedys thou must take!

Than Judas castyth down the mony, and goth and hangyth hymself.

Cayphas. Now, serys, the nyth is passyd, the day is come;

It were tyme this man had his jewgement;

And Pylat abydyth in the mot-halle alone,

Tyl we xuld this man present;

And therefore go we now forth with hym in hast.

Primus Judæus. It xal be don and that in short spas.

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! but loke yf he be bownd ryth wel
and fast.

Tertius Judæus. He is saff anow ' go we ryth a good pas !

*Here thei ledyn Jhesu about the place tyl thei come
to the halle.*

Cayphas. Sere Pylat, takyght hede to this thyng !

Jhesus we han befor the browth,
Wheche owre lawe doth down bryng,
And mekyl schame he hath us wrowth.

Annas. ffrom this cetye into the lond of Galylé,
He hath browth oure lawys neyr into confusyon,
With hese craftys wrowth be nygramancye,
Shewyth to the pepyl be fals simulacyon.

Primus doctor. 3a ! 3et, ser, another and werst of alle !

Azens Sesar, oure emperour that is so fre,
Kyng of Jewys he doth hym calle,

So oure emperoures power nowth xuld be !

Secundus doctor. Sere Pylat, we kannot telle half the blame

That Jhesus in oure countré hath wrowth ;
Therefore we charge the in the emperores name,
That he to the deth in hast be browth !

Pylat. What seyst to these compleyntys, Jhesu ?

These pepyl hath the sore acusyd,
Because thou bryngyst up lawys newe,
That in oure days were not usyd.

Jhesus. Of here accusyng me rowth nowth,
So that thei hurt not here soulys ne non mo.
I have nowth 3et founde that I have sowth,
ffor my faderys wyl fforth must I go.

Pylat. Jhesus, be this than I trowe thou art a kyng,
And the sone of God thou art also,—

Lord of erth and of alle thing,—

Telle me the trowth, if it be so !

Jhesus. In hefne is knowyn my faderys intent,

And in this werlde I was born ;

Be my fadyr I was hedyr sent,

For to seke that was forlorn.

Alle that me heryn and in me belevyn,

And kepyn here feyth stedfastly ;

Thow thei weryn dede I xal them recuryn,

And xal them bryng to blysse endlesly.

Pilate. Lo ! serys, now 3e an erde this man, how thynk 3e ?

Thynke 3e not alle be 3oure reson ?

But as he seyth it may wel be,

And that xulde be this incheson.

I fynde in hym non obecyon

Of errour, nor treson, ne of no maner gylt ;

The lawe wele in no conclusyon

Withowte defawth he xuld be spylt.

Primus doctor. Sere Pylat, the lawe restyth in the,

And we knowe veryly his gret trespas ;

To the emperour this mater told xal be,

Yf thou lete Jhesus thus from the pas !

Pylat. Serys, than telle me o thyng,

What xal be his acusyng ?

Annas. Sere, we telle the altogedyr,

ffor his evyl werkys we browth hym hedyr ;

And yf he had not an evyl doere be,

We xuld not a browth hym to the.

Pylat. Takyth hym than after 3our sawe,

And demyth hym aftyr 3our lawe.

Cayphas. It is not lefful to us, 3e seyn,

No maner man for to slen ;

The cawse why we bryng hym to the,
 That he xuld not oure kyng be.
 Weyl thou knowyst kyng we have non,
 But oure Emperour alon.

Pylat. Jhesu, thou art kyng of Juré?

Jhesus. So thou seyst now to me.

Pylat. Tel me than, where is thi kyngham?

Jhesus. My kyngham is not in this werld,
 I telle the at o word.

Yf my kyngham here had be,
 I xuld not a be delyveryd to the.

Pylat. Seres, avyse 3ow as 3e kan.

I can fynde no defawth in this man.

Annas. Sere, here is a gret record take hed therto,

And knowyng gret myschef in this man;
 And not ònly in o day or to,

It is many 3erys syn he began.
 We kan telle the tyme where and whan,
 That many a thowsand turnyd hath he,
 As alle this pepylle record weyl kan,
 From hens into the lond of Galylé.

Et clamabunt "3a! 3a! 3a!"

Pilat. Serys, of o thyng than gyf me relacyon,
 If Jhesus were outborn in the lond of Galylye,
 ffor we han no poer, ne no jurediccyon,
 Of no man of that contré.

Therefore the trewth 3e telle me,
 And another wey I xal provyde,—
 If Jhesus were born in that countré,
 The jugement of Herowdys he must abyde.

Cayphas. Sere, as I am to the lawe trewly sworn,
 To telle the trewth I have no fer;

In Galelye I know that he was born,
 I can telle in what place and where.
 Aȝens this no man may answeſe,
 ffor he was born in Bedlem Judé;
 And this ȝe knowe, now alle I have don here,
 That it stant in the lond of Galelye.

Pylat. Weyl, serys, syn that I knowe that it is so,
 The trewth of this I must nedys se:
 I undyrstand ryth now what is to do,
 The jugement of Jhesu lyth not to me.
 Herowde is kyng of that countré,
 To jewge that regyon in lenth and in brede;
 The jursdyccyon of Jhesu now han must he,
 Therfore Jhesu in hast to hym ȝe lede;
 In halle the hast that ȝe may spede,
 Lede hym to the Herownde anon present,
 And sey I comawnde me, with worde and dede,
 And Jhesu to hym that I have sent.

Primus doctor. This erand in hast sped xal be,
 In alle the hast that we can do;
 We xal not tary in no degré,
 Tyl the Herowdys presens we come to.

Here thei take Jhesu and lede hym in gret hast to the Herowde; and the Herowdys scafald xal uncloſe, shewyng Herowdes in astat, alle the Jewys knelyng, except Annas and Cayphas, thei xal stondyn, etc.

Primus doctor. Heyl, Herowde, most excyllent kyng!

We arn comawndyd to thin presens,—

Pylat sendyth the be us gretynge,

And chargyth us, be oure obedyens,

Secundus doctor. That we xuld do oure dylygens

To bryng Jhesus of Nazareth onto the,

And chargyth us to make no resystens,

Becawse he was born in this countré.

Annas. We knowe he hath wrowth gret folé

Ageyns the lawe shewyd present ;

Therfore Pylat sent hym onto the,

That thou xuldyst gyf hym judgement.

Herowde Rex. Now, be Mahound my God of Grace !

Of Pylat this is a dede ful kende ;

I forgyf hym now is gret trespace,

And schal be his frend withowtyn ende.

Jhesus to me that he wole sende,

I desyred ful sore hym for to se ;

Gret ese in this Pylat xal fynde,

And, Jhesus, thou art welcome to me !

Primus Judæus. My sovereyn lord, this is the case,

The gret falsnesse of Jhesu is opynly knawe ;

Ther was nevyr man dede so gret trespas,

ffor he hath almost destroyd oure lawe.

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! be fals crafte of soserye,

Wrowth opynly to the pepylle alle,

And be sotyl poyntes of nygramancye,

Many thowsandys fro oure lawe be falle.

Cayphas. Most excellent kyng, 3e must take hede,

He wol dystroye alle this countré, bothe elde and 3yng ;

Yf he ten monthis more procede,

Be his meraclys and fals prechyng,

He bryngyth the pepyl in gret fonnyng,

And seyth dayly among hem alle,

That he is lord and of the Jewys kyng,

And the sone of God he doth hym calle.

Rex Herowde. Serys, alle these materys I have herd sayd,

And meche more than 3e me telle ;

Alletogedyr thei xal be layde,

And I wyl take thereon cowncelle.

Jhesus, thou art welcome to me ;
 I kan Pylat gret thank for his sendyng ;
 I have desyryd ful longe the to se,
 And of thi meracles to have knowyng.

It is told me thou dost many a wondyr thyng,
 Crokyd to gon and blynd men to sen,
 And thei that ben dede gevyst hem levyng,
 And makyst lepers fayre and hool to ben.
 These arn wondyr werkys wrougth of the,
 Be what wey I wolde knowe the trew sentens.
 Now Jhesu, I pray the, lete me se
 O meracle wrougth in my presens.
 In hast now do thi dylygens,
 And peraventure I wyl shew favour to the ;
 ffor now thou art in my presens,
 Thyn lyf and deth here lyth in me.

And here Jhesus xal not speke no word to the Herowde.

Jhesus, why spekyst not to thi kyng ?
 What is the cawse thou standyst so styлле ?
 Thou nowyst I may deme alle thyng,—
 Thyn lyf and deth lyth at my wyлле !

What? spek Jhesus, and telle me why
 This pepyl do the so here acuse ?
 Spare not, but telle me now on he,
 How thou canst thiself excuse.

Cayphas. Loo ! serys, this is of hym a false sotylté,
 He wyl not speke but whan he lyst ;
 Thus he dysceyvyth the pepyl in eche degré ;
 He is ful fals, 3e veryly tryst.

Rex Herowde. What, thou onhangyd harlot, why wylt
 thou not speke ?

Hast thou skorne to speke onto thi kyng ?

Becawse thou dost oure lawys breke,

I trowe thou art aferd of oure talkyng.

Annas. Nay, he is not aferde, but of a fals wyle,

Becawse we xuld not hym acuse ;

If that he answerd 3ow ontylle,

He knowyth he kan not hymself excuse.

Rex Herowde. What? spek I say, thou foulyng, evyl
mot thou fare !

Loke up, the devyl mote the cheke !

Seres, bete his body with scorges bare,

And asay to make hym for to speke !

Primus Judæus. It xal be do withoutyn teryeng,—

Come on, thou tretour, evyl mot thou the !

Whylt thou not speke onto oure kyng ?

A new lesson we xal lere the !

*Here thei pulle of Jhesus clothis, and betyn hym with
whyppys.*

Secundus Judæus. Jhesus, thi bonys we xal not breke,

But we xal make the to skyppe !

Thou hast lost thi tonge, thou mayst not speke,

Thou xalt asay now of this whippe.

Tertius Judæus. Serys, take these whyppys in 3our honde,

And spare not whyl thei last ;

And bete this tretoure that here doth stonde,

I trowe that he wyl speke in hast.

*And qwhan thei han betyn hym tyl he is alle blody,
than the Herownd seyth,*

Sees, seres, I comawnde 3ou be name of the
devyl of helle !

Jhesus, thynkyst this good game ?

Thou art strong, to suffyr schame,

Thou haddyst levyr be betyn lame,

Than thi defawtys for to telle.

But I wyl not thi body alle spyl,
 Nor put it here into more peyn ;
 Serys, takyth Jhesus at 3our owyn wyl,
 And lede hym to Pylat hom ageyn.
 Grete hym weyl, and telle hym serteyn,
 Alle my good frenchep xal he have ;
 I gyf hym powere of Jhesus, thus 3e hym seyn,
 Whether he wole hym dampne or save.
Primus doctor. Sere, at 3our request it xal be do,
 We xal lede Jhesus at 3our demawde;
 And delyvyr hym Pylat onto,
 And telle hym alle as 3e comawnde.

*Here enteryth Satan into the place in the most
 orryble wyse, and qwyl that he pleyth, thei xal don on
 Jhesus clothis and overest a whyte clothe, and ledyn
 hym abowth the place, and than to Pylat, be the tyme
 that hese wyf hath pleyd.*

XXXI. PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM.

Sathan. Thus I reyne as a rochand with a rynggyng
rowth,

As a devyl most dowty dred is my dynt;
Many a thowsand develys to me do thei lowth,
Brennyng in flamys as fyre out of flynt!
Ho so serve me, Sathan, to sorwe is he sent,
With dragonys in doungenys and develys fu derke,
In bras and in bronston the brethellys be brent,
That wene in this werd my wyl for to werke!

With myschef on moolde here membrys I merke,
That japyn with Jhesus that Judas solde;
Be he nevyr so crafty nor conyng clerke,
I harry them to helle as tretour bolde.
But ther is o thyng that grevyth me sore,
Of a prophete that Jhesu men calle;
He peynyth me every day more and more,
With his holy meraclis and werkys alle.

I had hym onys in a temptacyon,
With glotenye, with covetyse, and veynglorye,
I hasayd hym be alle weys that I cownde don,
And uttyrly he refusyd hem, and gan me defye.
That rebuke that he gaf me xal not be unqwyte,
Somwhat I have begonne, and more xal be do;
ffor alle his barfot goyng, fro me xal he not skyp,
But my derk dongeon I xal bryngyn hym to.

I have do made redy his cros that he xal dye upon,
And thre nayles to takke hym with that he xal not
styrte ;

Be he nevyr so holy he xal not fro me gon,
But with a sharpe spere he xal be smet to the herte.

And sythyn he xal come to helle be he nevyr so stowte,
And yet I am aferd and he come he wole do som wrake ;
Therefore I xal go warnyn helle that thei loke abowte,
That thei make redy chenys to bynd hym with in lake.

Helle ! Helle ! make redy, for here xal come a gest,
Hedyr xal come Jhesus that is clepyd Goddys sone,
And he xal ben here be the oure of none,
And with the here he xal wone,
And han ful shrewyd rest.

Here xal a devyl spekyn in helle.

Demon. Out upon the ! we conjure the,
That nevyr in helle we may hym se,
ffor and he onys in helle be,
He xal oure power brest.

Sathan. A ! A ! than have I go to ferre ;
But som wyle help, I have a shrewde torne,
My game is wers than I wend here,
I may seyn my game is lorne.

Lo ! a wyle yet have a kast,
If I myth Jhesus lyf save,
Helle gatys xal be sperd fast,
And kepe style alle tho I have.

To Pylatys wyff I wele now go,
And sche is aslepe a bed ful fast,
And byd here withowtyn wordys mo,
To Pylat that sche send in hast.

I xal asay, and this wol be
 To bryng Pylat in belef;
 Withinne a whyle, 3e xal se,
 How my craft I wole go pref.

Here xal the devyl gon to Pylatys wyf, the corteyn drawyn as she lyth in bedde; and he xal no dene make; but she xal sone after that he is come in, makyn a rewly noyse, commyng and rennyng of the schaffald, and her shert and here kyrtyl in here hand, and sche xal come beforn Pylat leke a mad woman, seyng thus,

Uxor Pilaty. Pylat, I charge the that thou take hede!

Deme not Jhesu, but be his frende!
 3yf thou jewge hym to be dede,
 Thou art dampnyd withowtyn ende!

A fend aperyd me beforn,
 As I lay in my bed slepyng fast;
 Sethyn the tyme that I was born
 Was I nevyr so sore agast!

As wylde fyre and thondyr blast,
 He cam cryeng onto me;
 He seyde, thei that bete Jhesu or bownd hym fast,
 Withowtyn ende dampnyd xal be!

Therefore a wey herein thou se,
 And lete Jhesu from the clere pace;
 The Jewys thei wole begyle the,
 And put on the alle the trespase.

Pylat. Gramercy, myn wyf, for evyr 3e be trewe;
 3our cowncel is good and evyr hath be!
 Now to 3our chawmer 3e do sewe,
 And alle xal be weyl, dame, as 3e xal se.

XXXII. THE CONDEMNATION AND CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

Here the Jewys bryng Jhesus azen to Pylat.

Primus doctor. Sere Pylat, gode tydandys thou here
of me,—

Of Herowd the kyng thou hast good wyl;
And Jhesus he sendyth azen to the,
And byddyth the chese hym to save or spylle!

Secundus doctor. 3a! ser, alle the poer lyth now in the,
And thou knowyst oure feyth he hath nere schent:
Thou knowyst what myschef therof may be,
We charge the to gyf hym jwgement.

Pylat. Serys, trewly 3e be to blame,
Jhesus thus to bete, dyspoyle, or bynde;
Or put hym to so gret schame;
ffor no defawth in hym I fynde.

Ne Herowdys nother to whom I sent 3ow,
Defawte in hym cowde fynde ryth non;
But sent hym azen to me be 3ow,
As 3e knowe wel everychon.

Therefore undyrstande what I xal say,
3e knowe the custom is in this londe,

Of þour Pasche day that is ner honde,
 What theff or tretour be in bonde,
 For worchep of that day xal go fre away
 Without any price.

Now than me thynkyth it were ryth,
 To lete Jhesus now go qwyte,
 And do to hym no mo dyspyte,—
 I wolde wete what ȝe say.

Seres, this is myn avyse.

Here alle thei xul cryen, “ Nay ! nay ! nay ! ”

Primus doctor. Delyvere us the theff Barabas,
 That for mansclawth presonde was.

Pylat. What xal I than with Jhesu do ?
 Whether xal he abyde or go ?

Secundus doctor. Jhesus xal on the cros be don,
Crucifigatur we cry echon !

Pylat. Seres, what hath Jhesus don amys ?

Populus clamabunt. *Crucifigatur* we sey at onys.

Pylat. Serys, syn al gatys ȝe wolyn so,
 Puttyn Jhesu to wo and peyn ;
 Jhesu a wyle with me xal go,
 I wole hym examyne betwyx us tweyn.

*Here Pylat takyth Jhesu, and ledyth hym into the
 cowncel hous, and seyth,*

Jhesus, what seyst now ? lete se,
 This matere now thou undyrstonde ;
 In pes thou myth be for me,
 But for thi pepyl of thi londe.

Busshoppys and prestys of the lawe,
 Thei love the not, as thou mayst se ;

And the comon pepyl aȝens the drawe,

In pes thou myth a be for me,—

This I telle the pleyñ !

What seyst, Jhesus ? whi spekest not me to ?

Knowyst not I have power on the cros the to do,

And also I have power to lete the forth go !

What kanst thou here to seyn ?

Jhesus. On me poer thou hast ryth non,

But that my fadyr hath grawntyð beforñ ;

I cam my faderys wyl to fullefylle,

That mankynd xuld not spylle.

He that hath betrayd me to the at this tyme,

His trespas is more than is thine.

Primus doctor. ȝe prynces and maysteres, takyð hed
and se

How Pylat in this matere is favorabył ;

And thus oure lawys dystroyd myth be,

And to us alle unrecurabył !

*Here Pylat letyð Jhesus alone and goth into the
Jewys, and seyð,*

Seres, what wole ȝe now with Jhesu do ?

I can fynde in hym but good !

It is my cownce ȝe lete hym go,—

It is rewthe to spylle his blood !

Cayphas. Pylat, me thynkyð thou dost gret wrong,

Aȝens oure lawe thus to fortefye ;

And the pepyl here is so strong,

Bryngyng the lawful testymonye.

Annas. ȝa ! and thou lete Jhesu fro us pace,

This we welyn upholdyn alle ;

Thou xalt answer for his trespas,

And tretour to the emperour we xal the kalle.

Pylat. Now than, syn ȝe wolne non other weye,

But in al wyse that Jhesus must deye,

Artyse, bryng me watyr, I prey the,
And what I wole do, 3e xal se.

Hic unus afferet aquam.

As I wasche with watyr my handys clene,
So gyltles of hese deth I must ben.

Primus doctor. The blod of hym mut ben on us,
And on oure chyldyr aftyr us!

Et clamabunt "3a! 3a! 3a!"

*Than Pylat goth a3en to Jhesu, and bryngit hym,
thus seyng,*

Lo! seres, I bryng hym here to 3our presens,
That 3e may knowe I fynde in hym non offens.

Secundus doctor. Delyvere hym! delyvere hym! and
let us go,

On the crosse that he were do!

Pilat. Seres, wolde 3e 3our kyng I xulde on the cros don?

Tertius doctor. Sere, we seyn that we have no kyng but
the emperour alon.

Pilat. Seres, syn al gatys it must be so,

We must syt and our office do;

Brynge forth to the barre that arn to be dempt,

And thei xal have here jugement.

*Here thei xal brynge Barabas to the barre, and
Jhesu, and ij. Jewys in here shertys bare-leggyd, and
Jhesus standyng at the barre betwyx them; and Annas
and Cayphas xal gon into the councelle hous qwhan
Pylat syttyth.*

Pylat. Barabas, hold up thi hond!
For here at thi delyvere dost thou stond.

And he halt up his hond.

Serys, qwhat sey 3e of Barabas thef and tretour bold?
Xal he go fre or he xal be kept in holde?

Primus doctor. Sere, for the solemnyté of oure Pasche day,
Be oure lawe he xal go fre away.

Pylat. Barabas, than I dysmysse the,
And 3eve the lycens to go fre.

Et curret.

Dysmas and Jesmas ther as 3e stondys,
The lawe comawndyth 3ou to hold up 3our hondys ;
Sere, what sey 3e of these thevys tweyn ?

Secundus doctor. Sere, thei ben bothe gylty, we seyn.

Pylat. And what sey 3e of Jhesu of Nazareth ?

Primus doctor. Sere, we sey he xal be put to deth !

Pylat. And kone 3e put a3ens hym no trespas.

Secundus Doctor. Sere, we wylle alle that he xal be put
upon the crosse !

Et clamabunt omnes voce magna dicentes, " 3a ! 3a ! 3a ! "

Pylat. Jhesu, thin owyn pepyl han dysprevyd,

Al that I have for the seyde or mevyd ;

I charge 3ou alle at the begynnyng,

As 3e wole answeere me beforne,

That ther be no man xal towche 3our kyng,

But yf he be knyght or jentylman born.

Fyrst his clothis 3e xal of don,

And makyn hym nakyd for to be ;

Bynde hym to a pelere, as sore as 3e mon,

Than skorge hym with qwypys that al men may se !

Whan he is betyn, crowne hym for 3our kyng !

And than to the cros 3e xal hym bryng !

And to the crosse thou xalt be fest,

And on thre naylys thi body xal rest !

On xal thorwe thi ryth hand go,

Anothyr thorwe thi lyfte hand also ;

The thred xal be smet thoro bothe thi feet,
 Wheche nayle ther to be mad ful mete !
 And 3et thou xalt not hange alone,
 But on eyther syde of the xal be on.
 Dysmas now, I deme the,
 That on hese ryth hand thou xalt be !
 And Jesmas on the left hand hangyd xal ben,
 On the mowth of Calverye, that men may sen !

Here Pylat xal rysyn and gon to his schaffald, and the busshoppys with hym ; and the Jewys xul crye for joy with a gret voys, and arryn hym and pullyn of his clothis, and byndyn hym to a pelere, and skorgyn hym ; on seying thus,

Primus Judeus. Doth gladly, oure kyng,
 For this is 3our first begynnyng !

And qwhan he is skorgyd, thei put upon hym a cloth of sylk, and settyn hym on a stol, and puttyn a kroune of thornys on hese hed with forkys ; and the Jewys knelyng to Cryst, takyng hym a septer and skornyng hym, and than thei xal pullyn of the purpyl clothe, and don on ageyn his owyn clothis ; and leyn the crosse in hese necke to berynt, and drawyn hym forth with ropys ; and than xal come to women wepyng, and with here handes wryngyn, seying thus,

Primus mulier. Allas ! Jhesus, allas ! Jhesus, wo is me !

That thou art thus dyspoylyd, allas !
 And 3et nevyr defawth was fownd in the,
 But evyr thou hast be fole of grace.

Secundus mulier. A ! here is a rewful syth of Jhesu so
 good,

That he xal thus dye ajens the ryth ;
 A ! wykkyd men, 3e be more than wood.
 To do that good Lord so gret dyspyte !

Here Jhesus turnyth azen to the women with his crosse, thus seying,

Dowterys of Hierusalem, for me wepyth nowth,
 But for 3ourselſ wepyth and for 3our chyldyr also ;
 For the days xal come that thei han aftyr sowth,
 Here synne and here blyndnesse xal turne hym to wo !

Than xal be sayd “ blyssyd be the wombys that bareyn be,
 And wo to the tetys tho days that do 3evyn sokyng ! ”
 And to here faderes, thei xul seyn, “ Wo to the tyme that
 thou begat me ! ”
 And to her moderes, “ Allas ! wher xal be oure
 dwellyng ? ”

Than to the hyllys and mownteynes they xal crye and
 calle,
 Oppyn and hyde us from the face of hym syttyng in
 trone !
 Or ellys ovyrthrowyth and on us now come falle,
 That we may be hyd from oure sorweful mone.

*Here Jhesus turnyth fro the women and goth forth,
 and ther thei metyn with Symonem in the place, the
 Jewys seying to hym,*

Primus Judæus. Sere, to the a word of good ;
 A man is here thou mayst se,
 Beryth hevyr of a rode,
 Where an he xal hangyd be.

Therfore we pray alle the,
 Thou take the crosse of the man ;
 Bere it with us to Kalvarye,
 And ryth gret thank thou xalt han.

Symon. Seres, I may not in no degré,—
 I have gret errandys for to do ;

Therefore I pray 3ow excuse me,
And on my herand lete me go.

Secundus Judæus. What ? harlot, hast thou skorne
To bere the tre ? whan we the praye !
Thou xalt berynt, haddyst thou sworn,
And yt were ten tyme the weye !

Symon. Serys, I pray 3ow dysplese 3ou nowth,
I wole help to bere the tre ;
Into the place it xal be browth,
Where 3e wole commawnde me.

Here Symon takyth the cros of Jhesus, and beryth it forth.

Veronica. A ! 3e synful pepyl, why fare thus ?
ffor swet and blod he may not se !
Allas ! holy prophete, Cryst Jhesus !
Careful is myn hert for the !

And sche whypyth his face with her kerchy.

Jhesus. Veronyca, thi whipyng doth me ese !
My face is clene that was blak to se :
I xal them kepe from alle mysese,
That lokyn on thi kerchy and remembyr me !

Than xul thei pulle Jhesu out of his clothis, and leyn them togedyr ; and ther thei xul pullyn hym down and leyn along on the cros, and after that naylyn hym thereon.

Primus Judæus. Come on now here, we xal asay
Yf the cros for the be mete ;
Cast hym down here in the devyl way,
How long xal he standyn on his fete ?

Secundus Judæus. Pul hym down, evyl mote he the !

And gyf me his arm in hast ;
And anon we xal se
Hese good days thei xul be past !

Tertius Judæus. Gef hese other arm to me,—

Another take hed to hese feet ;
And anon we xal se
Yf the borys be for hym meet.

Quartus Judæus. This is mete, take good hede ;

Pulle out that arm to the sore.

Primus Judæus. This is short, the devyl hym sped,
Be a large fote and more.

Secundus Judæus. ffest on a rop and pulle hym long,

And I xal drawe the ageyn ;
Spare we not these ropys strong,
Thow we brest both flesch and veyn !

Tertius Judæus. Dryve in the nayle anon, lete se,

And loke and the flesch and sennes welle last.

Quartus Judæus. That I graunt, so mote I the ;

Lo ! this nayl is dreve ryth wel and fast.

Primus Judæus. ffest a rope than to his feet,

And drawe hym down long anow.

Secundus Judæus. Here is a nayl for both good and greet,

I xal dryve it thorwe, I make a vow !

Here xule thei leve of and dawncyn aboute the cros shortly.

Tertius Judæus. Lo ! fela, here a lythe takkyd on a tre !

Quartus Judæus. 3a ! and I trowe thou art a worthy
kyng !

Primus Judæus. A ! good sere, telle me now what
helpyth thi prophecy the ?

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! or any of thi ffals prechyng !

Tertius Judæus. Seres, set up the cros on the honde,
That we may loke hym in the face.

Quartus Judæus. 3a ! and we xal knelyn onto oure kyng
so kend,

And preyn hym of his gret grace !

*Here qwhan thei han set hym up, thei xuln gon before
hym, seyng eche affter other thus,*

Primus Judæus. Heyl ! kyng of Jewys, yf thou be.

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! 3a ! sere, as thou hangyst there
flesche and bonys.

Tertius Judæus. Com now down of that tre !

Quartus Judæus. And we wole worchepe the alle at
onys.

*Here xul poer comonys stand and loke upon the Jewys
iiij. or v., and the Jewys xul come to them, and do them
hange the thevys.*

Primus Judæus. Come on, 3e knavys, and set up these
ij. crosses ryth,

And hange up these to thevys anon !

Secundus Judæus. 3a ! and in the worchep of this worthy
knyth,

On eche syde of hym xal hangyn on !

*Here the sympyl men xul settyn up these ij. crossys, and
hangyn up the thevys be the armys and therwhylys xal the
Jewys cast dyce for his clothis, and fytyn and stryvyn ;
and in the mene tyme xal oure Lady come with iiij. Maryes
with here and Sen John with hem, setting hem down*

*asyde afore the cros ; oure Lady swuonyng and mornynge
and leysere seyng,*

Maria. A ! my good Lord, my sone so swete !

Why hast thou don ? why hangyst now thus here ?
Is ther non other deth to the now mete,

But the most shamful deth among these thevys fere ?

A ! out on my hert ! whi brest thou nowth ?

And thou art maydyn and modyr, and seyst thus thi
childe spyll !

How mayst thou abyde this sorwe and this woful thowth ?

Ah ! deth ! deth ! deth ! Why wilt thou not me kyll ?

*Here oure Lady xal swonge azen, and ore Lord xal
seyn thus,*

Jhesus. O ffadyr almythy ! makere of man !

fforgyff these Jewys that don me wo !

fforgeve hem, fadyr ! forgeve hem than !

ffor thei wete nowth what thei do.

Primus Judæus. 3a ! vath ! vath ! now here is he

That bad us dystroye oure tempyl on a day,

And withinne days thre

He xuld reysynt azen in good aray.

Secundus Judæus. Now and thou kan do sweche a dede,

Help now thiself, yf that thou kan ;

And we xal belevyn on the withoutyn drede,

And seyn thou art a myhty man !

Tertius Judæus. 3a ! yf thu be Goddys sone, as thou

dedyst teche,

ffrom the cros come now downe !

Than of mercy we xal the beseche,
 And seyn thou art a Lord of gret renown!
Jestes. Yf thou be Goddys sone, as thou dedyst seye,
 Helpe here now both the and us!
 But I fynde it not al in my feye,
 That thou xuldyst be Cryst, Goddys sone Jhesus.

Dymas. Go wey, fool! why seyst thou so?
 He is the sone of God, I beleve it wel!
 And synne dede he nevyr, lo!
 That he xuld be put this deth tyl.
 Be we ful meche wrong han wrowth,—
 He dede nevyr thing amys!
 Now mercy, good Lord! mercy! and forgete me nowth
 Whan thou comyst to thi kyngham and to thi blysse!

Jhesus. Amen! amen! thou art ful wyse!
 That thou hast askyd I grawnt the!
 This same day in paradyse
 With me thi God thou xalt ther be!

Maria. O my sone! my sone! my derlyng dere!
 What have I defendyd the?
 Thou hast spoke to alle tho that ben here,
 And not o word thou spekyst to me!

To the Jewys thou art ful kende,
 Thou hast forgeve al here mysdede;
 And the thef thou hast in mende,
 For onys haskyng mercy hefne is his mede.

A! my sovereyn Lord, why whylt thou not speke
 To me that am thi modyr in peyn for thi wrong?
 A! hert! hert! why whylt thou not breke?
 That I were out of this sorwe so stronge!

Jhesus. A ! woman, woman, behold ther thi sone !

And thou Jon take her for thi modyr !

I charge the to kepe her as besyly as thou kone,

Thou a clene mayde xal kepe another !

And, woman, thou knowyst that my fadyr of hefne me sent

To take this manhod of the, Adamys rawnsom to pay ;
ffor this is the wyl and to my ffaderys intent,

That I xal thus deye to delyvere man fro the develys
pray !

Now syn it is the wyl of my fadyr it xuld thus be,

Why xuld it dysplese the, modyr, now my deth so sore?

And for to suffre al this for man I was born of the,

To the blys that man had lost man aȝen to restore.

*Here oure Lady xal ryse and renne and halse the
crosse.*

Maria Magdalen. A ! good lady, why do ȝe thus?

ȝour dolful cher now chevit us sore.

And for the peyne of my swete Lord Jhesus,

That he seyth in ȝou, it peyneth hym more.

Maria virgo. I pray ȝow alle lete me ben here,

And hang me up here on this tre,

Be my frend and sone that me is so dere ;

ffor ther he is, ther wold I be.

Johannes. Jentyl lady, now leve ȝour mornyng,

And go with us, now we ȝou pray !

And comfort oure Lord at hese departyng,

ffor he is almost redy to go his way.

*Here thei xal take oure lady from the crosse, and here
xal Pylat come down from his shaffald with Cayphas and*

*Annas, and alle here mené; and xul come and lokyn on
Cryst, and Annas and Cayphas xul skornfully seyn,
Cayphas. Lo! seres, lo! beholdyth and se,*

Here hangyth he that halpe many a man;
And now yf he Goddys sone be,
Helpe now hymself yf that he kan.

*Annas. 3a! and yf thou kyng of Israel be,
Come down of the cros among us alle!
And lete thi God now delyvere the,
And than oure kyng we wole the calle!*

*Here xal Pylat askyn penne and inke and a tabyl, xal
betake hym wretyn afore, "Hic est Jhesus Nazareus
rex Judæorum." And he xal make hym to wryte, and
than gon upon a leddere, and settyn the tabyl abovyn
Crystes hed; and then Cayphas xal makyn hym to redyn,
and seyng,*

*Cayphas. Sere Pylat, we merveilyth of this,
That 3e wryte hym to be kyng of Jewys.
Therefore we wolde that 3e xuld wryte thus,
That he namyd hymself Kyng of Jewus.
Pylat. That I have wretyn, wretyn it is,
And so it xal be for me i-wys.*

*And so forth alle thei xal gon a3en to the skaffald, and
Jhesus xal cryen*

Heloy! Heloy! Lama zabathany!
My fadyr in hevyn on hy,

Why dost thou me forsake?
The frelté of my mankende,
With stronge peyn yt gynnyth to peynde,
Ha, dere fadyr, have me in mende,
And lete deth my sorwe slake!

Secundus Judæus. Methynkyth he this doth calle Hely ;
 Lete us go nere and aspy,
 And loke yf he come prevely,

From cros hym down to reve.

Jhesus. So grett a thrust dede nevyr man take
 As I have, man, now for thi sake ;
 For thrust asundyr my lyppys gyn crake,—
 For drynes thei do cleve.

Tertius Judæus. 3our thrust, sere hoberd, for to slake,
 Ey3il and galle here I the take,
 What ! me thynkyth a mowe 3e make :—

Is not this good drynk ?

To crye for drynke 3e had gret hast,
 And now it semyth it is but wast,—
 Is not this drynk of good tast ?

Now telle me how 3e thyнк !

Quartus Judæus. On lofte, sere hoberd, now 3e be sett,
 We wyl no lenger with 3ou lett !

We grete 3ou wel on the newe gett,
 And make on 3ou a mowe.

Primus Judæus. We grete 3ou wel with a scorn,
 And pray 3ou, bothe evyn and morn,
 Take good eyd to oure corn,
 And chare away the crowe.

Jhesus. In manus tuas, Domine !

Holy fadyr in hefly se,

I comende my spyryte to the,

For here now hendyث my fest !

I xal go sle the fende, that freke,
 ffor now myn herte begynnyth to breke,
 Wurdys mo xal I non speke !

Nunc consummatum est !

Maria. Alas ! alas ! I leve to longe,
 To se my swete sone with peynes stronge,
 As a theff on cros doth honge,
 And nevyr 3et dede he synne !
 Alas ! my dere chyld to deth is dressyd !
 Now is my care wel more incressyd !
 A ! myn herte with peyn is pressyd !
 ffor sorwe myn hert doth twynne.

Johannes. A ! blyssyd mayde, chaunge 3our thought ;
 ffor thow 3our sone with sorwe be sought,
 3itt by his owyn wyl this werk is wrought,
 And wylfully his deth to take !
 3ow to kepe he chargyd me here ;
 I am 3our servaunt, my lady dere,
 Wherfore I pray 3ow, be of good chere,
 And merthis that 3e make !

Maria. Thow he had nevyr of me be born,
 And I sey his flesche thus al to-torn,
 On bak behyndyn, on brest befor,
 Rent with woundys wyde !
 Nedys I must wonyn in woo,
 To se my ffrende with many a fo
 Alle to-rent from top to too,
 His flesche withowtyn hyde !

Johannes. A ! blyssyd lady, as I 3ow telle,
 Had he not deyd, we xuld to helle,
 Amonges ffendys ther evyr to dwelle,
 In peynes that ben smert !
 He sufferyth deth for oure trespase,
 And thorwe his deth we xal have grace,
 To dwelle with hym in hevyn place ;
 Therfore beth mery in hert !

Maria. A ! dere ffrende, weel woot I this,
 That he doth bye us to his blys ;
 But 3itt of myrth evyr more I mys,
 Whan I se this syght !

Johannes. Now, dere lady, therfore I 3ow pray,
 ffro this dolful dolour wende we oure way,
 ffor whan this syght 3e se nought may,
 3oure care may waxe more lyght.

Maria. Now sythe I must parte hym fro,
 3it lete me kysse or that I go
 His blyssyd ffeyt that sufferyn wo,
 Naylid on this tre.
 So cruelly with grett dyspyte,
 Thus shamfully was nevyr man dyghte,
 Therfore in peyn myn hert is pyghte,
 Al joye departyth fro me !

Hic quasi semimortua cadat prona in terram, et dicit.

Johannes. Now, blyssyd mayd, com forthe with me !
 No lengere this syght that 3e se,
 I xal 3ow gyde in this countr ,
 Where that it plesyth 3ow best.

Maria. Now, jentyl John, my sonys derlyng !
 To Goddys temple thou me brynge,
 That I may prey God with sore wepynge,
 And mornyng  that is prest !

Johannes. Alle 3our desyre xal be wrought,
 With herty wylle I werke 3our thought ;
 Now, blyssyd mayde, taryeth nowth,
 In the temple that 3e ware !
 ffor holy prayere may chaunge 3our mood,
 And cawse 3our chere to be more good ;

Whan 3e se not3 3our childys blood,
The lasse may be 3our care !

Tunc transiet Maria ad templum cum Johanne, etc.

Maria. Here in this temple my lyff I lede,
And serve my lord God with hertyly drede,—
Now xal wepynge me fode and fede,
Some comforte tylle God sende.

A ! my lord God, I the pray,
Whan my childe ryseth the iiij.^{de} day,
Comforte thanne thyn hand-may,
My care for to amende !

XXXIII. THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

Anima Christi. Now alle mankende, in herte be glad,
Withe alle merthis that may be had,
ffor mannys sowle that was be-stad

In the logge of helle.

Now xal I ryse to lyve agayn,
From peyn to pleyes of paradyse pleyne ;
Therefore, man, in hert be fayn,
In merthe now xalt thou dwelle !

I am the sowle of Cryst Jhesu,
The whiche is kynge of alle vertu ;
My body is ded, the Jewys it slew,
That hangyth 3itt on the rode !
Rent and torn, al bloody red,
ffor mannys sake my body is deed,
ffor mannys helpe my body is bred,
And sowle drynke my bodyes blode.

Thow my body be now sclayn,
The thrydde day, this is certayn,
I xal reyse my body agayn,
To lyve as I 3ow say !
Now wole I go streyth to helle,
And feche ffrom the fendys felle,
Alle my frendys that therin dwelle,
To blysse that lestyth ay.

XXXIV. THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

Centurio. In trewthe now I knowe with ful opyn syght,
That Goddys dere sone is naylid on tre !
These wundryful tokenys aprevyn ful ryght
Quod vere filius Dei erat iste !

Alius miles (2). The verychild of God I suppose that he be,
And so it semyth wele be his wundryful werk !
The erthe sore qwakyth, and that agresyth me,
With myst and grett wedyr it is woundyr dyrk !

Alius Miles (3). Soche merveylis shewe may non erthely
man,
The eyr is ryght derke, that fyrst was ryght clere ;
The erthe-qwave is grett, the clowdys waxe whan,
These tokenys preve hym a lord without any pere !

Centurio. His fadyr is pereles kyng of most empere,
Bothe lorde of this world and kynge of hevyn hy3e ;
3itt out of alle synne to brynge us owt of daungere,
He soferyth his dere sone for us alle to dye.

Nichodemus. Alas ! alas ! what syght is this ?
To se the lorde and kynge of blys,
That nevyr synnyd ne dede amys,
Thus naylid upon a rode !
Alas ! 3ewys, what have 3e wrought ?
A ! 3e wyckyd wytys, what was 3our thought ?

Why have ȝe bobbyd and thus betyn owth
Alle his blyssyd blood?

Senturyo. A! now trewly telle weyl I kan,
That this was Goddys owyn sone!
I knowe he is both God and man,
Be this wark that here is done!

Ther was nevyr man but God that cowde make this werk,
That evyr was of woman born!
Were he nevyr so gret a clerk,
It passeth hem alle, thow thei had sworn!

Hese lawe was trewe, I dare wel saye,
That he tawth us here amonge!
Therefore I rede ȝe turne ȝour faye,
And amende that ȝe han do wronge!

Joseph of Aram. O! good Lord Jhesu, that deyst now
here on rode,
Have mercy on me and forgyf me mys!
I wold the worchep here with my good,
That I may come to thi blysse!

To Pylat now wool I goon,
And aske the body of my Lord Jhesu;
To bery that now wold I soon,
In my grave that is so new.

Heyl! sere Pylat, that syttyth in sete!
Heyl! justyce of Jewys men do the calle!
Heyl! with helthe I do the grete,
I pray the of a bone what so befall.

To bery Jhesuis body I wole the pray,
That he were out of mennys syth;

ffor to morwyn xal be oure holyday,
 Than wole no man hym bery, I the plyth.

And yf we lete hym hange ther styлле,
 Some wolde seyn therof anow ;
 The pepyl therof wold seyn ful ylle,
 That nother xuld be 3our worchep nor prow.

Pylat. Sere Joseph of Baramathie, I graunt the
 With Jhesuis body do thin intent ;
 But fyrst I wole wete that he ded be,
 As it was his jugement !

Sere knytnys, I comawnd 3ow that 3e go
 In hast with Josepht of Baramathie ;
 And loke 3e take good hede therto,
 That Jhesu suerly ded be.

Se that this comawndement 3e fulfyllе,
 Without wordys ony mo ;
 And than lete Joseph do his wylle,
 What that he wyl with Jhesu do.

Here come to knytnes beforн Pylat at onys, thus seynг,

Primus Miles. Sere, we xal do oure dylygens,
 With Joseph goyng to Calvarye ;
 Be we out of thi presens,
 Sone the trewthе we xal aspye.

Joseph. Gramercy, Pylat, of 3our jentylnesse,
 That 3e han grawntyd me my lyst ;
 Any thyng in my province
 3e xal have at 3our resquest.

Pylat. Sere, alle 3our lest 3e xal have,
 With Jhesuis body do 3our intent ;

Whethyr 3e bery hym in pyt or grave,
The powere I grawnt 3ow here present.

*The ij. knyghtes go with Joseph to Jhesus, and stande
and heldyn hym in the face,*

Secundus miles. Me thynkyth Jhesu is sewre anow,—
It is no ned his bonys to breke :
He is ded, how thinkyth 3ow ?
He xal nevyr go nor speke.

Primus miles. We wyl be sure or than we go,
Of a thyng I am bethowth ;
3ondyr is a blynd knyth I xal go to,
And sone awhyle here xal be wrowth.

Here the knyth goth to blynde Longeys, and seyth,
Heyl, sere Longeys, thou gentyl knyth !
The I prey now ryth hertyly ;
That thou wylt wend with me ful wyth,
It xal be for thi prow veryly.

Longeus. Sere, at 3our comawndement with 3ow wyl I
wende,
In what place 3e wyl me have ;
For I trost 3e be my frend ;
Lede me forth, sere, oure sabath 3ou save !

Primus miles. Lo ! sere Longeys, here is a spere !
Bothe long, and brood, and sharp anow ;
Heve it up fast that it wore there,
ffor here is game :—show, man, show.

*Here Longeys showyth the spere warly, and the blood
comyth rennyng to his hand, and he avantoresly xal wype
his eyn.*

Longeus. O good Lord ! how may this be,
That I may se so bryth now ?

This thretty wyntyre I myght not see,
 And now I may see I wote never how !
 But ho is this that hangyng here now ?
 I trowe it be the mayndonys sone ;
 And that he is now I knowe wel how,
 The Jewys to hym this velanyng han don !

Here he ffallyth downe on his knees.

Now, good Lord, fforgyve me that,
 That I to the now don have ;
 For I dede I wist not what,—
 The Jewys of myn ignorans dede me rave.
 Mercy ! Mercy ! Mercy ! I crye.

Then Joseph doth set up the ladders and Nychodemus comyth to help hym.

Nichodemus. Joseph ab Aramathy, blyssyd thou be !
 ffor thou dost a fol good dede ;
 I prey the lete me help the,
 That I may be partenere of thi mede.

Joseph. Nychodemus, welcome indede !
 I pray now ye wole help therto ;
 He wole aqwyte us ryth wele oure mede,
 And I have lysens for to do.

Here Joseph and Nychodemus takyn Cryst of the cros, on on o ledyr and the tother on another leddyng ; and qwhan is had down, Joseph leyth hym in our Lady's lappe, seyng the knyghtes turnyng hem, and Joseph seyng,

Joseph. Lo ! Mary modyr, good and trewe,
 Here is thi son, bloody and bloo !
 ffor hym myn hert ful sore doth rewe,
 Kysse hym now onys eer he go !

Maria Virgo. A, mercy ! mercy ! myn owyn sone so
dere,

Thi bloody face now I must kysse !

Thi face is pale, withowtyn chere !

Of meche joy now xal I mysse !

Ther was nevyr modyr that sey this,

So her sone dyspoyled with so gret wo ;

And my dere chylde nevyr dede amys,—

A, mercy ! fadyr of hefne, it xulde be so !

Joseph. Mary, 3our sone 3e take to me ;

Into his grave it xal be browth.

Maria. Joseph, blyssyd ever mot thou be,

For the good ded that 3e han wrowth !

Here thei xal leyn Cryst in his grave.

Joseph. I gyf the this syndony that I have bowth,

To wynde the in whyl it is new.

Nichodemus. Here is an onyment that I have browth,

To anoynt withalle myn lord Jhesu.

Joseph. Now Jhesu is withinne his grave,

Wheche I ordeyn somtyme for me ;

On the, Lord, I vowche it save,

I knowe my mede ful gret xal be.

Nichodemus. Now lete us leyn on this ston ageyn,

And Jhesu in this tombe styлле xal be ;

And we wyl walke hom ful pleyn,—

The day passyth fast I se.

Farewel, Joseph, and wel 3e be ;

No lengere teryeng here we make.

Joseph. Sere, almythy God be with the,

Into his blysse he mote 3ou take !

Maria. ffarewel, 3e jentyl princes kende,
In joye evyr mote 3e be !
The blisse of hefne withowtyn ende
I knowe veryly that 3e xal se.

*Here the princes xal do reverens to oure Lady, and
gon here way, and leve the Maryes at the sepulchre.*

XXXV. THE RESURRECTION.

Cayphas goth to Pylat, seying thus,

Cayphas. Herk, sere Pylat, lyst to me !

I xal the telle tydynges new ;
Of o thyng we must ware be,
Or ellys hereafter we myth it rewe.

Thou wotyst weyl that Jhesu,
He seyde to us with wordys pleyn,
He seyde we xuld fynd it trew,—
The thryd day he wold ryse ageyn.
Yf that hese dyscyplys come serteyn,
And out of his grave stele hym away,
Thei wyl go preche and pleyn seyn
That he is reson the thryd day.

This is the cowncel that I gyf here,
Take men and gyf hem charge therto
To weche the grave with gret power,
Tyl the thryd day be go.

Pylat. Sere Cayphas, it xal be do,
For, as 3e say, ther is peryl in ;
And it happend that it were so,
It myth make our lawys for to blyn.
3e xal se, ser, er that 3e go,
How I xal this mater save,

And what I xal sey therto,
And what charge thei xal have.

Come forth, 3e ser Amorawnt,
And ser Arphaxat ; com ner also
Ser Cosdram, and ser Affraunt,
And here the charge that 3e must do.
Seres, to Jhesuis grave 3e xal go,
Tyl that the thryd day be gon ;
And lete nother frend nor fo,
In no wey to towche the ston.

Yf ony of hese dyscipelys come ther
To feche the body fro 3ou away,
Bete hym down, have 3e no fere,
With shamful deth do hym day.
In payn of 3our godys and 3our lyvys,
That 3e lete hem nowth shape 3ou fro,
And of 3our chyldere and 3our wyfys,
For al 3e lese, and 3e do so.

Primus miles. Sere Pylat, we xal not ses
We xal kepe it strong anow.

Secundus miles. 3a, and an hunderyd put hem in pres,
Thei xal dey, I make a vow.

Tertius miles. And han hunderyd ! fy on an c. and an c. therto !
Ther is non of hem xal us withstonde.

Quartus miles. 3a, and ther com an hunderyd thowsand
and mo,

I xal hem kille with myn honde.

Pylat. Wel, seres, than 3our part 3e do,
And to 3our charge loke 3e take hede,
Withowtyn wordys ony mo,
Wysly now that 3e procede.

Here the knytes gon out of the place.

Lo ! Ser Cayphas, how thynkyth 3ow ?

Is not this wel browth abowth ?

Cayphas. In feyth, ser, it is sure anow,

Hardely have 3e no dowth.

Arfaxat. Let se, ser Amaraunt, where wele 3e be ?

Wole 3e kepe the feet or the hed ?

Ameraunt. At the hed, so mote I the,

And ho so come here he is but dead.

Arfaxat. And I wole kepe the feet this tyde,

Thow ther come both Jakke and Gylle.

Cosdram. And I xal kepe the ryth syde,

And ho so come I xal hym kylle.

Affraunt. And I wole on the lefte hand ben,

And ho so come here, he xal nevyr then ;

fful sekырly his bane xal I ben,

With dyntys of dowte.

Syr Pylat, have good day !

We xul kepyn the body in clay,

And we xul wakyn wele the way,

And wayten alle abowte.

Pylatus. Now, jentyl seres, wole 3e vowchesaffe

To go with me and sele the graffe,

That he ne ryse out of the grave,

That is now ded ?

Cayphas. We graunte, wel lete us now go :

Whan it is selyd and kepte also,

Than be we sekыр withowtyn wo,

And have of hym no dred.

*Tunc ibunt ad sepulcrum Pilatus, Cayphas, Annas,
et omnes milites, et dicunt.*

Annas. Loo ! here is wax fful redy dyght,
Sett on 3our sele anon ful ryght,
Than be 3e sekyr, I 3ow plyght—

He xal not rysyn ageyn.

Pilatus. On this corner my seal xal sytt,
And with this wax I sele this pytt ;
Now dare I ley he xal nevyr flytt
Out of this grave serteayn.

Annas. Here is more wax fful redy, loo !
Alle the corneres 3e sele also,
And with a lokke loke it too,—

Than lete us gon oure way.

And lete these knytes abydyn therby,
And yf hese dyscyplys com prevyly
To stele away this ded body,
To us they hem brynge without delay.

Pilatus. On every corner now is sett my seale,
Now is myn herte in welthe and wele,
This may no brybour away now stele
This body from undyr ston.

Now, syr buschopp, I pray to the,
And Annas also, com on with me,
Evyn togedyr alle we thre
Homward the wey we gon.

As wynde wrothe,
Knyghtes, now goht,
Clappyd in clothe,
And kepyth hym welle.

Loke 3e be bolde
With me for to holde,
3e xul have gold,
And helme of stele.

*Pylat, Annas, and Cayphas go to ther skaffaldys,
and the knyghtes seyn,*

Affraunt. Now in this grownde
He lyth bounde,
That tholyd wounde,
 ffor he was ffals.

This lefft cornere
I wyl kepe here,
Armyd clere,
 Bothe hed and hals.

Cosdran. I wyl have this syde,
What so betyde ;
If any man ryde
 To stele the cors,
I xal hym chyde
With woundys wyde,
Amonge hem glyde
 With fyne fors.

Ameraunt. The hed I take,
Hereby to wake ;
A stele stake
 I holde in honde,
Maystryes to make,
Crownys i-crake,
Schafftys to shake,
 And schapyn schonde.

Arfaxat. I xal not lete
To kepe the fete,
They ar ful wete,
 Walterid in blood.
He that wylle stalke,

Be brook or balke,
Hedyr to walke,
Tho wrecchis be wood.

Primus miles. Myn heed dullyth,
Myn herte ffullyth
Of sslepp.
Seynt Mahownd,
This beryenge grownd
Thou kepp !

Secundus miles. I sey the same,
ffor any blame
I falle.
Mahownd whelpe,
Aftyr thin helpe
I calle !

Tertius miles. I am hevy as leed,
ffor any dred
I slepe.
Mahownd of myght,
This ston to nyght
Thou kepe !

Quartus miles. I have no foot
To stonde on root
By brynke.
Here I aske
To go to taske
A wynke.

Tunc dormyent milites ; et veniet Anima Christi de inferno, cum Adam 'et Eva, Abraham, John Baptist, et aliis.

Anima Christi. Come forthe, Adam, and Eve with the,
 And alle my frendys that here in be ;
 To Paradys come forthe with me,
 In blysse for to dwelle !
 The fende of helle, that is 3our ffoo,
 He xal be wrappyd and woundyn in woo ;
 ffro wo to welthe now xul 3e go,
 With myrthe evyrmore to melle.

Adam. I thanke the, Lord, of thi grett grace,
 That now is for3ovyn my grett trespase ;
 Now xal we dwellyn in blysful place,
 In joye and endeles myrthe.
 Thorwe my synne man was fforlorn,
 And man to save thou wore alle torn,
 And of a mayd in Bedlem born,
 That evyr blyssyd be thi byrthe !

Eva. Blyssyd be thou, Lord of lyff !
 I am Eve, Adamis wyff ;
 Thou hast soferyd strok and stryff,
 ffor werkys that we wrought.
 Thi mylde mercy haht alle for3evyn,
 Dethis dentys on the were drevyn,
 Now with the, Lord, we xul levyn,—
 Thi bryght blood hath us bowthe.

Johannes Baptista. I am thi cosyn, my name is John ;
 Thi woundys hath betyn the to the bon ;
 I babty3id the in flom Jordon,
 And 3aff thi body bapty3e.
 With thi grace now xul we gon
 ffrom oure enmyes everychon,
 And fyndyn myrthis many on,
 In pley of paradyse.

Abraham. I am Abraham, fadyr trowe,
 That reyned after Noes flowe;
 A sory synne Adam gan sowe,
 That clad us alle in care.
 A sone that maydenys mylk hath sokyn,
 And with his blood oure bonde hath brokyn,
 Helle logge lyth unlokyn,
 ffro fylthe with frende we fare.

Anima Christi. ffayre ffrendys, now be 3e wunne,
 On 3ow shyneth the sothfast sunne;
 The gost that alle grevaunce hath gunne,
 fful harde I xal hym bynde.
 As wykyd werme thou gunne apere,
 To tray my chylderyn that were so dere,
 Therefore, traytour, hevermore here
 Newe peynes thou xalt evyr ffynde.

Thorwe blood I took of mannys kynde,
 ffals devyl, I here the bynde,
 In endles sorwe I the wynde,
 Therin evyrmore to dwelle.
 Now thou art bownde, thou mayst not fle,
 ffor thin envyous cruelté
 In endeles dampnacion xalt thou be,
 And nevyr comyn out of helle.

Belialle. Alas ! herrow ! now am I bownde,
 In helle gonge to ly on grounde,
 In hendles sorwe now am I wounde,
 In care evyr more to dwelle.
 In helle logge I ly3 alone,
 Now is my joye away al gone,
 ffor alle fendys xul be my fone,
 I xal nevyr com from helle.

Anima Christi. Now is þour ffoo boundyn in helle,
 That evyr was besy þow for to qwelle;
 Now wele I rysyn fflesche and ffelle,
 that rent was for þour sake.
 Myn owyn body that hynged on rode,
 And be the Jewys nevyr so wode,
 It xal aryse bothe flesche and blode;
 My body now wyl I take.

*Tunc transiet anima Christi ad resuscitandum corpus,
 quo resuscitato, dicat Jhesus,*

Jhesus. Harde gatys have I gon,
 And peynes sofryd many on,
 Stomblyd at stake and at ston,
 Ny; thre and thretty þere.
 I lyght out of my faderes trone,
 ffor to amende mannys mone;
 My flesche was betyn to the bon,
 My blood i-bledde clere.

ffor mannys love I tholyd dede,
 And for mannys love I am rysyn up rede,
 ffor man I have mad my body in brede,
 His sowle for to fede.
 Man, and thou lete meyns gone,
 And wylt not folwyn me anone,
 Suche a frende fyndyst thou nevyr none,
 To help the at thi nede.

Salve, sancta parens! my modyr dere!
 Alle heyl, modyr, with glad chere!
 ffor now is aresyn, with body clere,
 Thi sone that was delve depe.
 This is the thrydde day that I þow tolde,
 I xuld arysyn out of the cley so colde,—

Now am I here with brest ful bolde,
 Therefore no more 3e wepe.

Maria. Welcom, my Lord ! welcom, my grace !
 Welcome, my sone, and my solace !
 I xal the wurchep in every place,—
 Welcom, Lord God of myght !
 Mekel sorwe in hert I leed,
 Whan thou were leyd in dethis beed,
 But now my blysse is newly breed,—
 Alle men may joye this syght.

Jhesus. Alle this werlde that was forlorn,
 Shal wurchepe 3ou bothe evyn and morn,
 ffor had I not of 3ow be born,
 Man had be lost in helle.
 I was deed, and lyff I have,
 And thorwe my dethe man do I save,
 ffor now I am resyn out of my grave,
 In hevyn man xal now dwelle.

Maria. A, dere sone ! these wurdys ben goode,
 Thou hast wel comfortyd my mornyng moode
 Blyssyd be thi precyous bloode,
 That mankende thus doth save !

Jhesus. Now, dere modyr, my leve I take ;
 Joye in hert and myrthe 3e make,
 ffor dethe is deed and lyff dothe wake,
 Now I am resyn fro my grave !

Maria. ffarewel, my sone ! farewel, my childe !
 ffarewel, my Lorde ! my God so mylde !
 Myn hert is wele that ffyrst was whylde ;
 ffarewel, myn owyn dere love !

Now alle mankynde bethe glad with gle,
 ffor deth is deed, as ȝe may se,
 And lyff is reysed endles to be
 In hevyn dwellynge above !

Whan my sone was nayled on tre,
 Alle women myght rewe with me,
 ffor grettere sorwe myght nevyr non be,
 Than I dede suffyr i-wys.
 But this joy now passyth alle sorwe,
 That my childe suffryd in that hard morwe,
 ffor now he is oure alderers borwe,
 To brynge us alle to blys.

Tunc evigilabunt milites sepulcri, et dicet primus miles,

Awake ! awake !
 Hillis gyn quake,
 And tres ben shake
 Ful nere a too.
 Stonys clevyd,
 Wyttyt ben revid,
 Erys ben devid,
 I am servid soo.

Secundus miles. He is aresyn, this is no nay,
 That was deed and colde in clay,—
 Now is he resyn belyve this day,
 Grett woundyr it is to me.
 He is resyn by his owyn myght,
 And fforthe he gothe his wey ful ryght ;
 How xul we now us qwyte,
 Whan Pylat doth us se ?

Tertius miles. Lete us now go
 Pilat ontoo,

And ryght evyn so,
 As we have sayn,
 The trewthe we say,
 That out of clay,
 He is resyn this day
 That Jewys han slayn.

Quartus miles. I holde it best,
 Lete us nevyr rest,
 But go we prest
 That it were done.
 Alle heyl, Pilatt
 In thin astat!
 He is resyn up latt,
 That thou gast dome.

Pilat. What! what! what! what!
 Out upon the, why seyst thou that?
 ffy upon the, harlat,
 How darst thou so say?
 Thou dost myn herte ryght grett greff!
 Thou lvest upon hym, fals theff;
 How xulde he rysyn ageyn to lyff,
 That lay deed in clay?

Primus miles. 3a, thow thou be nevyr so wrothe,
 And of these tydandys nevyr so lothe,
 3itt goodly on ground on lyve he gothe,
 Qwycke and levyng man.
 Yff thou haddyst a ben ther we ware,
 In hert thou xuldyst han had gret care,
 And of blysse a ben ryght bare,
 Of coloure bothe pale and whan.

Pilatus. Or 3e come there,
 3e dede alle swere,

To fyght in fere,
 And bete and bynde.
 Alle this was trayn,
 3our wurdcs wore vayn,
 This is sertayn,
 3ow fals I fynde.

Secundus miles. Be the dethe the devyl deyde,
 We were of hym so sore atreyde,
 That ffor ffer we us down leyde
 Ryght evyn upon oure syde.
 Whan we were leyde upon the grounde,
 Style we lay as we had be bounde,
 We durst not ryse for a thousand pounce,
 Ne not for alle this worlde so wyde.

Pilatus. Now ffy upon 3our grett bost !
 Alle 3our wurchepe is now lost ;
 In felde, in town, and in every cost,
 Men may 3ow dyspravyn.
 Now alle 3our wurchepe it is lorn,
 And every man may 3ow we scorn,
 And bydde 3ow go syttyn in the corn,
 And chare away the ravyn.

Tertius miles. 3a, it was hy3 tyme to leyn oure bost,
 ffor whan the body toke a3en the gost,
 He wold a frayde many an ost,
 Kynge, knyght, and knave.
 3a, whan he dede ryse out of his lake,
 Than was ther suche an erthe-quake,
 That alle the worlde it gan to shake,
 That made us ffor to rave.

Quartus miles. 3a, 3a, herke, ffelawys, what I xal say ;
 Late us not ses be nyght nor day,

But telle the trewthe, ryght as it lay,
 In countr  where we goc.
 And than I dare ley myn heed,
 That thei that Crystes lawys leed,
 They wyl nevyr ses tyl they be deed,
 His dethe that brought hym too.

Primus miles. Be Belyalle, this was now wele ment ;
 To this cowncelle lete us consent,
 Lett us go tellyn with on assent,
 He is resyn up this day.

Secundus miles. I grawnt therto, and that forthe
 ryght,
 That he is resyn by his owyn myght,
 ffor ther cam non, be day nor nyght,
 To helpe hym owte of clay.

Pilatus. Now, jentyl seres, I yray 3ow alle
 Abyde styлле a lytyl thralle,
 Whylle that I myn cowncell calle,
 And here of ther councelle.

Primus miles. Syr, att 3our prayour we wyl abyde
 Here in this place a lytel tyde,
 But tary not to longe, ffor we must ryde,—
 We may not longe dwelle.

Pilatus. Now, jentyl seres, I pray 3ow here,
 Sum good cowncel me to lere.
 ffor sertes, seres, without dwere,
 We stounde in ryght grett dowte.

Cayphas. Now trewly, sere, I 3ow telle,
 This matere is bothe ffers and ffelle,
 Combros it is therwith to melle,
 And evyl to be browth abowte.

Annas. Syr Pylat, thou grett justyse,
 Thow thou be of wittys wyse,
 3it herke fful sadly with good devyse,
 What that thou xalt do.
 I counsel the, be my reed,
 This wundyrful tale pray hem to hede,
 And upon this 3eve hem good mede,
 Bothe golde and sylver also.

And, sere, I xalle telle 3ow why,
 In 3oure erys prevyly,
 Betweyn us thre serteynly,
 Now herk, seres, in 3our erys !

*Hic faciant Pilatus, Cayphas, et Annas, privatim inter
 se, consilium ; quo finito, dicat,*

Annas. ffor mede dothe most in every qwest,
 And mede is mayster, bothe est and west,
 Now trewly, seres, I held this best,
 With mede men may bynde berys.

Cayphas. Sekyr, sere, this counselle is good ;
 Pray these knyghtes to chaunge ther mood ;
 3eve then golde, ffeste, and ffood,
 And that may chaunge ther wytt.

Pylatt. Seres, 3oure good counsel I xalle fulfyll :
 Now, jentyl knyhtes, come hedyr me tylle,
 I yray 3ow, seres, of 3our good wylle,
 No ferther that 3e fflytt.

Jentyl knyhtes, I 3ow pray,
 A bettyr sawe that 3e say ;
 Sey ther he was cawth away
 With his dyscyplis be nyght.

Sey he was with his dyscyplis ffett,
 I wolde 3e worn in 3our sadelys ssett,
 And have here gold in a purs knett,
 And to Rome rydyth ryght.

Quartus miles. Now, Syr Pylatt,
 We gon oure gatt,
 We wylle not prate
 No lengere now.
 Now we have golde,
 No talys xul be tolde
 To whithtes on wolde,
 We make the a vcw.

Pilatus. Now, 3e men of mythe,
 As 3e han hyght,
 Evyn so forthe ryght,
 3oure wurdys not falle.
 And 3e xul gon
 With me anon,
 Alle everychon
 Into myn halle.

Primus miles. Now hens we go
 As lyth as ro ;
 And ryght evyn so
 As we han seyð,
 We xul kepe counsel,
 Where so evyr we dwelle
 We xul no talys telle,—
 Be not dysmayd.

XXXVI. THE THREE MARIES.

Hic venient ad sepulcrum Maria Magdalene, Maria Jacobi, et Maria Solomæ ; et dicit Maria Magdalene,

Swete systeryn, I 3ow beseche,
Heryght now my specyal speche ;
Go we with salvys ffor to leche
 Cryst that tholyd wounde.
He hath us wonnyn owt of wreche ;
The ryght wey God wyl us teche
ffor to seke my lorde, my leche,
 His blood hath me unbownde.

vij. devyls in me were pyght:
My love, my lord, my God Almyght,
Awey he weryd tho ffyndys wight
 With his wyse wurde.
He droff fro me the fendes lees,
In myn swete sowle his chawmere I ches,
In me belevyth the lorde of pes,
 I go to his burryenge boorde.

Maria Jacobi. My systeres sone I woot he was,
He lyth in here as sunne in glas,
The chylde was born by oxe and asse
 Up in a bestys stalle.
Thow his body be gravyd undyr gras,
The grete godhede is nevyr the lasse,
The Lord xal rysyn and gon his pas,
 And comfortyn his ffrendys alle.

Maria Salomæ. My name is Mary Salome,
His modyr and I systeres we be,
Annys dowteres we be alle thre,—

Jhesu, we be thin awntys.

The naylis gun his lemys feyn,
And the spere gan punche and peyn,
Ontho woundys we wold have eyn,
That grace now God graunt us.

Maria Magdalene. Now go we styлле,
With good wylle,

Ther he is leyd.

He deyde on crowche,
We wolde hym towche,
As we han seyde.

Tunc respicit Maria Magdalene in sepulcro, dicens,

Where is my Lord that was here,
That for me bledde bowndyn in brere?
His body was beryed rygh by this mere,
That ffor me gan deye.
The Jewys, ffekylle and ffals ffownde,
Where have thei do the body with wounde?
He lythe not upon this grownde,
The body is don aweye.

Maria Jacobi. To my Lorde, my love, my ffrende,
ffayn wolde I salve a spende,
And I myght aught amende

His woundys depe and wyde.

To my lorde I owe lowlyté,
Bothe homage and fewté
I wolde with my dewté

A softyd hand and syde.

Maria Salome. To myghtfful God omnypotent,
 I bere a boyst of oynement ;
 I wold han softyd his sore dent,
 His sydys al abowte.
 Lombe of Love withowt lothe,
 I ffynde the not, myn hert is wroth,
 In the sepulcre ther lyth a cloth,
 And jentyl Jhesu is owte.

Angelus. Wendyth fforthe, 3e women thre,
 Into the strete of Galylé ;
 3our Savyour ther xul 3e se
 Walkynge in the waye.
 3our ffleschely lorde now hath lyff,
 That deyed on tre with strook and stryff ;
 Wende fforthe, thou wepynge wyff,
 And seke hym, I the saye.

Now, gothe fforthe ffast alle thre
 To his dyscyplys ffayr and fre,
 And to Petyr the trewthe telle 3e,—
 Therof have 3e no dreed.
 Spare 3e not the soth to say,
 He that was deed and closyd in clay,
 He is resyn this same day,
 And levyth with woundys reed.

Maria Magdalen. A, myrthe and joye in herte we have !
 ffor now is resyn out of his grave,
 He levyth now oure lyf to save,
 That dede lay in the clay.

Maria Jacoby. In hert I was ryght sore dysmayd,
 The aungel to us whan that he sayd
 That Cryst is resyn ; I was affrayd
 The aungel whan I say.

Maria Salome. Now lete us alle thre fulfylle
The angelys wurde and Goddys wylle,
Lett us sey, with voys wul shrylle,

Cryst that Jewys dede sle,
Oure Lord that naylyd was on the rode,
And betyn out was his bodyes blode,
He is aresyn, thoughe they ben wode ;
A, Lorde ! 3itt wele thou be !

Maria Magdalene dicit Petro et cæteris apostolis,

Bretheryn alle, in herte be glad,
Bothe blythe and joyful in herte ful fayn,
ffor ryght good tydandys have we had

That oure Lord is resyn agayn !
An aungel bade us ryght thus sertayn,
To the, Petyr, that we xulde telle,
How Cryst is resyn, the whiche was slayn,
A lovyng man evyr more to dwelle.

Maria Jacobi. To lyve is resyn ageyn that Lorde,

The qwyche Judas to Jewys solde ;
Of this I bere ryght trewe recorde,
By wurdys that the aungel tolde.
Now myrthe and joye to man on molde !

Every man now myrthe may have !
He that was closyd in cley ful colde
This day is resyn owt of his grave !

Petrus. Sey me, systeryn, with wurdys blythe,

May I troste to that 3e say ?
Is Cryst resyn ageyn to lyve,
That was ded and colde in clay ?

Maria Salome. 3a, trostythe us truly, it is no nay ;
He is aresyn, it is no les ;

And so an aungel us tolde this day,
 With opyn voys and speche expres.

Johannes. 3a, these be tydynges of ryght gret blys,
 That oure mayster resyn xulde be ;
 I wyl go renne in hast i-wys,
 And loke my Lord yf I may se.

Petrus. ffor joye also I renne with the,
 My brother John, as I the say ;
 In hast anon evyn forthe go we,—
 To his grave we renne oure way.

*Hic currunt Johannes et Petrus simul ad sepulcrum ;
 et Johannes prius venit ad monumentum, sed non intrat.*

Johannes. The same shete here I se
 That Crystys body was in wounde ;
 But he is gon, where so ever he be,
 He lyth not here upon this grownde.

Petrus intrat monumentum, et dicit Petrus,

In this cornere the shete is fownde,
 And here we fynde the sudary
 In the whiche his hed was wounde,
 Whan he was take from Calvary.

Hic intrat Johannes monumentum, dicens,

The same sudary and the same shete,
 Here with my syth I se bothe tweyn ;
 Now may I wele knowe and wete,
 That he is rysyn to lyve ageyn.
 Onto oure bretheryn lete us go seyn
 The trewthe ryght hevyn as it is ;
 Oure mayster lyvythe, the wheche was slayn,
 Allemyghty Lorde and kynge of blys.

Petrus. No lengere here wylle we dwelle,
 To oure bretheryn the wey we take ;
 The trewthe to them whan that we telle,
 Grett joye in hert than wul thei make.

Hic Petrus loquitur omnibus apostolis simul collectis.

Bethe mery, bretheryn, for Crystys sake,—
 That man that is oure mayster so good,
 ffrom deth to lyve he is awake,
 That sore was rent upon the rood.

Johannes. As women seyde so have we fownde,
 Remevyd away we saw the ston ;
 He lyth no lengere undyr the grownde,
 Out of his grave oure mayster is gon.

Omnes congregatus Thomas.

We have grett woundyr everychon
 Of these wurdys that 3e do speke ;
 A ston ful hevy lay hym upon,
 ffrom undyr that ston how xuld he breke ?

Petrus. The trewthe to tellyn it passyth oure witt,
 Wethyr he be resyn thorwe his owyn myght,
 Or ellys stolyn out of his pitt
 Be sum man prevely be nyght.
 That he is gon we saw with syght,
 ffor in his grave he is nowth ;
 We cannot tellyn in what plyght,
 Out of his grave that he is browth.

XXXVII. CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY.

*Maria Magdalene goth to the grave, and wepyth,
and seyth,*

ffor hertyly sorwe myn herte dothe breke,

With wepynge terys I wasche my face ;
Alas ! ffor sorwe I may not speke,

My Lorde is gon that hereinne wase :
Myn owyn dere Lorde and kyng of gras,

That vij. develys ffro me dyd take,
I kan nat se hym, alas ! alas !

He is stolyn away owt of this lake.

Aungelus. Woman, that stondyst here alone ?

Why dost thou wepe, and morne, and wepe so sore ?
What cawse hast thou to make suche mone ?

Why makyst thou suche sorwe, and wherefore ?

Maria Magdalene. I have gret cawse to wepe evyrmore ;

My Lord is take out of his grave,
Stolyn away and fro me lore,

I cannot wete where hym to have.

Hic parum deambulet a sepulcro, dicens,

Alas ! alas ! what xal I do ?

My Lord away is fro me take ;
A, woful wrecche ! whedyr xal I go ?
My joye is gon owth of this lake.

Jhesus. Woman, suche mornynge why dost thou make ?

Why is thi chere so hevy and badde ?

Why dost thou sythe so sore and qwake ?

Why dost thou wepe so sore and sadde ?

Maria Magdalene. A grettyr cawse had nevyr woman,

ffor to wepe bothe nyth and day,

Than I myself have in serteyn,

And for to sorwyn evyr and ay.

Alas ! ffor sorwe myn hert doth blede,

My Lorde is take fro me away ;

I muste nedys sore wepe and grede ;

Where he is put I kan not say.

But, jentyl gardener, I pray to the,

If thou hym took out of his grave,

Telle me qwere I may hym se,

That I may go my Lorde to have.

Jhesus. MARIA.

Maria Magdalene. A ! mayster and Lorde to the I crave,

As thou art Lord and kynge of blys ! [Spectans.

Graunt me, Lord, and thou vowchesave

Thyn holy ffete that I may kys !

Jhesus. Towche me nott as 3ett, Mary,

ffor to my fadyr I have not ascende ;

But to my bretheryn in hast the hy3,

With these gode wurdys here care amende.

Sey to my bretheryn that I intende

To stey to my fadyr and to 3owre,

To oure Lord both God and frende,

I wyl ascende to hevyn towre.

In hevyn to ordeyn 3ow a place,

To my ffadyr now wyl I go ;

To merthe, and joye, and grett solace,
And endeles blys to brynge 3ow to.
ffor man I sufferyd both schame and wo,
More spyteful deth nevyr man dyd take,
3it wyl I ordeyn ffor al this, lo,
In hevyn an halle for mannys sake !

Maria Magdalyn. Gracyous Lord, at 3our byddying,
To alle my bretheryn I xal go telle
How that 3e be man levyng,
Quyke and qwethynge of flesche and ffelle.
Now alle hevynes I may expelle,
And myrth and joy now take to me ;
My Lord that I have lovyd so wele,
With opyn syght I dede hym se.

Whan I sowght my Lord in grave,
I was fful sory and ryght sad ;
ffor syght of hym I myght non have,
ffor mornynge sore I was nere mad.
Grettere sorwe 3it nevyr whithe had,
Whan my Lord away was gon,
But now in herte I am so glad,
So grett a joy nevyr wyff had non.

How myght I more gretter joye have,
Than se that Lorde with opyn syght,
The whiche my sowle from synne to save,
ffrom develys sefne he mad me qwyght ?

There kan no tounge my joye expres,
Now I have seyn my Lorde on lyve ;
To my bretheryn I wyl me dresse,
And telle to hem a non ryght belyve :

With opyn speche I xal me shryve,
And telle to hem, with wurdys pleyn
How that Cryst ffrom deth to lyve,
To endles blys is resyn ageyn.

Bretheryn, al blyth 3e be,
ffor joyful tydynges tellyn I kan ;
I saw oure Lorde Cryst, lyste wel to me,
Of flesche and bon quyk levyng man.
Beth glad and joyful, as for than,
ffor trost me trewly it is ryght thus,
Mowthe to mowthe, this is sertayn,
I spak ryght now with Cryst Jhesus.

Petrus. A woundyrful tale forsothe is this :
Ever onowryd oure Lorde mote be !
We pray the, Lord, and kyng of blys,
Onys thi presence that we may se !
Ere thu ascende to thi magesté,
Gracyous God, if that 3e plese,
Late us have sum syght of the,
Oure careful hertes to sett in ease ! *Amen !*
Explicit apparicio Mariæ Magdalen.

XXXVIII. THE PILGRIM OF EMAUS.

Hic incipit aparicio Cleophæ et Luce.

Cleophas. My brother, Lucas, I 3ow pray,
Plesynge to 3ow if that it be,
To the castel of Emawus, a lytyl way,
That 3e vowchesaf to go with me.

Lucas. Alle redy, brother, I walke with the
To 3one castelle with ryght good chere;
Evyn togedyr anon go we,
Brother Cleophas, we to in fere.

Cleophas. A ! brother Lucas ! I am sore mevyd,
Whan Cryst oure mayster comyth in my mynde ;
Whan that I thynke how he was grevyd,
Joye in myn herte kan I non fynde ;
He was so lowlye, so good, so kynde,
Holy of lyf, and meke of mood ;
Alas ! the Jewys thei were to blynde,
Hym for to kylle that was so good !

Lucas. Brothyr Cleophas, 3e sey ful soth,
They were to cursyd and to cruelle ;
And Judas that traytor, he was to lothe
ffor golde and sylvyr his mayster to selle.
The Jewys were redy hym for to qwelle,
With skorgys bete out alle his blood ;
Alas ! thei were to fers and ffelle ;
Shamfully thei henge hym on a rood !

Cleophas. 3a, betwen to thevys, alas ! for shame,
 They henge hym up with body rent ;
 Alas ! alas ! they were to blame,
 To cursyd and cruel was ther intent.
 Whan for thurste he was nere shent,
 Ey3il and galle thei 3ovyn hym to drynke ;
 Alas ! for ruthe his dethe thei bent
 In a ffowle place of horryble stynte !

Lucas. 3a, and cawse in hym cowde they non fynde ;
 Alas, for sorwe ! what was here thought ?
 And he dede helpe bothe lame and blynde,
 And alle seke men that were hym browght :
 A3ens vice alwey he wrought,
 Synfulle dede wold he nevyr do,
 3it hym to kylle thei sparyd nought ;
 Alas ! alas ! why dede they so ?

Jhesus. Welle ovyrtake, 3e serys in same,
 To walke in felachep with 3ow I pray.
Lucas. Welcom, serys, in Goddys name !
 Of good felachep we sey not nay.
Jhesus. Qwhat is 3our langage, to me 3e say,
 That 3e have to-gedyr, 3e to ?
 Sory and evysum 3e ben alway,
 3our myrthe is gon ; why is it so ?

Cleophas. Sere, me thynkyth thou art a pore pylgrym
 Here walkynge be thiselfe alone,
 And in the ceté of Jerusalem,
 Thou knowyst ryght lytyl what ther is done ;
 ffor pylgrymys comyn and gon ryth sone,
 Ryght lytyl whyle pylgrymes do dwelle ;
 In alle Jerusalem as thou hast gone,
 I trowe no tydynges that thou canst telle.

Jhesus. Why, in Jherusalem what thyng is wrought?

What tydynges fro thens brynge 3e?

Lucas. A! ther have they slayn a man for nought;

Gyltles he was, as we telle the;

An holy prophete with God was he,

Myghtyly in wurde and eke in dede;

Of God he had ryght grett poosté,

Amonge the pepyl his name gan sprede.

He hyght Jhesu of Nazarethe,

A man he was of ryght grett fame;

The Jewys hym kylde with cruel dethe,

Without trespas or any blame:

Hym to scorne they had grett game,

And naylid hym streyte ontylle a tre;

Alas! alas! me thynkyth grett shame,

Without cawse that this xulde be.

Cleophas. 3a, sere, and ryght grett troste in hym we had,

Alle Israel countré that he xuld save;

The thrydde day is this that he was clad

In coold cley and leyd in grave.

3itt woundyrful tydynges of hym we have,

Of women that sought hym befor day-lythe;

Wethyr they sey truthe or ellys do rave,

We can not telle the trewe verdythe.

Whan Cryst in grave thei cowde not se,

They comyn to us and evyn thus tolde,

How that an aungelle seyde to them thre,

That he xuld leve with brest fful bolde.

3itt Petyr and John preve this wolde,

To Crystys grave they ran, thei tweyne;

And whan they come to the grave so coolde,

They fownde the women fful trewe serteyne.

Jhesus. A! 3e ffonnys and slought of herte
 ffor to beleve in holy Scrypture!
 Have not prophetys with wurdys smerte,
 Spoke be tokenys in signifure,
 That Cryste xuld deye ffor 3our valure,
 And syth entre his joye and blys?
 Why be 3e of herte so dure,
 And trust not in God that myghtful is?

Bothe Moyses and Aaron and othyr mo,
 In holy Scrypture 3e may rede it,
 Of Crystis dethe thei spak also,
 And how he xuld ryse out of his pitt.
 Owt of ffeyth than why do 3e flitte,
 Whan holy prophetys 3ow teche so pleyne?
 Turne 3our thought and chaunge 3our witte,
 And truste wele that Cryst dothe leve ageyne.

Lucas. Leve ageyn! man, be in pes;
 How xulde a ded man evyr aryse?
 I councelle the suche wurdys to ses,
 ffor dowte of Pylat, that hy3 justyce.
 He was slayn at the gre asyse,
 Be councele of lordys many on;
 Of suche langage take bettyr avyse,
 In every company ther thou dost gon.

Christus. Trewthe dyd nevyr his maystyr shame;
 Why xulde I ses than trewth to say?
 Be Jonas the prophete I preve the same,
 That was in a whallys body iij. nyghtis and iij. day;
 So longe Cryst in his grave lay,
 As Jonas was withinne the se;
 His grave is brokyn that was of clay,
 To lyff resyn a3en now is he.

Cleophas. Sey nott so, man, it may not be,
 Thow thyn exaample be sumdele good ;
 ffor Jonas on lyve evyr more was he,
 And Cryst was slayn upon a rood.
 The Jewys on hym they were so wood,
 That to his herte a spere they pyght,
 He bled owt alle his herte blood ;
 How xulde the thanne ryse with myght?

Christus. Take hede at Aaron and his dede styk,
 Whiche was ded of his nature,
 And 3it he floryschyd with flowres ful thyk,
 And bare almaundys of grett valure.
 The dede styk was signifure,
 Holy Cryst that shamfully was deed and slayn,
 As that dede styk bare frute ful pure,
 So Cryst xuld ryse to lyve ageyn.

Lucas. That a deed styk ffrute xulde bere,
 I merveyle sore therof i-wys ;
 But 3itt hymself ffro dethe to rere,
 And leve ageyn, more woundyr it is.
 That he doth leve, I trost not this,
 ffor he hath bled his blood so red ;
 But 3itt of myrthe evyr moor I mys,
 Whan I have mende that he is ded.

Christus. Why be 3e so harde of truste ?
 Dede not Cryste reyse, thorwe his owyn myght,
 Lazarus that deed lay undyr the duste,
 And stynkyd ryght foule, as I 3ow plyght ?
 To lyff Cryst reysid hym a3en ful ryght
 Out of his grave, this is serteyn ;
 Why may nat Cryste hymself thus qwyght,
 And ryse from dethe to lyve ageyn ?

Cleophas. Now trewly, sere, 3our wurdys ben good,
I have in 3ow ryght grett delyght ;
I pray 3ow, sere, with mylde mood,
To dwelle with us alle this nyght.

Christus. I must gon hens anon ful ryght,
ffor grett massagys I have to do ;
I wolde abyde, yf that I myght,
But at this tyme I must hens go.

Lucas. 3e xal not gon fro us this nyght,
It waxit alle derke, gon is the day,
The sonne is downe, lorn is the lyght,—
3e xal not gon from us away.

Christus. I may not dwelle, as I 3ow say,
I must this nyght go to my ffrende ;
Therefore, good bretheryn, I 3ow pray,
Lett me not my wey to wende.

Cleophas. Trewly from us 3e xal not go,
3e xal abyde with us here styлле ;
3our goodly dalyaunce plesyth us so,
We may nevyr have of 3ow oure fylle.
We pray 3ow, sere, with herty wylle,
Alle nyght with us abyde and dwelle ;
More goodly langage to talkyn us tylle,
And of 3our good dalyaunce more ffor to telle.

Lucas. 3a, brothyr Cleophas, be myn assent,
Lete us hym kepe with strenthe and myght ;
Sett on 3owre hand with good entent,
And pulle hym with us the wey welle ryght.
The day is done sere, and now it is nyght ;
Why wole 3e hens now from us go ?
3e xal abyde, as I 3ow plyght ;
3e xal not walke this nyght us ffro.

Cleophas. This nyght fro us 3e go not away,
We xal 3ow kepe betwen us tweyne ;
To us therfore 3e say not nay,
But walke with us, the wey is pleyne.
Christus. Sythyn 3e kepe me with myght and mayn,
With herty wylle I xal abyde.
Lucas. Of 3our abydyng we be ful fayn,
No man more welkom in this werd wyde.

Cleophas. Off oure mayster Cryst Jhesu
ffor 3e do speke so meche good,
I love 3ow hertyly, trust me trew,
He was bothe meke and mylde of mood.
Of hym to speke is to me food ;
If 3e had knowe hym, I dare wel say,
And in what plyght with hym it stood,
3e wold have thought on hym many a day.

Lucas. Many a day, 3a, 3a, i-wys
He was a man of holy levyng,
Thow he had be the childe of God in blys,
Bothe wyse and woundyrfulle was his werkynge.
But aftere 3our labour and ferre walkynge,
Takyth this loff and etythe sum bred ;
And than wyl we have more talkynge
Of Cryst oure maystyr, that is now ded.

Christus. Bethe mery and glad, with hert fful fre,
ffor of Cryst Jhesu, that was 3our ffrende,
3e xal have tydynges of game and gle
Withinne a whyle, or 3e hens wende.
With myn hand this bred I blys,
And breke it here, as 3e do se ;
I 3eve 3ow parte also of this,
This bred to ete and blythe to be.

Hic subito discedat Christus ab oculis eorum.

A, mercy, God ! what was oure happe ?

Was not oure hert with love brennynge,
Whan Cryst oure mayster so nere oure lappe

Dede sitt and speke suche suete talkynge ?
He is now quyk and man lyvenge,
That fyrst was slayn and put in grave ;
Now may we chaunge alle oure mornynge,
ffor oure Lord is resyn his servauntes to save !

Lucas. Alas ! for sorwe, what hap was this ?

Whan he dyd walke with us in way,
He prevyd by Scripture, ryght wel i-wys,
That he was resyn from undyr clay.

We trustyd hym not, but evyr seyð nay ;

Alas, for shame ! why seyð we so ?
He is resyn to lyve this day,
Out of his grave oure Lord is go !

Cleophas. Latt us here no lengere dwelle,

But to oure bretheryn the wey we wende ;
With talys trewe to them we telle
That Cryst dothe leve, oure mayster and frende.

Lucas. I graunt therto with hert ful hende,

Lete us go walke forthe in owre way ;
I am ful joyfulle in hert and mende,
That owre Lord levyth, that fyrst ded lay.

Cleophas. Now was it not goodly don

Of Cryst Jhesu, oure mayster dere ;
He hath with us a large wey gon,
And of his uprysyng he dede us lere.

Whan he walkyd with us in fere,
And we supposyd hym bothe deed and colde,

That he was aresyn ffrom undyr bere,
Be holy Scripture the trewthe he tolde.

Lucas. Ryght lovyngely don forsoth this was,
What myght owre mayster tyl us do more,
Than us to chere that fforthe dede pas,
And ffor his dethe we murnyd ful sore?
ffor love of hym owre myrthe was lore,
We were ffor hym ryght hevy in herte;
But now owre myrthe he doth restore,
ffor he is resyn bothe heyl and qwert.

Cleophas. That he is thus resyn I have grett woundyr,
An hevy ston ovyr hym ther lay;
How shulde he breke the ston asoundyr,
That was deed and colde in clay?
Every man this mervayle may,
And drede that Lorde of mekyl myght;
But 3it of this no man sey nay,
ffor we have seyn hym with opyn syght.

Lucas. That he doth leve, I woot wel this,
He is aresyn with flesche and blood;
A levynge man forsothe he is,
That rewly was rent upon a rood.
Alle heyl! dere brothyr, and chaunge 3our mood,
ffor Cryst doth levyn and hath his hele;
We walkyd in wey with Cryst so good,
And spak with hym wurdys fele.

Cleophas. Evyn tylle Emawus the grett castelle
ffrom Jerusalem with hym we went,
Syxti ffurlonge, as we 3ow telle,
We went with hym evyn passent.

He spak with us with good entent,
That Cryst xuld leve he tolde tylle us,
And provid it be Scripture verament ;
Trust me trewe, it is ryght thus !

Lucas. 3a, and whan he had longe spokyn us tylle,
He wold ffrom us a gon his way ;
With strenght and myght we keptyn hym styлле,
And bred we tokyn hym to etyn in fay.
He brak the loff, as evyn on tway,
As ony sharpe knyff xuld kytt breed ;
Therby we knew the trewthe that day
That Cryst dede leve and was not deed.

Petrus. Now trewly, serys, I have grett woundyr
Of these grete merveylis that 3e us telle ;
In brekyng of bred fful evyn asoundyr,
Oure mayster 3e knew and Lord ryght welle.
3e sey Cryst levith that Jewys dyd qwelle,
Tylle us glad tydynges, this is serteyn,
And that oure mayster with 3ow so longe dede dwelle,
It dothe wel preve that he levith ageyn.

A ! brother Thomas, we may be ryght glad
Of these gode novelle that we now have ;
The grace of oure lorde God is over us alle sprad,
Oure Lord is resyn his servauntys to save.

Thomas. Be in pes, Petyr, thou gynnyst to rave,
Thy wurdys be wantowne and ryght unwyse ;
How xulde a deed man, that deed lay in grave,
With qwyk fflesche and blood to lyve ageyn ryse ?

Petrus. 3is, Thomas, dowte the not, oure mayster is on
lyve !
Record of Mawdelyn and of here systeres too,

Cleophas and Lucas, the trewthe ffor to contrive,
ffro Jerusalem to Emaws with hym dede they go.

Thomas. I may nevyr in hert trust that it is so ;

He was ded on cros and colde put in pitt,
Kept with knyghtes iiij., his grave sealyd also,
How xulde he levyn ageyn that so streyte was shitt ?

Petrus. Whan Mawdelyn dede telle us that Cryst was
aresyn,

I ran to his grave, and John ran with me ;
In trewthe ther we ffownde he lay not in presyn,
Gon out of his grave and on lyve than was he.
Therefore, dere brother Thomas, I wole rede the
Stedfastly thou trust that Cryst is not deed ;
ffeythfully beleeve a qwyk man that he be,
Aresyn from his deth by myght of his Godhed.

Thomas. I may nevyr beleve these woundyr merveles,
Tyl that I have syght of every grett wounde,
And put in my ffyngyr in place of the nayles,
I xal nevyr beleve it ellys ffor no man on grownde.
And tylle that myn hand the sperys pytt hath fownde,
Whiche dede cleve his hert and made hym sprede his
blood,
I xal nevyr beleve that he is qwyk and sownde,
In trewth whyl I knowe that he was dede on rood.

Petrus. Cryst be thi comforte and chawnge thi bad witt!
ffor ffeythe but thou have thi sowle is but lorn ;
With stedfast beleve God enforme the 3itt,
Of a meke mayde as he was ffor us born.

Christus. Pees be amonge 3ow, beholde how I am torn,
Take hede of myn handys, my dere brothyr Thomas.

Thomas. My God and my Lorde, nyght and every morn
I aske mercy, Lorde, ffor my grett trespas.

Christus. Beholde wele, Thomas, my woundys so wyde
Whiche I have sufferyd ffor alle mankynde;
Put thin hool hand into my ryght syde,
And in myn hert blood thin hand that thou wynde.
So ffeythffulle a ffrend were mayst thou fynde?
Be stedfast in feythe, beleve wel in me;
Be thou not dowtefful of me in thi mynde,
But trust that I leve that deed was on a tre.

Thomas. My Lord and my God, with syght do I se
That thou art now qwyk, whiche henge deed on rode;
More feythful than I ther may no man be,
ffor myn hand have I wasche in thi precyous blode.
Christus. ffor thou hast me seyn, therfore thi ffeyth is
good,
But blyssyd be tho of this that have no syght,
And beleve in me, they ffor here meke mood
Shalle come into hefne, my blysse that is so bryght!

Thomas. As a ravaschyd man whos witt is alle gon,
Grett mornynge I make ffor my dredfful dowte;
Alas! I was dowteful that Crysst from undyr ston
Be his owyn grett myght no wyse myght gone owte.
Alas! what mevyd me thus in my thought?
My dowtefful beleve ryght sore me avexit,
The trewthe do I knowe that God so hath wrought,
Quod mortuus et sepultus nunc resurrexit!

He that was bothe deed and colde put in grave,
To lyve is aysen by his owyn myght;
In his dere herte blood myn hand wasche I have,
Where that the spere poynt was peynfully pyght.
I take me to feyth, fforsakyng alle unryght,
The dowte that I had fful sore me avexit,
ffor now have I seyn with ful opyn syght,
Quod mortuus et sepultus nunc resurrexit!

I trustyd no talys that were me tolde,
Tylle that myn hand dede in his hert blood wade;
My dowte dothe aprevyn Cryst levynge fful bolde,
And is a grett argument in feyth us to glade.
Thou man that seyst this, ffrom feyth nevyr thou ffade,
My dowte xal evyr chere the, that sore me avexit;
Truste wele in Cryst that suche meracle hath made,
Quod mortuus et sepultus nunc resurrexit !

The prechyng of Petir might not converte me,
Tylle I felyd the wounde that the spere dyde cleve;
I trustyd nevyr he levyd that deed was on a tre,
Tylle that his herte blood dede renne in my sleve.
Thus be my grett dowte oure feyth may we preve,
Behold my bloody hand to feyth that me avexit,
Be syght of this myrroure ffrom feyth not remeve,
Quod mortuus et sepultus nunc resurrexit !

Thow that Mary Magdalyn in Cryst dede sone beleve,
And I was longe doweeful, 3itt putt me in no blame;
ffor be my grett dowte oure ffeyth may we preve,
A3ens alle tho eretykys that speke of Cryst shame.
Truste wel Jhesu Cryst, the Jewys kyllyd the same,
The ffende hath he fferyd oure feyth that evyr avexit;
To hevyn 3ow brynge and save 3ow alle in same,
That mortuus et sepultus iterum resurrexit ! Amen.

XXXIX. THE ASCENSION.

Hic incipit ascencio Domini nostri cum Maria et undecim discipulis et duobis angelis sedentibus in albis, et Jhesus dicit discipulis suis etc.

Jhesus. Pax vobis ! amonge 3ow pes,
Bothe love, and reste, and charyté,
Amonge all vertues lete it not ses,
ffor amonge alle vertues prynspal his he.
3e be to blame I may wel preve,
ffor I wyl use to 3ow wurdys pleyn,
That 3e be so hard of herte to beleve,
That from dethe to lyve I am resyn ageyn.

Nottwithstondynge, as 3e knowe serteyn,
To 3ow viij. sythys aperyd have I,
Be soundry tymes the trewth to seyn,
And this is the ix. tyme sothly,
Evyn and no mo.

But now sum mete
Anon doth gete,
ffor I wyl ete
With 3ow, and goo.

My dyscyplis, here what I sey,
And to my wourdys 3evythe attencion,
ffrom Jersalem loke 3e go nott away,
But mekely abydyth my fadyres promicion.

Off whiche be my mowthe 3e have have had information,

Whylle bodyly with 3ow I was dwellynge,
ffor John sothly ffor mannys salvacion,

Onlye in watyr was me baptysynge ;

But I 3ow be-hete,

Withinne ffewe days that 3e

In the Holy Goost xul baptызid be,

Therfore rysyth up and ffolwyht me

Onto the mownte of Olyvete.

Jacobus major. O Lord ! vowchesaff us for to telle,

Iff thou wylt now, withowte more delay,

Restoryn the kyngdam of Israelle,

And 3eve us the joye, Lord, that lestyth ay.

Jhesus. Seres, the tymes and the monthis knowe 3e
ne may,

Whiche my fadyr hath put in his owyn power ;

But 3e xul take within short day

Of the Holy Goost the vertu cler.

Thorwe whiche xul 3e,

In Jerusalem and in Jury,

And moreovyr also in Samary,

And to the worldys ende uttyrly,

My wyttnes only be.

Lovyth no wrathe nor no wronge,

But levyth in charyté with mylde stevyn,

With myrthe, and melody, and aungelle songe,

Now I stey streyte ffro 3ow to hevyn.

Hic ascendit ab oculis eorum, et in cælo cantent, etc.

Angelus. Returnyth ageyn to 3our loggynge,

To Jerusalem, ffor he wyl thus,

His promys mekely ther abydyng,
 ffor dowteles this forseyd Jhesus
 Whiche from 3ow is take,
 In a clowde as 3e hym seyn
 Steyng up, so xal comyn ageyn,
 Of al mankynde, this is serteyn,
 Jugement xal he make.

O ! 3e bretheryn, attendyth to me,
 And takyth good hede what I xal seyn,
 It behovyth the Scripture ffulfylled to be,
 That of Davyd was seyde with wourdys pleyn,
 Of Judas whiche was the gyde serteyn
 Of hem that Cryst slew cruelly,
 Whiche aftyr ffrom dethe ros up ageyn,
 And hath abedyn in erthe fful days fourty ;
 And aftyr alle this,
 Before oure eye,
 In a bryght skye,
 He dede up styte
 To hevyn blys.

This seyde Judas was amonge us,
 Noumbryd apoustylle, and had lyche dygnyté,
 But whan he betrayde oure Lord Jhesus,
 He hynge hymself upon a tre.
 In whos sted muste nedys ordeyned be
 Another, oure noumbre ffor to restore,
 On of tho whiche, as weel knowe we,
 Han be conversaunt here longe before
 In oure company,
 Whiche xal wyttnes
 Berun expresse
 To more and lesse
 Of Crystys resurrexion stedfastly.

Hic statuent duos, Joseph Justum et Mathiam, etc.

O ! sovereyn Lorde, whiche of every man
The hertys dost knowe most inwardly,
With alle the lowlyness we may or kan,
To the we prey fful benygne-ly,
That thou vowchesaff, thorwe thy mercy,
Us hym to shewe, whiche in this cas
Thou lykyst to chesyn effectuously,
To ocapye the lott of Judas plas !

Hic dabunt sortes et cadet super Mathiam, etc.

Now gramercy, Lord !
And to fulfyll
Thin holy wylle,
As it is skylle,
We alle accorde !

XL. THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Modo de die Pentecost. Apostoli dicant genuflect. Spiritus Sanctus decendat super eos, etc.

Petrus,	Andreas,	Jacobus major.
Honowre,	wurchipp,	and reverens.
Johannes,	Philippus,	Jacobus minor.
Glorye,	grace,	and goodnes.
Thomas,	Bartholomeus,	Symon.
Dygnité,	vertu,	and excellence.
Matheus,	Judas,	Matheas.
Bewté,	blyssynge,	and bryghtnes.

Petrus. Be to that lord heye wurthynes !

Andreas. Whiche hath performyd that he us hyght.

Jacobus major. And us enbawmyd with suche swetnes.

Johannes. Whiche to dyscrye ffer passyth oure myght.

Philippus. This we alle wel kenne.

Jacobus minor. Now gracious Lord Jhesu,

Thomas. Conferme us in thi vertu !

Bartholomeus. And graunt us grace evyr it to sew !

Symon. Sey we alle togedyr, Amen ! Amen !

Et omnes osculant terram.

Primus Judæus. Now ffelawys, take hede, ffor be my
trewthe,

3ondyr syttyth a dronkyn ffelacheppe.

Secundus Judæus. To don hem good it were grett ruthe.

Tertius Judæus. 3a, I prey God 3eve hem alle shenscheppe.

Primus Judæus. Muste in here brayn so sclyly dothe
creppe,

That thei cheteryn and chateryn as they jays were.

Secundus Judæus. 3a, were they ony wel browth asclepe,

It wore almes to the revere hem to bere,

There hem to baptyze.

Primus Judæus. That were, as thynkyth me,

A jentyl sporte to se,

A bettyr game to be

Cowde no man devyse.

Petrus. Serys, alas ! what do 3e mene ?

Why scorne 3e now thus Goddys grace ?

It is nothyng as 3e do wene,

Ther is no drunke man in this place ;

Wherefore ryght grett is 3owre trespase :

But, syres, lyst what it doth sygnifye ;
ffulfyllyd is now to mannys solace,

Of Johel the pregnaunt prophecye,

In whiche that he,

That 3e han seyn,

In wourdys pleyn,

Declareth serteyn :

Now blyssyd God be ! Amen.

XLI. THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

Ad mea facta pater assit Deus et sua mater !

Doctor. Ryhte worchepful sovereynes, liketh yow to here
Of the assumpcion of the gloryous moder Mary ?
That seynt Jhon the evangelist wrot and tauht, as I lere,
In a book clepid Apocriphun, wythowtyn dyswary.
At fourteen yer sche conseived Cryste in hire matere clere,
And in the fiftene yer sche chyldyd, this avowe dare I ;
Here lyvyng wyth that swete sone thre and thretty yere,
And after his deth in erthe xij. yer dede sche tary.

Now acounte me thise yeris wysely,
And I sey the age was of this maide Marye,
When sche assumpte above the Ierarchie,
Thre score yer, as Scripture dothe specyfye,
Legenda Sanctorum autorysyth this trewely.

She was inhabith in Juré by the mounte of Syon,
After the assencion of hir sone conseived in spoused,
Alle the holy placys in erthe that Criste duellyd on,
Devouthly sche went hem honoryng the Godhed ;
fferste to the place there Criste cristenyd was clepid flum
Jordone,

There he fastyd and takyn was by malicious falshed,
There he beryed was and roos victoriously alon,
There he assendid alle hevenys God in his manhed ;
Thus was sche occupied I rede.

And meche sche was in the temple preyand.
Now blissid mot sche be ! we owe to be seyand,

How sche was assumpte here men schul be pleyand,
 Preyng you of audience, now ses and tak hede.

Ces now youre blaberyng in the develis name,
 What, lousy begchis, now ye not se,
 Owre worthy prynsis, lo ! are gaderid in same,
 That are statis of this lond hye men of degré?
 By there hye wisdom they shal now attayne.
 How alle Juré beste governyd may be,
 And of this pillid prechouris that oure lawis defame,
 They schul ben slayn as they se or fayn for to fle.

Wherfore in pes be ye,
 And herkenyth onto hem moste stillyn I,
 ffor what boy bragge outh, hym spilly I,
 As knave wyth this craggyd knad hym kylle I,—
 Now herkenyth oure pryncis alle kneland on kne.

Episcopus. Now ye prynsis i-prest of the lawe,
 Of this demaunde responcyon I aske here anon,
 Ys there ony renogat among us fer as ye knawe,
 Or ony that pervertyth the pepil wyth gay eloquens alon?
 Yif there be, we muste onto hem set awe.
 ffor they feyne falsly oure feyth, hem preve I houre fon,
 Sweche schul ben bounden up be the beltys til flyes hem blowe,
 And gnaggyd up by the gomys tyl the devyl doth hem grone.

We may not won,
 To sweche harlotis settyn reddure,
 That geynseyn oure lawe and oure scripture,
 Now let, sere pryncis in purple,
 In savyng of oure lawys now telle on.

Primus Princeps. Sere, syn we slew hym that clepid hym oure
 kyng,
 And seyde he was Goddis sone Lord over alle;
 Syn his deth I herd of no maner rysyng,
 And, lo, yif he hadde levyd he had mad us his thrall.

Episcopus. Therfore oure wysdam was to schortyn his endyng ;
Who so clyme over hie he hath a foule falle.

Secundus Princeps. Ya, yit of on thing I warne yow at the
gynnyng,

His dame is levyng, Mary that men calle ;

Myche pepil halt hire wythall ;

Wherfore in peyne of represe,

Yif we suffre hyre thus to relese,

Oure lawys sche schal make to myschefe,

And meche schame don us sche schalle.

Episcopus. A ! sere, ye ben bolde i-now, art thou ferd of a
wenche ?

What trowyste that sche myht don us agayn ?

Tertius Princeps. Sere, there are other in the contré that
clenche,

And prechyn he is levyng that we slewe, they seyn ;

And yif they ben sufferyd thus, this wille bredyn a stench,

ffor thorow here fayre speche oure lawys they steyn.

And therfore devyse we now upon this pleyn benche,

What is beste for to do hem for to atteyn :

We are but loste, yif they reyn.

Episcopus. Why, let se than, sey me youre ententis.

Primus. Lete us preson hem, til here myght schent is.

Secundus. Bettyr is to slen hem wyth dentis.

Tercius. Nay, best is to hang hem wyth peyn.

Episcopus. Nay, seris, nowth so youre better avyse,

Have in syth before what after may tide ;

Yif we slewe hem it wolde cause the comownys to ryse,

And rathere the devyl sle hym than we schulde that abyde.

But be that senstere ded Mary that fise,

We shal brenne here body and the aschis hide,

And don here alle the dispith we can here devise,

And than sle tho disciplis that walkyn so wyde,

And here bodyes devyde.

Halde ye not this beste, as is sayde ?

Primus Episcopus. Wyth youre wysdam, sere, we are wel payed.
Than ye knyhtis, I charge yow, beth arayed,

And the turmentouris redy that tyde,
When Mary is ded.
And but she deye the sunere, the devyl smyte of here hed.

Hic est Maria in templo orans, et dicens,

Maria. O, hye wysdam, in youre dygne deyté,
Youre infynyth loynesse mad oure salvacyon,
That it lyst you of me sympilest to take here humanité,
Wyth dew obeschyauns I make you gratulacyon.
And, glorious Lord and sone, yif it like youre benygnyté,
Nouth to ben displesid wyth my desideracyon,
Me longith to youre presense now conjunct to the unyté,
Wyth alle myn herte and my sowle be natures excitacyon,
To youre domynacyon.
ffor alle creaturis in you don affye,
And myche more owe I youre modyr be alye,
Syn ye wern born God and man of my bodye,
To desyre youre presens that were oure ferste formacyon.

Sapientia. My suete moderis preyere onto me doth assende,
Here holy herte and here love is only on me ;
Wherfore, aungyl, to here thou schalt now dyssende,
Seyinge here sche schal comyn to myn eternyté.
Myn habundaunt mercy on here I extende,
Resservynge here to joye from worldly perplexité,
And in tokyn therof this palme now pretende,
Seyinge here sche fere no man of divercyté.

Angelus Primus. By youre myth I dissende to youre moder
in virginité.

Angelus secundus. ffor qwyche message injoyeth the hefnely
consorcyt.

Hic descendet Angelus ; ludentibus citharis, et dicet Mariæ,

Primus Angelus. Heyl! excellent prynces, Mary, moste pure!

Heyl! radyant sterre, the sunne is not so bryth!

Heyl! moder of mercy, and mayde most mure!

The blessing that God yaf Jacob upon you now is lyth!

Maria. Now welcom bryth berde, Goddis aungel I sen,

Ye ben messenger of allemyhty, wolcom wyth my myhtis;
I beseke you now say me upon youre hie nortur,

What is the very name that to youre persone dith is?

Angelus. What nedith you, Lady, my name ben desyrand?

Maria. A! this, gracyows aungyl, I beseke you requyrand.

Angelus. My name is gret and merveylous, treuly you telland,

The hye God youre sone abidyth you in blis,

The thrydde day hens ye schul ben expirand,

And assende to the presence there my God youre sone is.

Maria. Mercy and gromercy, God, now may I be seyand,

Thankyng you suete aungyl for this message i-wys.

Angelus. In tokenyng whereof, Lady, I am here presentand

A braunce of palme, outh of paradys com this;

Before youre bere God biddith it be bore.

Maria. Now thanke be to that Lord of his mercy evermore!

Angelus. Yowre meknesse, youre lovenesse, and youre hie lore,

Is most acceptable in the Trynité syth;

Youre sete ryall in hefne apparaled is thore:

Now dispose yow to deye, youre sone wyl thus rith.

Maria. I obbeie the commaundement of my God here before;

But on thyng I beseke that Lord of his myth,

That my brether the appostelis myht me be before,

To se me and I hem or I passe to that lyth;

But they ben so deseverid me thynkyth it nyl be.

Angelus. A! this, lady, impossible to God nothyng trowe the,
ffor he that sent Abbacuc with mete to Babylonye from Juré

Into the lake of lyonys to Danyel the prophete

Be an her of his hed, lo, so myhty was he,

Se the same myht God make may the Appostolis here mete;

And therfore abasche you not, lady, in yowre holy mende.

Maria. No more I do, glorious aungyl in kynde ;
Also I beseke my sone I se not the fende,

What tyme outh of this word I schal passe hens ;
His horrible lok wold fere me so hende,

Ther is nothyng I dowte but his dredfull presens.

Angelus. What nedith it to fere you, empres so hende ?

Syn be the fruth of youre body was convycte his vyolens,
That horrible serpent dare not nyhyn youre kende,

And yowre blosme schal make hym recistens,

That he schal not pretende.

Desyre ye outh ellys now rythis ?

Maria. Nouth, but blessyd be my God in his myhtys !

Angelus. To yow I recomaunde me than, most excellent in sithis,
And wyth this agayn to God I assende.

Hic ascendit angelus.

Maria. Now, Lord, thy swete holy name wyth lovenesse I blysse,

Of qwyche hefne and erthe eche tyme pshalmodyeth ;
That it lykyth youre mercy me to you to wysse,

My sympil sowle in serteyn youre name magnefyeth.
Now, holy maydenys, the servauntis of God as I gysse,

I schal passe from this world as the aungyl sertefyeth ;
Therefore to my sympil habitacyon, I telle you now this,

I purpose me to go, besekyng yow replyeth,
And assedually wachith me be dayes and nythis.

Prima virgo. We schal, gracyous Lady, wyth alle oure mythis,

Schul ye from us passe, swete sonne of socoure,
That are oure sengler solas radiant in youre lythis,

Youre peynful absence schal make me doloure.

Virgo Secunda. Moste excellent princes in alle vertu that is dith,

Alle hefne and erthe, Lady, you doth honure ;
We schal wachyn and wake, as oure dewe and ryth,
Into the tyme ye passe to that hye toure.

Maria. God thanke you and so do I;
 Now I wyl dispose me to this jurné redy;
 So wolde God my brether were here me by,
 To here my body that bare Jhesu oure savyoure.

Hic subito apparet sanctus Johannes evangelista ante portam Mariæ.

Johannes. A ! myrable God, meche is thy myth,
 Many wonderis thou werkyst evyn as thi wylle is;
 In Pheso I was prechyng a fer contré ryth,
 And by a whyte clowde I was rapt to these hyllys.
 Here duellyth Cristis moder I se wel in syth,
 Sum merveyulous message is comyn that mayde tylle;
 I wyl go saluse that berde that in vertu is moste brith,
 And of my sodeyn comyng wete what is the skele.

Hic pulsabit super portam, intrante domum Mariæ sibi dicente,

Heyl ! moder Mary, maydyn perpetuelle !
Maria. A ! welcome, mayde John, wyth alle myn herte in
 specyalle,

ffor joye of youre presence myn herte gynnyth sweme;
 Thynke ye not, John, how my child eternalle,
 When he hynged on cros sayd us this teme,
 Lo ! here thy sone, woman ; so bad he me you calle,
 And you me moder eche othir to queme;
 He betok you the governayl there of my body terestyalle,
 On mayde to another at convenyens wold seme;
 And now that gracyows lord hath sent me yow sone.

Johannes. Now, good fayr lady, what is ther to done?
 Tellyth the cause why I am heder sent.

Maria. Swete sone, John, so wylle I anone;
 Owre lord God sent to me an aungyl that glent,
 And sayde I schulde passe hens where thre were in one,
 Tho I askyd the aungel to have you present.

Johannes. A ! holy moder, schul ye from us gone ?

My brether of this tydyngis sore wyl repent,
That 3e schuld ben absent.

Ever trybulacyon, Lord, meche thou us sendyst,
Thou oure mayster and oure comfort from us ascendist.
And now oure joye, thy moder, to take thou pretendist,
Thanne alle oure comfort is from us detent.

But what seyde then aungyl, moder, onto you more ?

Maria. He brouth me this palme from my sone thore ;

Qwyche I beseke, as the aungyl me bad,
That aforne my bere by you it be bore,

Saynge my dirige devoutly and sad ;
ffor, John, I have herde the Jewys meche of me spelle.

Johannes. A ! good Lady, what likyth it you to telle ?

Maria. Secretly they ordeyne in here conseytis felle,

When my sowle is paste where Godis sete is,
To brenne my body and schamly it quelle,
ffor Jhesu was of me born that they slew with here fistis ;
And therfore I beseke you, John, both fleche and felle
Helpe I be beryed, for yn yow my tryst is.

Johannes. ffere yow not, Lady, for I schal wyth you duelle :

Wolde God my brether were here now and wyst this.

Hic subito omnes apostoli congregentur ante portum mirantes,

A ! holy brether, wyth grace be ye met here now :

Lord God, what menyth this sodeyne congregacyon ?
Now, swete brother Powle, wyl ye take this upon yow ?
Preye to God for us alle we may have relacyon.

Paulus. Good brother Peter, how schuld I here pray now,
That am lest and most unworthy of this congregacyon ?

I am not worthy to be clepyd apostle sothly I say yow,
ffor as a wood man ageyn Holy Cherche I mad persecucyon,
But nevertheles I am the grace of God in that that I am, lo !

Petrus. A ! gret is youre lownesse, Powle, brother evermo !

Paulus. The keyes of hevене, Peter, God hath you betake,
And also ye ben peler of lith and prynee of us alle ;

It is most sitting to you this preyere to make,
And I unworthy wyth yow preyen here schalle.

Petrus. I take this upon me, Poule, for youre sake.

Now, almythty God, that sittiste above cherubyn halle;
In syng of thyn holy cros oure handis we make,

Besekyng thy mercy may upon us falle,
And why we ben thus met, yif it lyke, us lare.

Johannes. A! holy brether, alle welcom ye are:

Why ye be met here I schal you declare;

ffor Mary, Goddys moder, by message is sent,
That from this wrecchid world to blysse sche schal fare,
And at here deyng sche desyryth to have us present.

Petrus. A! brother John, we may syhyn and care,

Xif it displese not God for these tydyngis ment.

Paulus. fforsothe so we may, Peter, hevyin evermore,

That oure moder and oure comfort schuld ben us absent.
But nevertheles the wyl of God fulfyllid mot be.

Johannes. That is wel seyde, Poule, but herof bewar ye,

That non of you for here deth schewe hevy speche,
ffor anon to the Jewys it schuld than notyd be,

That we were ferd of deth, and that is ageyn that we teche;
ffor we seyn alle tho belevyn in the hol Trynyté,

They schul ever leve and nouth deye, this truly we preche;
And yif we make hevynesse for here, than wyl it seyde be,

Lo! youe prechouris to deye they fere hem ful meche;
And therfore in God now beth glad everychon!

Petrus. We schal don as ye sey us, holy brother John:

Now we beseke you, let us se oure moder Marie.

Johannes. Now, in Goddys name, to here than alle let us gon;

Sche wyl ben ful glad to se this holy companye.

Petrus. Heyl! moder and maydyn, so was never non,

But only the most blissid treulye.

Paulus. Heyl! incomparabil quen Goddis holy tron¹

Of you spreng salvacyon and alle oure glorie;
Heyl mene for mankynde and mendere of mys!

Maria. A! wyth alle myn hol herte, brether, ye are welcom
i-wys:

I beseke you now to telle me of youre sodeyne metyng.

Petrus. In dyveris contreys we prechid of youre sone and his
blis,

Diveris clowdys eche of us was sodeynely curyng;
And in on were brouth before youre yate here i-wys,

The cause why no man cowde telle of oure comyng.

Maria. Now I thanke God of his mercy, an hy merakle is this;

Now I wyl telle yow the cause of my sonys werkyng;
I desyrid his bodily presence to se.

Johannes. No wonder, Lady, thow so dede ye.

Maria. Tho my sone Jhesu of his hye peté

Sent to me an aungyl, and thus he sayd,
That the thredde nyth I schuld assende to my sone in deité;
Thanne to have youre presence, brether, hertly I prayed,
Aud thus at my request God hath you sent me.

Petrus. Wys gracyous Lady, we are ryth wel payed.

Maria. Blissid brethere, I beseke you than tent me;

Now wyl I rest me in this bed that for me is rayed;
Wachith me besily wyth youre laumpys and lithtis.

Paulus. We schal, Lady, redy alle thyng for you dith is.

Maria. Now, sone, schul ye se what Godis myth is,
My flech gynnyth feble be nature.

Hic erit decenter ornatus in lecto.

Petrus. Brether, eche of you a candele takyth now e rithis,

And lith hem in haste, whil oure moder doth dure,
And bisyli let us wachyn in this virgyne sythis,

That when oure Lord comyth in his sponed pure,
He may fynde us wakyng and redy wyth oure lithis,
ffor we knowe not the hour of his comyng now sure,
And yn clenness alle loke ye be redy.

Maria. A! swete sone Jhesu, now mercy I cry,
Over alle synful thy mercy let sprede!

Hic dissendet Dominus cum omni celeste curia, et dicet,
Dominus. Thē voys of my moder me nyhith ful ny ;
 I am dyssend on to here of whom I dede sede.

Hic cantabunt org.

Maria. A ! welcom, gracyous Lord Jhesu, sone and God of
 mercy !

An aungyl wold a ssuffysed me, hye kyng, at this nede.
Dominus. In propire persone, moder, I wyl ben here redy,
 Wyth the hefnely quer yowre dirige to rede.

Veni tu, electa mea, et ponam in te thronum meum,
 Quia concupivit rex speciem tuam.

Maria. Paratum cor meum, Deus, paratum cor meum,
 Cantabo, et psalmum dicam Domino.

Apostoli. Hæc est quæ nescivit thorum in delictis,
 Habebit requiem in respectu animarum sanctarum.

Maria. Beatam me dicent omnes generationes ;
 Quia fecit michi magna qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus.

Dominus. Veni de Libano, sponsa mea, veni, coronaberis :
 Ecce, venio, quia in capite libri scriptum est de me.

Ut facerem voluntatem tuam, Deus meus,
 Quia exultavit spes meus in Deo salutari mee.

Hic exiet anima Mariæ de corpore in sinu Dei.

Dominus. Now come, my swete soule, in clennesses most pure,
 And reste in my bosom brithtest of ble.

Alle ye myn apostelis of this body takyth cure :

In the vallé of Josephat there fynde schul ye,
 A grave new mad for Maryes sepulture,

There beryeth the body withe alle youre solempnité,
 And bydyth me there styлле thre dayes severe,

And I schal pere ageyn to yow to comfort your advercyté :
 Wyth this swete soule now from you I assende.

Petrus. In oure tribulacyons, Lord, thou us defende !

We have no comfort on erthe but of the alon.

O! swete soule of Mary, prey thy sone us defende,
 Have mynde of thy pore brether when thou comyst to thi
 tron!

Chorus Mart. Quæ est ista quæ assendit de deserto,
 Deliciis affluens injunxa super dilectum suum?

Ordo Angelus. Ista est speciosa inter filias Jherusalem sicut
 vidistis eam,

Plenam caritate et dilectione sicque in cœlum gandeus suscipitur,
 Et a dextris filii in trono gloriæ collocatur.

Hic cantabit omnis celestis curia.

Prima virgo. Now, suster, I beseke you let us do oure atten-
 daunce,

And wasche this glorious body that here in oure sith is,
 As is the use among us wythoutyn ony varyaunce:

Now blessid be this persone that bar God of mythtis.

Secunda virgo. I am redy, suster, wyth alle myn hol affyaunce,
 To wesche and worschepe this body that so brith is;
 Alle creaturys therto owyn dew obesaunce,
 ffor this body resseyvid the holy gostis flithtis.

Et osculabunt corpus Mariæ.

Johannes. Now, holy brother Peter, I hertely you pray

To bere this holy palme before this gloryous body,
 ffor ye ben Prince of Apostelis and hed of oure fay,
 Therfore it semyth you best to do this offis treuly.

Petrus. Sere, and ye slept on Cristis brest seyng alle celestly,
 Ye are Goddis clene mayde wythoutyn any nay;

This observaunce is most like you to do dewly,

Wherfore tak it upon you, brother, we pray;
 And I schal helpe for to bere the bere.

Paulus. And I, Peter, wyth oure brether in fere,

This blessid body schal helpe to the ground;
 This holy cors now take we up here,
 Seyng oure observaunce wyth devouth sound.

Hic portabunt corpus versus sepulturam, cum eorum luminibus.

Petrus. Exiit Israel de Egipto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro !
Allelujah !

Apostoli. Facta est Judea sanctificatio ejus, Israel potestas ejus !
allelujah !

Hic angeli dulciter cantabunt in cælo "allelujah!"

Episcopus. Herke, sere princys, what noyse is alle this?

The erthe and the eyer is ful of melodye ;
I herde never er sweche a noyse now i-wys :

Con ye outh say what they signefye ?

Primus Princeps. I not be my God that of myht meche is ;

Whatsomever they be hougely they crye :
I am aferd there wylle be sumthyng amys,

It is good prevely among us we spye
Wythowte.

Secundus Princeps. Now I have levyd this thre skore yer,

But sweche another noyse herd I never er ;

Myn herte gynnyth ogyl and quake for fer,

There is sum newe sorwe sprongyn I dowte.

Tertius Princeps. Ya that there is, sothly, I say yow,

The prophetis moder Mary is ded ;

The disciplis here beryn in gret aray now,

And makyn alle this merthe in spyth of oure hed.

Episcopus. ffy on you, lousy doggys, they were better nay ;

Outh, harrow ! the devyl is in myn hed.

Ye dodemusyd prynces faste yow aray,

Or I make avow to Mahound youre bodyes schul blede.

Now that quene is ded,

The coward knytis in plate,

And the tormentours thryfe schul ye late,

ffaste, harlotys, go youre gate,

And brynge me that bychyd body, I red.

Primus Princeps. Dowte you not, sere byschop, in peyne of
repreff,

Ded schal don schame to that body to tho prechours.

Secundus Princeps. Sere, I schal geyne tho glaberis or gramly
hem gref,

Tho teynt tretouris schul tene yif my loke on hem louris.

Tertius Princeps. To hurle wyth the harlotys me is ful lef,

I schal snarle tho sneveleris wyth rith scharp schouris.

Episcopus. Hens than, a develys name! and take me that thef,

And bringe me that bygyd body evyn to-fore thes touris,

And here disciplis ye slo.

Hye you hens, harlotis, at onys,

The devyl, boyes, mot breke youre bonys,

Go stent me yone body wyth youre stonys :

Outh, harrow ! al wed now I go !

Hic discendent Principes cum suis ministris, ut feroci pecucienter petras cum eorum capitibus.

Secundus Princeps. What, devyl, where is this mené ?

I here here noyse but I se ryth nouth ;

Allas ! I have clene lost my posté,

I am ful wo, mad is my thowth.

Tertius Princeps. I am so ferd I would fayn fle,

The devyl hym spede hedyr me brouth ;

I renne, I rappe, so wo is me,

Wynd and wod wo hath me wrouth !

To deye I ne routh.

Primus Princeps. A ! cowardis, upon you now fy,

Are ye ferd of a ded body ?

I schal sterte therto manly,

Alle that company fere I ryth nouth.

Hic saltat insanus adferetrum Mariæ et pendet per manus.

Allas ! my body is ful of peyne,

I am fastened sore to this bere,

Myn handys are ser bothe tweyne.

O! Peter, now prey thi God for me here :
 In Cayfas halle when thou were seyne,
 And of the, Peter, a mayde acusid there,
 I halpe the tho ; now helpe me ageyne ;
 That I were hol outh of this fere,
 Sum medycyne me lere.

Petrus. I may not tend to the, sere, at this hour,
 ffor ocupacyon of this body of honour ;
 But nevertheles beleve in Jhesu Criste oure Saveyour,
 And that this was his moder that we bere
 on bere.

Primus Princeps. I beleve in Jhesu, mannys salvacyon.

Petrus. In Goddis name go down than, and this body
 honure.

Primus Princeps. Now mercy, God, and gromercy of
 this savacyon !

In Jhesu and his moder to beleve ever I senere.

Petrus. Than take youe holy palme, and go to thi nacyon,
 And bid hem beleve in God, yif they wyl be pure ;
 And towche hem ther wyth, both hed, hand, and facyon,
 And of her sekenesse they schal have cure ;
 And ellis in here peynys indure.

Primus Princeps. Gromercy, holy fader Peter,

I schal do as the me teche her,

Thankyng God ever in my speche her,

Wyth hye repentaunce and herte most mure.

Hic portabunt feretrum ad locum sepulture.

Petrus. Now, holy brether, this body let us take,

And, wyth alle the worschepe we may, ley it in the grave,
 Kyssyng it alle at onys for here sonys sake :

Now insence ye, and we schal put here in this cave.

Hic ponent corpus in sepulcrum, insensantes et cantantes.

Johannes. De terra plasmasti me et carne induisti me,
Redemptor meus, Domine, resuscita me in novissimo die!
Now God blysse this body and we oure synge make.

*Hic unanimiter benedicient corpus “ In nomine Patris
et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.”*

The fruth that it bar oure soules schal save.
Now rest we us, brother, upon this pleyne lake,
Tyl from oure God and oure lord tydyngis we have,
Here must we belave.

Paulus. So muste we, John, as ye say;
Thanne byde we here and pray,
Besekyng hym of comfort that best may,
Restyng here abowtyn this grave.

Hic vadit Princeps ad Judæos cum palma.

Primus Princeps. Ye Jewys that langour in this gret
infyrmyté,

Belevyth in Crist Jhesu, and ye schal have helthe,
Throw vertu of this holy palme that com fro the Trinyté,
Yowr sekenesse schal aswage and restore you to welthe.

Secundus Princeps. I beleve in Crist Jhesu, Goddis sone
in unyté,

And forsake my maumentryes fals in here felthe.

Hic tangat credentes cum palma, et sanati sunt.

A! I thanke the, gracyous Lord, and thy moder of peté,
Now are we hol of oure seknesse and of oure foule
belthe!

Tercius princeps. What, harlotys, forsake oure lawe?

Secundus Princeps. So hald I best the do.

Tercius Princeps. Hens fro me in the develis name
ye go!

I deye, outh, outh, harro!

The wylde develys mot me to drawe!

Primus Demon. Herke, Belsabub and Belyal, sere Sathan
in the herne,

Us fettyn oure servauntis to this presone,
Blow flamys of fer to make hem to brenne,
Mak redy ageyn we com to this demon.

Secundus Demon. ffaste for tho harlotis now let us renne,
To cast hem in this pet here that depe is adon,
They schul brenne and boyle and chille in oure denne ;
Gowe now, a dewelys name, as fast as we mone !
Harrow ! harrow ! we com to town.

Primus demon. Drag we these harlotis in hye,
Into the pet of helle for to lye.

Secundus demon. Gowe now, helle houndis, ye crye,
Sere Sathan may heryn oure sone.

Dominus. Now, aungyl and alle this court celestyalle,
Into herthe now discendith with me,
To reyse the body of my moder terestyalle,
And bryng we it to the blysse of my deyt
Assent ye here to now the unyté ?

Angeli. Ya, for yowre hye mercy, Lord, al hefne makyth
melodé.

Hic discendit et venit ad apostolos, dicens,

Dominus. Pes be to yow alle, my postelis so dere !
Lo ! me here, yowre Lord, and youre God now rythtis.

Petrus. A ! welcom, Criste, oure comfort, in thy manhed clere !
Gret merveyulous God, mekyl now thy myth is !

Dominus. What worschepe and grace semyth you now here,
That I do to this body, Mary that hythtis ?

Johannes. Lord, as thou rese from deth and requyst in thyn
empere,

So reyse thou this body to thy blysse that lyth is,
Us semyth this ryth is.

Mychael. Ya, gloryous God, lo ! the sowle here prest, now,
To this blissid body likyth you to fest, now,

Hefne and erthe wold thynke this the best, now,
In as myche as sche bare you, God, in youre mytthis.

Hic vadit anima in corpus Mariæ.

Dominus Go thanne, blyssid soule, to that body ageyn :

Arys now, my dowe, my nehebour, and my swete frende,
Tabernacle of joye, vessel of lyf, hefnely temple, to reyn,

Ye schal have the blysse wyth me moder that hath non ende ;
ffor as ye were clene in erthe of alle synnys greyn,

So schal ye reyne in hefne clenest in mend.

Maria. A ! endles worchepe be to you, Jhesu, relese of peyn !

I and alle erthe may blisse the, com of owre kend :

Lo ! me redy with you for to wend.

Dominus. Aboven hefnys, moder, assende than we,
In endles blysse for to be.

Michael. Hefne and erthe now injoye may ye,
ffor God throw Mary is mad mannys frend.

*Et hic assendent in cælum cantantibus organis, Assumpta
es Maria in cælum !*

Dominus. Yow to worchepe, moder, it likyth the hol Trinyté,
Wherfore I crowne you here in this kyndam of glorye :
Of alle my chosyn thus schul ye clepyd be,
Qwen of Hefne and Moder of Mercy !

Michael. Now blissid be youre namys we cry !
ffor this holy assumpeyon alle hefne makyth melody.

Deo gracias.

XLII. DOOMSDAY.

Hic incipit dies Judicii, et Jhesu descendente cum Michael et Gabriele Archangelis Michaelus dicet, etc.

Michael. Surgite ! alle men aryse,
Venite ad judicium !
ffor now is sett the hy3 justyce,
And hath assygnyd the day of dome.
Rape 3ow redyly to this grett assyse,
Bothe grett and smalle, alle an sum,
And of 3our answere 3ow now avyse,
What 3e xal sey whan that 3e cum,
3owre ansuere ffor to telle ;
ffor whan that God xal 3ow appose,
Ther is non helpe of no glose,
The trewthe fful trewlye he wyl tose,
And send 3ow to hevyn or helle.

Gabryelle. Bothe Pope, prynce, and prysste with crowne,
Kyng and caysere, and knyhtes kene,
Rapely 3e renne 3our resonys to rowne,
ffor this xal be the day of tene.
Nowther pore ne ryche of grett renowne,
Ne alle the develys in helle that bene
ffrom this day 3ow hyde not mowne,
ffor alle 3our dedys here xal be sene
Opynly in syght.
Who that is fowndyn in deedly gylte,
He were bettyr to ben hylte,
In endeles helle he xal be spylte,
His dedys his deth xal dyght.

*Omnes resurgentes subtus terram clamavit "Ha!
a! a! ha! a! a! ha! a! a!" Deinde surgentes dicat,
"ha! a! a!" etc.*

Ha ! a ! a ! cleve asundyr 3e clowdys of clay,
Asundyr 3e breke and lete us pas :
Now may oure songe be, wele away,
That evyr we synnyd in dedly trespas !

Omnes demones clamant.

Harrow and owt ! what xal we say ?
Harraw we crye, owt and alas !
Alas ! harrow ! is this that day,
To endles peyne that us must pas ?
Alas ! harrow and owt ! we crye.

Omnes animæ resurgentes dicant, etc.

A ! mercy, Lorde ! ffor oure mysdede,
And lett thi mercy sprynge and sprede !
But, alas ! we byden in drede,
It is to late to aske mercye.

Deus. Venite benedicti,
My bretheryn alle,
Patris mei
3e childeryn dere ;
Come hedyr to me to myn hy3 halle,
Alle tho myn suterys and servauntes be ;
Alle tho ffowle wrymys ffrom 3ow falle,
With my ryght hand I blysse 3ow here.
My blyssynge burnyschith 3ow as bryght as beralle,
As crystalle clene it clenstyth 3ow clere,
Alle ffylth ffrom 3ow ffade.
Petyr, to hevyn 3atys thou wende and goo,
The lokkys thou losyn and hem undo,
My blyssyd childeryn thou brynge me to,
Here hertys for to glade.

Petrus. The 3atys of hevyn I opyn this tyde :

Now welcome, dere bretheryn, to hevyn i-wys ;
Com on, and sytt on Goddys ryght syde,

Where myrthe and melody nevyr may mys.

Omnes Salvati. On kne we crepe, we gon, we glyde,

To wurchepp oure Lorde that mercyful is ;
ffor thorwe his woundys that be so wyde,

He hath brought us to his blys.

Holy Lorde, we wurcheppe the !

Deus. Welcome 3e be in hevyn to sitt,

Welcum, fro me xul 3e nevyr flitt,

So sekyr of blys 3e xul be 3itt,

To myrthe and joye welcum 3e be !

Animæ dampnandum. Ha ! ha ! mercy, mercy, we crye
and crave,

A ! mercy, Lorde, for oure mysdede !

A ! mercy, mercy, we rubbe ! we rave !

A ! help us, good Lord, in this nede !

Deus. How wolde 3e, wrecchis, any mercy have ?

Why aske 3e mercy now in this nede ?

What have 3e wrought 3our sowle to save ?

To whom have 3e don any mercyful dede,

Mercy for to wynne ?

Primus diabolus. Mercy ? nay, nay, they xul have wrake,

And that on here fforehed wyttnes I take,

ffor ther is wretyn with letteris blake,

Opynly alle here synne.

Deus. To hungry and thrusty that askyd in my name,

Mete and drynke wolde 3e 3eve non ;

Of nakyd men had 3e no shame,

3e wold nott vesyte men in no preson ;

3e had no peté on seke nor lame,

Dede of mercy wold 3e nevyr don ;

Un herborwed men 3e servyd the same,

To bery the deed pore man wold 3e not gon ;

These dedys doth 3ow spylle.

ffor 3oure love was I rent on rode,

And for 3our sake I shed my blode :

Whan I was so mercyfulle and so gode,

Why have 3e wrought azens my wylle?

Secundus Diabolus. I fynde here wretyn in thin fforheed,

Thou were so stowte and sett in pryde,

Thou woldyst nott 3eve a pore man breed,

But ffrom thi dore thou woldyst hym chyde.

Tertius diabolus. And in thi face here do I rede,

That if a thryfty man com any tyde,

ffor thrust thow he xulde be deed,

Drynk from hym thou woldyst evyr hyde ;

On covetyse was alle thy thought.

Primus diabolus. In wratthe thi neybore to bakbyte,

Them for to hangere was thi delyte,

Thou were evyr redy them to endyte ;

On the seke man rewyst thou nought.

Secundus diabolus. Evyr more on envye was alle thi mende,

Thou woldyst nevyr vesyte no presoner ;

To alle thi neybores thou were unkende,

Thou woldyst nevyr helpe man in daunger.

Tertius diabolus. The synne of slauthe thi sowle xal shende,

Masse nore mateynes woldyst thou non here,

To bery the deed, man, thou woldyst not wende,

Therfore thou xalt to endles ffere ;

To slowthe thou were ful prest.

Primus diabolus. Thou haddyst rejoyse in glotonye,

In dronkesheppe and in rebawdye,

Unherborwyd with velonye

Thou puttyst from here rest.

Secundus diabolus. Sybile Slutte, thou ssalte sewe,

Alle 3our lyff was leccherous lay ;

To alle 3our neybores 3e wore a shrewe,
 Alle 3our plesauns was leccherous play.

Goddys men 3e lovyd but fewe;

Nakyd men and ffebyl of array
 3e wolde nott socowre with a lytel drewe,

Nott with a thred, the sothe to say,

Whan they askyd in Godys name.

Omnes dampnandi. A, mercy, Lord ! mekyl of myght,

We aske thi mercy and not thi ryght,

Not after oure dede so us quyth,

We have synnyd, we be to blame.

Deus.

NOTES.

Page 1, line 6. With plays ful glad.] In the *Promptorium Parvulorum* is given the following curious analysis of the different kinds of plays and players:—"Pley, ludus; pley, or somyr game, spectaculum; pley that begynnythe with myrthe and endythe with sorowe, tragedia; pley that begynnythe with sorow and endythe with myrthe, comedia; pleyare, lusor; pleyare that alwey wyl pley, ludibundus; pleyar at the bal, pililudius; pleyyng garment, ludix; pleyyng place, diludium."—MS. Harl. 221, fol. 129. Chaucer gives us the same definition of tragedy in the prologue to *The Monkes Tale*:—

Tragedie is to sayn a certain storie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie,
Of him that stood in gret prosperitee,
And is y-fallen out of high degree
Into miserie, and endeth wretchedly.

P. 9, l. 17. Mevelyd.] So in the MS., but probably it ought to be *mervelyd*.

P. 17, l. 10. Dele the comma after the word *dwere*.

P. 19. THE CREATION.] Bagford has preserved in MS. Harl. 5931, v. 13, a printed bill of the latter end of the seventeenth century, wherein it is stated that "at Crawley's show at the Golden Lion, near St. George's Church, during the time of Southwark-fair, will be presented the whole story of the old creation of the world, or *Paradice Lost*, yet newly reviv'd, with the addition of Noah's flood" See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, ed. Hone, p. 166. The specimen 272 in the same volume is still more curious, and shows that the performances of mysteries, howbeit in a very different state, were

continued in England up to a much later period than is usually believed :—

“ *By Her Majestie’s permission.* At Heatly’s booth, over against the Cross Daggers, next to Mr. Miller’s booth, during the time of Bartholomew-Fair, will be presented a little opera, called *The old creation of the world*, newly reviv’d, with the addition of the glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. The contents are these :—

1. The creation of Adam and Eve.
2. The intreagues of Lucifer in the garden of Eden.
3. Adam and Eve driven out of paradise.
4. Cain going to plow, Abel driving sheep.
5. Cain killeth his brother Abel.
6. Abraham offering his son Isaac.
7. Three wise men of the East guided by a star, who worship him.
8. Joseph and Mary flew away by night upon an ass.
9. King Herod’s cruelty ; his men’s spears laden with children.
10. Rich Dives invites his friends, and orders his porter to keep the beggars from his gate.
11. Poor Lazarus comes a begging at rich Dives’s gate, and the dogs lick his sores.
12. The good angel and death contend for Lazarus’s life.
13. Rich Dives is taken sick and dieth. He is buried in great solemnity.

14. Rich Dives in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham’s bosom, seen in a most glorious object, all in machines descending in a throne, guarded with multitudes of angels, with the breaking of the clouds, discovering the palace of the sun, in double and treble prospects, to the admiration of all spectators. Likewise several rich and large figures, with dances, jiggs, sarabands, anticks, and country dances between every act : compleated with the merry humours of Sir John Spendall and Punchanello, with several other things never yet exposed. Perform’d by Mat. Heatly. Vivat Regina !”

In Braithwayte’s “Strapado for the Devil,” 8vo. Lond. 1615, p. 161, there is an allusion to the performance of Mysteries in London in ancient times :—

“ Saint Bartlemews, where all the pagents showne,
And all those acts from Adam unto Noe
Us’d to be represent.”

P. 19, l. 1. Ω.] In MS., oo.

P. 22, l. 8. And make the man Adam.] A marginal note on the verso of fol. 74 informs us that Adam was created on the tenth of the calends of April.

P. 27, l. 24. For to hide.] Dr. Marriott, the editor of *A Collection of English Miracle Plays*, 8vo. Basel, 1838, quotes a play entitled, *The Travailes of the three English Brothers*, 4to. Lond. 1607, to show that an exact representation of the primitive state of our forefathers in the garden of Eden was exhibited on the English stage "as late as the close of the sixteenth century." This is an absurd misrepresentation, and has been founded on an erroneous interpretation of a passage in the play above-mentioned, which is spoken by Kemp, the actor, in a conversation with Sir Anthony Sherley. According, however, to one of the stage directions in the Chester Mysteries, Adam and Eve *stabunt nudi et non verecundabuntur*; so that, joined with the present passage in the Coventry Mysteries, there is at least some ground for believing that such was actually the case at an earlier period.*

Dr. Marriott's mistake has been already noticed by the Rev. A. Dyce, in his interesting introduction to Kemp's *Nine Daies Wonder*, reprinted for the Camden Society, p. xv; and I take the opportunity of introducing in this place some particulars relating to Kemp, which throw a new light upon his history, more especially in relation with the above-mentioned play, and proves that the introduction of the comic actor, and his interview with Sherley, was strictly founded upon fact. The authors of the play, indeed, assert in their prologue their intention of

"Clothing our truth within an argument,
Fitting the stage and your attention;
Yet not so hid but that she may appeare
To be herselfe, even truth."

But dramatic critics have not given much credit to these professions

* John of Salisbury thus complains of the indecacy of actors—"Quorum adeo error invaluit, ut a præclaris domibus non arceantur, etiam illi qui obscenis partibus corporis, oculis omnium eam ingerunt turpitudinem, quam erubescat videre vel Cynicus."—*De Nugis Curialium*, lib. i. cap. 8, edit. 1639, p. 34.

of honesty. Mr. Dyce even doubts the fact of Kemp having made a journey on the continent, and considers the notice in *The Returne from Pernassus* of his "dancing the morrice over the Alpes," to be only a "sportive allusion to his journey to Norwich." In his *Nine Daies Wonder*, however, he announces his intention of setting out shortly on a "great journey," and in his dedication he seems to allude to a projected journey to Rome. I have recently discovered a passage in a contemporary diary, which proves that Kemp actually met with Sir Anthony Shirley at Rome, and that his "great journey" was not a very profitable speculation. It is as follows:—"1601, Sept. 2. Kemp, mimus quidam, qui peregrinationem quandam in Germaniam et Italiam instituerat, post multos errores et infortunia sua reversus: multa refert de Anthonio Sherly equite aurato, quem Romæ (legatum Persicum agentem) convenerat."—MS. Sloan. 392, fol. 401. William Parry, who was with Shirley in Russia, returned to England in the middle of September, 1601, as we learn from the account published by Hackluyt; and it is therefore very probable that Kemp was the first who brought the news of his proceedings in Persia and Russia. An account of Shirley's adventures was published at London in 1613, and a very circumstantial relation by Manwaring is in MS. Sloan. 110, but neither of these contain the slightest notice of Kemp's interview with the ambassador. What we have given above is, however, quite sufficient to establish its truth, and "the travell to Rome with the return in certain daies," mentioned in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, doubtlessly alludes to the same circumstance: and would also seem to imply that he had accomplished his homeward journey in a short time. Mr. Rimbault has also kindly favoured me with a copy of the following song from an old MS. in his possession by Thomas Weelkes, entitled, *Ayres or fantasticke spirites*, which was printed with some variations in 1608:

" Since Robin Hood, Maid Marian,
And little John are gone-a,
The hobby-horse was quite forgot,
When Kempe did dance alone-a.
He did labour after the tabor
For to dance: then into France

He tooke paines
 To skip it ;
 In hope of gaines
 He will trip it,
 On the toe,
 Diddle, diddle, doe."

P. 31, l. 8. Flammea.] Sic in MS. pro *flammeo*.

P. 37, l. 8. Showe.] So in MS., but perhaps *shove*, which would complete the rhyme.

P. 38, l. 28. Never.] This word is added to the MS. in a more recent hand.

P. 46, l. 28. This schypp for to make.] A marginal note informs us that "Noe schyp was in lenght ccc. cubytes, in brede ffyfty, and the heythe thretty: the flode 15. above hiest montayne."

P. 59, l. 16. Perhaps this line would be more properly printed thus:—

"What is your wylle, Lord, fayn wold I wete."

P. 59, l. 30. The comaundment of thi Lord God.] It is almost unnecessary to remark that this and the following line are quite distinct from the stanza, and are intended as a translation of the Latin given above.

P. 61, l. 1. Assumens.] Sic in MS. pro *assumes*.

P. 61, l. 19. Sanctificet.] Sic in MS. pro *sanctificetur*.

P. 62, l. 32. Makaberis.] Sic in MS. pro *machabaris*.

P. 64, l. 6. Bos.] Sic in MS. pro *bovem*.

P. 65, l. 13. For to dwelle.] Add a semicolon at the end of this line.

P. 70. THE BARRENNESS OF ANNA.] This pageant is founded on the apochryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary. The same story is also found in the Protevangelion of James.

P. 73, l. 27. Catando.] Sic in MS. pro *cantando*.

P. 75, l. 10. Offens.] Place a colon after this word.

P. 79. MARY IN THE TEMPLE.] This pageant is also founded on the apochryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary.

P. 81, l. 22. Explexendo.] Sic in MS. pro *amplexendo*.

P. 83, l. 28. For.] Perhaps *fere*.

P. 84, l. 29. Dele the comma after the word "bretheryn."

P. 88, l. 13. In your name Maria.] Lydgate, in MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 141, has given three similar acrostics of the name of the blessed Virgin.

P. 90, l. 1. Ab Ysakar.] Sic in MS. pro *Abysakar*. This pageant was privately printed by Mr. Collier, 12mo. Lond. 1836. The argument is taken from the apocryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary. Lydgate, in the fifth chapter of his Life of the Virgin, introduces the chief incidents here employed.

P. 94, l. 29. So.] Perhaps *yow*.

P. 94, l. 31 to p. 95, l. 22. This is added to the MS. in a more recent handwriting.

P. 97, l. 20. Episcopus comyth, then Joseph.] Owing to this line being inserted in the MS. as a stage direction, and the deficiency of the metre, it has been arranged erroneously. It should be as follows:—

Episcopus. Comyth then.

Joseph. Sere, he may evyl go, &c.

P. 99, l. 13. Foreschyth] So in MS. for *floreschyth*.

P. 101, l. 8. Sere, xalle ffylfyl.] The pronoun *I* is probably omitted before the word *xalle*.

P. 105. THE SALUTATION AND CONCEPTION.] Part of the argument of this pageant may be found in the apocryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary. The incident of the council of the Trinity is given in the *Speculum Vitæ Christi*, and in Lydgate's Life of the Virgin.

P. 105, l. 22. Babys.] Probably *balys*.

P. 112, l. 16. This name Eva is turnyd Ave.] Compare MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 140, a poem in praise of the Virgin :

Heyl sterre of Jacob, glorie of Israelle !

Eva transformyd the lettrys wel out sought ;

Into thy closet whan that Gabryelle

With this wourd Ave hath the tydynges brought.

P. 113, l. 17. But I aske it xal be do.] The word *how* has probably been omitted after *aske*.

P. 114, l. 31. Bemys.] Mr. Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet. ii. 176, writes *bennys*, and considers that the word means *benedicites*. I confess I do not see the necessity of such an explanation, for it appears

simply to signify *beams*, and there was doubtlessly some contrivance to represent them on the stage.

P. 117. JOSEPH'S RETURN.] This pageant is founded upon the apochryphal gospel of the Birth of Mary.

P. 124. THE VISIT TO ELIZABETH.] This pageant is founded upon the Protevangelion of James.

P. 130. l. 12. Leve.] Dele the semicolon after this word.

P. 131. THE TRIAL OF JOSEPH AND MARY.] This pageant is likewise founded upon the narrative in the Protevangelion of James.

P. 131, l. 6. Alle the rowte.] The subsequent enumeration of names was obviously inserted, observes Mr. Collier, "for the sake of producing merriment among the spectators." A somewhat similar list of names occurs in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, among which I find two, viz., Pers Potter and Phyllyp Fletcher, that are also in this list. Hone, Marriott, and Collier, who have quoted this very singular part of these mysteries, place it at the end of the preceding pageant, but the reason for the change I have made will be sufficiently obvious on perusal.

P. 131, l. 25. And loke yerynge wele in your purs.] This is important, as showing that money was collected for the performances. The author of a very curious sermon against miracle-plays generally, in a MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the parish library of St. Martin's in the Fields, expressly complains of the money that was spent in this manner:—"So this myraclis pleyinge is verré wittenesse of mennus averice and coveytise byfore, that is maumetrie, as seith the apostele, for that that thei shulden spendyn upon the nedis of ther neyeboris, thei spenden upon the pleyis, and to peyen ther rente and ther dette thei wolen grucche, and to spende two so myche upon ther play thei wolen nothings grucche. Also to gideren men togidere to bien the derre ther vetailis, and to stiren men to glotonye, and to pride and boost, thei pleyn thes myraclis, and also to han wherof to spenden on these myraclis, and to holde felawschipe of glotonye and lecherie in sich dayes of myraclis pleyinge, thei bisien hem befor to more gredily bygilen ther neybors, in byinge and in sellyng; and so this pleyinge of myraclis now on dayes is werré wittenesse of hideous coveytise, that is maumetrie." — *Reliquæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii., p. 54.

P. 135, l. 13. To set a cokewolde on the hye benche.] This appears to be an allusion to the old ballad of *The Cokwoldes Daunce*, or similar production. King Arthur was represent as giving the first place at table, or a seat on the high bench on the daïs, to men of this order—

“ Than seyde thei all at a word,
That cokwoldes schuld begynne the bord,
And sytt hyst in the halle.”

The *Cokwoldes Daunce* is printed in Von Karajan's *Frühlingsgabe*, 12mo. Vienna, 1839.

P. 137, l. 15. “Fayr chylde, lullay,” sone must she syng.] Lullay is a very common burden to the old nursery songs, one of the oldest of which is preserved in MS. Harl. 913, and has been printed by Ritson. Sharp has printed the following, which, as belonging to a Coventry pageant, will be appropriately introduced in this place:—

Lully, lulla, thow littell tiné child;
By, by, lully, lullay, thow littell tyné child:
By, by, lully, lullay.
O, sisters too,
How may we do
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling,
For whom we do singe
By, by, lully, lullay.

Herod the king,
In his raging
Chargith he hath this day
His men of might,
In his owne sight,
All yonge children to slay.

That wo is me,
Pore child for thee,
And ever morne and say.
For thi parting,
Nether say nor singe
By, by, lully, lullay.

P. 139, l. 16. Now, sere.] This line ought to be pointed thus,

“ Now, sere, evyl thedom com to thi snowte !”

The ignorant transcriber of the MS. has written “ Thedom” as a proper name, which is an evident absurdity.

P. 140, l. 30. Whylle that it dede snow.] The story of the child of snow was very popular in the middle ages, and is often alluded to. It is briefly told in Latin verse by Geoffroy de Vinsauf, Nov. Poetr. ap. Leyser, Hist. Poet. Med. Æv. pp. 901, 903; and at greater length in a French fabliau of the thirteenth century, printed in the collection of Méon, tom. iii. p. 215, analysed in Legrand d’Aussy, tom. iii. p. 84. It occurs at a later period in the celebrated collection, entitled *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* (ed. Le Roux de Lincy, Paris, 1841, tom. 1. p. 153), and in many other similar works composed in Italy and France.

P. 145. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.] The Protevangelion of James is the authority for this pageant.

P. 146, l. 1. It is clepyd a chery tre.] This fable of the cherry tree is the subject of a well known Christmas carol, which has been printed by Hone, *Ancient Mysteries Described*, p. 90. See also Collier’s Hist. Dram. Poet. vol. ii. p. 179.

P. 153, l. 2. Ulverando.] Sic in codice MS., sed forte *ulu-lando*.

P. 158, l. 29. This songe begynne.] In old miniatures the shepherds are often represented playing on bagpipes.

P. 168, l. 13, to p. 170, l. 31. This is added to the original manuscript in a more recent hand.

P. 192, l. 9. Lyke as the sunne doth pers the glas.] “ He lyted within her as the sonne-shyne thurgh the glas.”—MS. Sloan. 3160, fol. 38.

P. 199, l. 1, to p. 200, l. 30. This is added to the manuscript in a more recent hand.

P. 199, l. 8. He.] Probably *ye*.

P. 199, l. 24. Ys.] Probably *your*.

P. 210, l. 5. I xal the shewe many a ceté.] It will be observed that, in the enumeration of countries which follows, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are mentioned, with the omission of England, a proof, perhaps, that the writer had transferred the scene of action into his own country.

P. 217, l. 9. Indeploydo.] So in MS. for *in diploide*, a Latinized form from the Greek word *διπλοῖς*, a double robe ; see Glos.

P. 222, l. 17. Jhesus.] This is erased in the MS, and the word “doctor” substituted in a more recent hand.

P. 235, l. 28. Ther he doth lyve in cave.] For *lyve* read *lyne*. The same expression occurs at p. 227, l. ult.

P. 239, l. 16. Berere of lyth.] i. e., Lucifer.

P. 242, l. 7. With syde lokkys.] “Over thin eyn and thin here” is here inserted in the MS.

P. 245, l. 16. Prose.] So in MS., but perhaps it ought to be *profe*.

P. 262, l. 17. With wyld hors lete hym be drawe.] This mode of punishment was very common in the middle ages. It is again alluded to at p. 290.

P. 275, l. 28. Xad.] So in MS., but probably *shad*, as I do not find *x* for *sh* in any similar case.

P. 289, l. 20. Takyn his scaffalde.] We have an early notice of these vehicles in Chaucer, in the Milleres Tale, where he speaks of the “joly” clerk Absolon—

“Somtime to shew his lightnesse and maistrie

He plaieth Herode on a skaffold hie.”

The parish-clerks, says Tyrwhit, had always a principal share in the representation of mysteries. See notes to *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3384, Sharp’s *Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries*, p. 17, and *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 322.

P. 297, l. 13. Et cantabit gallus.] This was accomplished by one of the company, and a proficiency in the imitation was probably aimed at and accomplished. Among the accounts published by Mr. Sharp is the following entry:—“Paid to Fawston for coc croyng, iiii. d.”—*Dissertation*, p. 36.

P. 313, l. 4. Whi spekest not me to.] A great deal of this is merely paraphrased from the vulgate. Pilate “seide to Jhesu, of whenis art thou? but Jhesus gaf noon answeere to him. Pilat seith to him, spekest thou not to me, wost thou not that I have power to crucifie thee, and I have power to deliver thee.”—John, chap. xix, Wickliffe’s version.

P. 329. THE DESCENT INTO HELL.] The oldest mystery in the English language is founded on this subject, a very popula

theme, the principal authority for which is the gospel of Nicodemus. It is related in *Piers Ploughman*, ed. Wright, p. 385-393.

The print of Christ harrowing hell, published by Hearne, and the unique illustration which it affords to two passages in Shakespeare, are too well known to require a more particular notice.

P. 338. THE RESURRECTION.] The writer of the sermon against mysteries before quoted is very severe on the performance of so sacred a subject as the present. "In the dayes of ceremonial religion," says Lambarde, "they used at Wytney to set foorth the yearly in manner of a shew or interlude, the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Chryste, partly of purpose to draw thither some concourse of people that might spend their money in the towne, but chiefly to allure by pleasant spectacle the comon sort to the likinge of Popish maumetrie; for the which purpose, and the more lyvely thearby to exhibite to the eye the hole action of the Resurrection, the pristes garnished out certein smalle puppets, representinge the persons of Christe, the watchmen, Marie, and others, amongst the which one bare the parte of a waking watchman, who, espiinge Christ to arise, made a continual noyce, like to the sound that is caused by the metinge of two styckes, and was thereof comonly called Jack Snacker of Wytney."—*Dictionarium Angliæ Topographicum et Historicum*, Lond. 1730, p. 459.

P. 346, l. 11, 12. Harde gatys have I gon,

And peynes sofryd many on.

These lines bear a very remarkable resemblance to two others in the early mystery of the Harrowing of Hell, recently printed, and would lead us to think that the author of the Coventry play had had the other in his recollection:—

"Hard gates havy gon,

Sorewen soffred mony on."—p. 15.

P. 361, l. 27. To stey to my fadyr.] "Touche me not yet, for for I have not yet stied up to my fadir; but go to my brethren and seie to them, I stie to my fadir and to youre fadir, to my God and to youre God."—John, xx. Wickliffe's translation.

P. 362, l. 21. But now in herte.] This and the following twenty-one lines are repeated in the MS. in a different hand.

P. 383. THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN. The whole of this

pageant is written in a more recent hand, of the time, I should think, of Henry VIII. It will be observed that this composition differs considerably from the other plays.

P. 402, l. 1. *Clamavit.*] The Latinity throughout the MS. is very bad, but I have suffered it generally to remain as a criterion of the reliance to be placed upon the MS. text.



CORRECTIONS OF THE MS. AND ERRATA.

P. 10, l. 21. After *adultrye* add semicolon.—P. 18, l. 5. For *therin* read *ther in*.—P. 35, l. 22. For *deynful* read *deyn ful*.—P. 65, l. 13. Add a full stop after *dwelle*.—P. 68, l. 27. For *shepeof* read *shepe of*.—P. 75, l. 10. Add a semicolon after *offens*.—P. 84, l. 6. Dele *wik*.—P. 91, l. 31. For *grannt* read *graunt*.—P. 96, l. 6. *Our, forte your*.—P. 101, l. 16. For *infere* read *in fere*.—P. 101, l. 30. For *allemanere* read *alle manere*.—P. 103, l. 13. For *besteryd* read *be steryd*.—P. 108, l. 19. Seyth be, *forte subtil*.—P. 131, l. 25. For *ryngeweale* read *rynge wale*.—P. 145, l. 4. For *trybutehym* read *trybute hym*.—P. 154, l. 29. For *yourspede* read *your spede*.—P. 156, l. 17. For *asyne* read *a syne*.—P. 238, l. 1. For *allewith* read *alle with*. P. 256, l. 16-19. These lines are repeated from p. 252.—P. 263, l. 8. For *behis* read *be his*.—P. 283, l. 15. As, *forte* and.—P. 385, l. 30. After *ded* add a comma.

GLOSSARY.

The Arabic numerals refer to the pages of the volume. Words of frequent occurrence have a limited number of references, and those which are exceedingly common have none. Many of the words in this Glossary may be found in Chaucer and contemporary writers.

- A, sometimes signifies with, and before a verb is sometimes used for to.
A, sometimes have, as "a ffayled," 45, have failed, and in several other places.
A, sometimes a corruption of on or in, and occasionally at.
A, ah! an interjection of very frequent occurrence.
Abyde, stay, remain.
Accende, 214, animate, Lat.
Acorde, accord, agree.
Adawe, *vide* dawē.
Adown, down.
Adred, afraid.
Advowtrye, 216, adultery.
Ageyn, again.
Aglottes, 241. This word is used to denote the tags or metal sheathings of the points which were formerly so much in fashion. See Palsgrave's *Esclaircissement*, "agglet of a lace or poynt, fer."
Agresyth, 331, Agrise, *i. e.*, to shudder, or to make to shudder; so "agresyth me," makes me shudder. See also p. 41.
Agryse, 159, see agresyth.
Aȝens, against.
Alye, 145, kindred.
Alle-be-dene, 4, by and by, forthwith. See Sir Fred. Madden's *Havelok*, 730, 2841, and glos. in voc.
Allether, 14, 230, gen. pl. of all.
Alleredy, all ready.
Altheris, 202, of you all.
Althing, 57, every thing.
Amat, 294, dismayed. Chaucer and Shakespeare use the verb mate, which is doubtlessly the same. See *The Knights Tale*, l. 957, and second part of *Henry VI.*, act. iii. sc. i.
Amonge, at intervals. Answers to the Latin word "mixtim."
Amoure, 50, love.
An, and.
And, if.
Anow, enough.
Anvempnyd, 75, envenom.
Apayed, 67, pleased, contented.
Apert, open.
Apertly, openly.
Aqwyte, 335, requite.
Are, 44, hare.
Aren, *vide* arn.
Arere, 132, 215, stir up. P. 240, raise up.
Aresyn, arisen.
Areste, 91, arrest.
Arn, are.
Arnde, errand, message.
Arneys, 283, harness.
Ailyn, 316, seize.
Arwe, arrow.
Asayn, assay.
Askuse, 2, excuse.
Asmatryk, 189, arithmetic. This word is used by Chaucer and Lydgate, and occurs as late as the year 1594 in John Davis's "*Seaman's Secrets*," epist. ded. See also Chau-

- cer's Cant. Tal. v. 1900, ed Tyrwhitt, and note, where he quotes a passage from the Cottonian manuscript of "the Sevyng Sages of Rome," in which the same word occurs.
- Asoyle, 38, resolve. Mr. Hunter, in the additions to Boucher, points out the two meanings of this word from Palsgrave, *viz.*, absolve, and resolve. It is here used in the latter sense.
- Aspye, 249, espy.
- Astat, 12, estate.
- Asye, 60, assize. Hence, judgment; as in a passage quoted by Stevenson from an Edinburgh MS. in the additions to Boucher.
- At, that.
- Atent, 4, intention.
- Atreyd, 350, frightened. This may be a mistake for "afreyd." I find the same word, however, in The Kyng of Tars, 604—
 "He stunte him up in a breyd,
 In his heite sore atrayyed."
 In which place it probably means vexed, angered, as in The Seven Sages, 1867, from "tray" Ritson absurdly explains it poison'd, from the Saxon atried.
- Atwin, in two, asunder.
- Augrym, 189, algoinism, arithmetic. This is a corruption from the Arabic, and is often found in works on arithmetic after the Boetian system of contractions was superseded by the eastern notation. See the curious etymologies of this word in Rara Mathematica, pp. 1, 72, and 94.
- Autecer, 88, ancestor. It here alludes to the first parent. This word is not yet obsolete in the North-West Riding of Yorkshire. See Hunter's Hallamshire Glossary.
- Autere, altar.
- Avantorsly, peradventure, by chance. "Awnterowsly, forte, fortasse, forsan, forsitan," Prompt. Parv.
- Aved, had.
- Averte, 88, averter, turner away.
- Avyse, advice.
- Avyse, to consider. "Avise yow wele," *i. e.*, look well to yourselves."
- Avoyd, 131, move away.
- Avoutie, *vide* Advowtrye.
- Avowe, a vow. "Avowe, votum," Prompt. Parv.
- Awey, away.
- Awteie, altar.
- Ay, ever, aye, always.
- Bad, 164, bold.
- Bafts, 180.
- Baye, 180, set at bay. See Sir F. Madden's Glos. to William and the Werwolf.
- Bayle, 292, custody, government. Cant Tales, v. 7574.
- Bayn, 173, 178, ready.
- Bale, 30, sorrow, misery.
- Balys, 105, plural of "bale."
- Balys, 210, bales.
- Balke, 343, a ridge of land between two burrowes, Cotgrave. "Balke of a londe eryd, porca," Prompt. Parv. See Boucher's Glossary, in voc.
- Bane, bone.
- Bairn, child.
- Barne, 160, 168, 180, 182, &c. *Vide* barn.
- Baron, 182, *vide* barn.
- Bairany, barren.
- Bat, 12, debate.
- Bath, both
- Batte, 296, stroke. So it may be interpreted in this place, but see Stevenson's additions to Boucher, in voc. bat. "Batte-staffe, perticulus," Prompt. Parv.
- Be-dene, 2, 4, 7, 62, 161, immediately, moreover, collectively.
- Beetes, 22, beets. "Betys herbe, beta," Prompt. Parv.
- Befforn, before
- Beghis, 384, bitches.
- Behest, promised. "I have beheste, voto nuncupavi," Hormanni Vulgaria, fol. 3.
- Behestes, promises.
- Be-lyff, 181, quickly, instantly.
- Belle, 189 To bere the belle, *i. e.*, to carry the prize; a proverbial expression, which occurs also in Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide, 199.
- Belle, 18, clock.
- Bemys, beams.
- Benethe, 145, begin.
- Benyson, 86, benediction, blessing.
- Bent, subject.
- Bent, a bending or declivity.

- Berde, 300, lady, damsel. A word often applied to a young female in old English poetry. By metathesis it is *bride*, and hence the modern term "*bride*." See Sir F. Madden's *Glos. to Havelok*, in *voc.* Chaucer, however, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1014, uses the word "*birde*" for "*bride*" in its present signification.
- Beryelys, 18, tombs. See the last edition of Dugdale's *Monast.* vi. 1537, where the first portion of these mysteries has been inserted.
- Berynt, 316, bear.
- Berys, 352, bears.
- Be-seyn, 249, appear.
- Best, beast.
- Be-stad, 77, 329, placed, circumstanced. I am not quite certain of its meaning in the first of these instances, but the word "*accomplished*" will suit the context. *Vide* Boucher's *Glossary* in *voc.*, who remarks that "no precise, constant meaning seems ever to have been attached to this word." In the *Prompt. Parv.* is the following valuable notice of this word, "*Be-stad*, or withholdyn yn wele or wo."
- Besy, busy.
- Besynes, business.
- Betake, 72, deliver, commit. See Boucher's *Glossary*, in *voc.* *Vide* *be-teche*, which appears to be exactly the same word, differing only in the spelling.
- Bete, 180.
- Bete, bit.
- Be-teche, 70, commit, recommend. To commit to the charge or protection of another.
- Betyde, 47, happen.
- Bett, better.
- Bewray, 218, betray.
- Bewté, beauty.
- By, sometimes used for "*in*."
- Byche, bitch. *Byche-clowte*, 218, baggage. It is not easy to gloss this old slang.
- Bydyng, 22, dwelling.
- Bylde, 20, make.
- Bylle, 41, book.
- Birthene, burden.
- Bysmare, 140, 217, shameless person.
- Generally used as an adjective, as by Chaucer in *Canterbury Tales*.
- Byth, bite.
- Blaberyn, 164, 384, talk idly. "*Blaberyn* or speke withowte resoun, blatero," *Prompt. Parv.*
- Ble, 20, generally means complexion. "*Bryth as ble*," should probably be "*bryth of ble*," i. e., bright of complexion. See *Kyng of Tars*, l. 368, "*Heo that was so bryht of ble*."
- Blenke, blink, a wink of the eye in derision
- Blere, 98, dim.
- Blyff, 13, *vide* *be-lyff*.
- Blyn, 338, cease.
- Blythe, 24, 167, gay.
- Blome, 65, bloom, blossom.
- Blosme, blossom.
- Blosme, to blossom.
- Bobbyd, 332, struck.
- Boyst, 356, box Fr.
- Bonden, bound
- Bondmen, husbandmen.
- Bone, boon, prayer, request.
- Bone, 28, order.
- Boot, 30, *vide* *Bote*.
- Boot, 29, bit.
- Borys, 319, boars.
- Borwe, borrow.
- Bot, but.
- Bote, 4, 162, salvation, safety, help.
- Boure, bower, chamber.
- Bord, table, board
- Bow, bough.
- Bowne, 264, ready.
- Brayde, 231, start. "*Within a brayde*," is a proverbial expression for rapidity, and occurs in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 1336. See also above in the note on the word "*atreyd*."
- Brake, 22, fern. "*Filix, ferne or brekans*," *Ortus Vocabulorum*. "*Brake herbe or ferne, filix*," *Prompt. Parv.*
- Brast, burst.
- Bredys, 270, breads.
- Breganders, brigandiers.
- Breke, break.
- Brennyng, burning.
- Brent, burnt.
- Brere, 355, briar. "*Bowndyn in brere*" alludes of course to the crown of thorns.
- Brethellys, 308, wretches, worthless people of either sex.

- Brybour, 183, beggar.
 Brydde, bird.
 Brynnys, 162, streams.
 Bryst, breast.
 Bronde, 52, brand.
 Brothel, 217, *vide* brethellys.
 Buske, 158, go.
 But, without. "By" and "with" are often synonymous with this preposition.
 But, except, unless.
 Buxum, 22, 52, obedient, courteous.
- Cadace, 241, Cadiz.
 Cadens, 189, cadence.
 Caisar, *vide* Kayser.
 Calabere, 242, cloth of Calabria.
 Calde, called.
 Cammaka, 163, a kind of cloth. See Spelmanni Glossarium, pp. 88, 97. In the time of Edward III. they made the church vestments of this material.
 Careyn, 48, carrion.
 Carys, 218, cares.
 Carnalle, 194, earthly.
 Carpynge, 166, talking, speech, narration.
 Cast, 129, plan.
 Caton, 189, the *Disticha Catonis*, a book greatly read in the middle ages.
 Cessacion, 107, ceasing.
 Ceteceyn, citizen.
 Chaffare, 266, barter, generally used a substantive, meaning "merchandize."
 Chalys, 276, chalice.
 Chare, 325, 359, frighten, scare.
 Charle, 139, churl, slave, villain.
 Chase, 23, enchase.
 Chawmere, 115, chamber.
 Chavyl bone, 37, cheek bone. Prompt. Parv. *Mandibula*, *i. e.*, maxilla.
 Cheke, 306, check.
 Cheselys, 56, gravel, sand. Wickhffe uses the word "gravel" for "sand," in Gen. xx. "Chysel or gravel," Prompt. Parv.
 Cheve, 160, succeed.
 Cheverelle, 241, kid leather, leather made of goat's skin. "Cheverell leather, cheverotin," Palsgrave. "Cuir chevreul," Cotgrave. "Cheverelle leddare," Prompt. Parv. Used by Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 1, and frequently in an allegorical sense.
 Chevesauns, 242, provision. Explained in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* by the word "*providentia*," *i. e.*, studium.
 Chevetyn, chieftain.
 Chyse, 180, choice.
 Claryfieth, 103, lighteneth.
 Clenche, 385, cling together.
 Clepyd, 113, called.
 Clergye, 193, erudition.
 Clyne, 114, incline.
 Clowdys, 402, clods.
 Clowte, 98, 139, knock.
 Clowte, 218, a term of reproach, *vide* Byche.
 Comeryd, cumbered.
 Comperycion, comparison.
 Conceyte, 70, conception.
 Conseyl, counsel.
 Conserve, 70, preserve.
 Contrye, country.
 Cordewan, 241, Cordovan, a Spanish leather, so called from Corduba. "His shoon of Cordewane," Sire Thopas. Shoes made of this leather were articles of luxury.
 Cors, 342, corpse.
 Cost, coast, region.
 Costyous, 241, costly.
 Cote, 96, cot, cottage.
 Countyrfe, 241, contrive.
 Coverte, 140, covering.
 Covnawnt, 299, covenant.
 Cowdel, 139, caudle.
 Cownce, 313, counsel.
 Cowthe, 103, kind.
 Craftys, 180.
 Crenseyn, 241, crimson.
 Cressetys, 270, 283, cressets. "*Crucibulum*, a lanterne or a cresset," MS. Harl. 1000. An open lamp, exhibited on a beacon, carried upon a pole, or otherwise suspended. "Falor, a cressit light (such as they use in play-houses) made of ropes wreathed, pitched, and put into small and open cages of iron"—Cotgrave.
 Crofte, 36, yard.
 Crook, 209, *vide* Kyng Alysaunder, 6193.
 Cunnyng, 2, knowledge.
 Curyng, covering. "Curyne or hyllynge," Prompt. Parv. *Vide* Hylle.

Cursyd, accursed.
 Curteys, 161, courteous.
 Cus, 88, kiss.

Dalyawnce, 135, 369.
 Damisele, damsel.
 Dawe, 291, 294, down.
 Dawe, 298, dawn.
 Dawucyn, 319, dance.
 Dede, dead.
 Defawth, fault.
 Defendyd, 322, offended.
 Delacion, delay.
 Dele, part.
 Deliberacion, 130, consideration.
 "Good deliberacion" here means
 "kind consideration."

Delve, 32, dig.
 Delvyng, 32, digging.
 Delyre, 204, delay.
 Delyte, delight.
 Dem, 250, condemn.
 Demyd, 29, judged, condemned.
 Dempt, damned.
 Dene, den.

Dentys, blows, strokes.

Dere, dear.

Dere, 61, 63, injure.

Derrere, dearer.

Dette, due.

Deve, 166, deafen.

Develys, devils.

Devyd, 348, deafened.

Devys, device.

Devoyde, 243, absent.

Dew, due.

Dyght, 94, prepared.

Dymysellys, 100, damsels.

Dyng, 31, strike down.

Dyngne, 164, worthy.

Dyntys, blows, strokes.

Diplois, 217. See notes, p. 414. "Lynnyng of clothe, deploys-dys,"
 Prompt. Parv. "Surtout double,"
 Gall. *Vide* Ducange, in voc.

Dyrthe, 186, dearth.

Dyscres, decrease.

Dyscryve, 190, descry.

Dispite, 2, contempt.

Dysprave, 285, 350, disprove.

Dysspice, despise.

Dysteyn, 61, 215, disdain.

Dyswary, 383, doubt.

Dyth, 18, prepare, make ready.

Do, don. The various uses of this
 verb in English and Scotch, in an

auxiliary, active, and passive sense,
 have been pointed out by Tyrwhitt,
 in his Essay on the Versification of
 Chaucer. See also Sir Fred. Mad-
 den's Glossaries to Havelok, and
 William and the Werwolf.

Doctrynal, 189, a popular book of the
 middle ages.

Doyl, 47, dole, sorrow.

Dolfoly, 35, sorrowfully.

Dolowie, grief.

Dome, 349, judgement.

Domys, 189, judgments, opinions.

"Dome, judicium," Prompt. Parv.

Dompnesse, dumbness.

Donjoone, 21, dungeon.

Doungenys, 308, dungeons.

Douteres, daughters.

Dowcet, 24, dulcet, sweet.

Dowe, dove.

Dowse, 90, *vide* Dowcet.

Dowte, 5, 10, fear.

Dowtere, daughter.

Dowty, 163, mighty.

Downtynes, 161, mightyness.

Dreynt, 43, drowned.

Drepe, 170, drop. I believe this to
 be the right interpretation, although
 it may possibly be a singular in-
 stance of the primitive meaning of
 the verb "drepe," which frequently
 occurs in early English writers,
 meaning "to kill." If the writer
 of this passage means to say that
 the three kings were drowned in
 oblivion, it would almost realize
 Lye's interpretation of the Saxon
 "dresse," which he explains by
 "lethi causa." In *Cædmon* we read
 "on gemynd-drepend" applied to
 Noah in his drunkenness. See
 Thorpe's edition, p. 94.

Dresse, 217, prepare.

Drewe, 36, 405, love, friendship.

Drowe, 239, drew.

Dulfulle, 228, doleful.

Dwelle, 3, dwell, give attention. So
 in the *Sevyn Sages*, 1,
 "Lordynges that here likes to dwell,
 Leves yowr speche and heres this
 spell."

Dwere, doubt.

Echone, each one.

Edyfy, 252, 256, edify.

Efne, 278, heaven.

- Efte, again.
 Eyd, 325, heed.
 Eyen, eyn, eyne, eyes.
 Eylsum, 93, wholesome, sound.
 Eyte, 129, eight.
 Eyted, 83, eighth.
 Eyzil, 325, vinegar.
 Empeire, 201, emperor.
 Enchesone, *vide* incheson.
 Ende, *vide*, Hende.
 Ensens, 162, incense.
 Enspyre, inspire.
 Eibys, herbs.
 Erdon, 282, erian.
 Erst, 105, else.
 Ertheleche, earthly.
 Earthepwave, 331, earthquake.
 Everyche, every.
 Everychone, every one.
 Evy, heavy.
 Exys, 270, axes.
 Fad, 24, fed.
 Fader, father.
 Fay, faith, truth.
 Fayer, fair.
 Fayn, glad, joyful.
 Falsage, 39, a mistake in the MS for "falsage."
 Fals, false.
 Falsed, 10, baffled.
 Fame, 139, defame.
 Famyt, 105, famished.
 Fare, 162, go. This word is very common in early English.
 Faryn, 89, fare.
 Faryn, 163, gone.
 Fawe, 293, glad. *Vide* fayn. The same form of the word occurs in Kyng of Tars, 1058.
 Fawte, fault.
 Fawth, want.
 Fe, 183, money. Tytwhitt says that this word is sometimes used to signify inheritable possessions, in contradistinction to money or moveables. See Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 117.
 Feble, feeble.
 Feetly, 135, fitly, properly.
 Fey, faith.
 Feynnesse, feebleness.
 Feythful, 375, believing.
 Feythnesse, 44, feebleness.
 Felachep, fellowship.
 Felawes, fellows, companions.
 Fele, many, often.
 Fele, very.
 Felle, 188, skin.
 Felle, fierce.
 Felle, 65, overcome.
 Fellere, 159, destroyer.
 Fenaunce, 223, end.
 Fend, fiend.
 Fenne, 166, 264, fen. "Fenne, labina," Prompt. Parv.
 Fer, far.
 Ferd, feared.
 Ferde, 117, fared.
 Fere, 91, companion.
 Fere, fire.
 Fere, fear.
 Fere, far.
 Ferforthe, 126, henceforth.
 Feryng, fearing.
 Ferly, 17, wonderful.
 Feste, feast.
 Fett, fetch.
 Fygwryth, figureth.
 Fylt, 112, filled.
 Fise, 385.
 Fyth, fight.
 Fytt, 186, a division or part in music. See Percy's Reliques, Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, gloss. in voc. fit., Sir F. Madden's gloss. to Sir Gawayne, in voc, and the old ballad of King Estmere.
 Flem, 280, banish. *Vide* Chaucer's Manciples Tale, "and appetit flemmeth discretion."
 Flyth, flight.
 Flom, river.
 Florens, 167, florins, francs. Ancient French coins.
 Floure, flower.
 Flowe, 3, flowered.
 Foyson, 66, 89, abundance.
 Foly, fools.
 Folwe, follow.
 Folwyth, followeth.
 Fomen, 56, foes.
 Fon, 12, foes.
 Fond, 25, try.
 Fonge, 41, 243, undertake.
 Fonnyng, 304, temptation.
 Fonnys, 367, foolish.
 Food, 149, offspring.
 Fop, 295, fool. "Foppe, folet, fatuelus, stolidus, follus," Prompt. Parv.
 For, notwithstanding.
 Fordeie, 240, further.

Fordone, ruined, destroyed.
 For-fare, 47, perish.
 Forgeten, forgot.
 Forloin, 7, utterly lost.
 Former, 159, creator.
 For-than, 64, therefore.
 For-thy, 120, therefore, on this account.
 Foulyng, 306, wretch.
 Frayth, 15, affrayeth, caused fear to.
 Fre, 3, 8, noble.
 Freke, 30, fellow. This word generally occurs in a bad sense.
 Frelnes, 108, frailty.
 Frienchep, friendship.
 Fryth, 264, an inclosed wood. See Sir F. Madden's gloss. to Sir Gawayne, in voc.
 Fryththis, 167, 183, possessions, as distinguished from money.
 Fro, from.
 Fruysson, fruition.
 Fulfyllyd, 125, 127, filled full.
 Fullyche, fully.

 Gadere, gather.
 Game, 133, sport.
 Gan, began.
 Gate, 51, way.
 Gatys, 346, ways.
 Geawunt, 15, giant.
 Gebetty, 290, gibbets.
 Gendyr, 61, engender.
 Gent, 135, gentle.
 Gerlys, 181, children (of either sex).
 Knave geilys, male children.
 Gerthe, 186, girth.
 Gesyne, 150, parturition, childbirth.
 "Gesine, a lying in childbed, a lying in," Cotgrave.
 Geste, guest.
 Gett, gotten.
 Gyde, guide.
 Gyldyn, golden.
 Gynne, 44, trap.
 Gynne, begin.
 Gynnyng, beginning.
 Gyse, 118, fashion.
 Glade, 168, fine.
 Glathe, 171, welcome.
 Glete, 165.
 Glevys, 270, glaives, swords.
 Glose, 9, gloss.
 Godys, 34, goods.
 Gomys, 384, gums.
 Gonge, 345, little house.

Gost, spirit.
 Governawns, 135, conduct.
 Gowys, 179, *vide* Golkys.
 Grame, 2, 27, anger.
 Gramercy, 56, thanks.
 Grave, 227, buried.
 Gre, great.
 Grede, 181, cry.
 Grees, 82, 85, steps. "Siste gradum, abide thor at grees," Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. 1. p. 8.
 Greff, grief.
 Gres, grass.
 Gyrle, 230, angry.
 Grym, 69, cruel. "Gryme, gryl, and horrible, homidus," Prompt. Parv "He loked grymly or angerly," Hormanni Vulgaria.
 Grysycysme, 189, an educational book of the time.
 Gryse, *vide* agryse.
 Grythe, 7, peace. Perhaps it ought to be spelt gyrthe, which would complete the rhyme; and yet it occurs similarly in the Townley Mysteries, p. 140.
 Gionyn, 95, groan.
 Groundyd, 1, foundation.
 Grugge, 228, grumble. See "The Voiage and Tiavaile of Sir John Maundevile," ed. 1839, p. 57. "Grucchyd, murmuratus," Prompt. Parv.
 Grw, 179, Greek.
 Gun, 11, began.

 Ha, 163, hedge.
 Halle, 303, all.
 Hals, 342, neck.
 Halse, 323, embrace. From the Saxon hals, *i. e.*, the neck, but used generally.
 Halwe, 61, hallow, sanctify.
 Happys, 182, fortunes.
 Haras, 147, a stud of horses. "A hous of haras" merely means a "stable." The following definition of this word is given in a poem of the reign of Edward II., MS. Trin. Coll. Cantab. B. 14, 40:—"Haras seyth man of coltys."
 Hardaunt, 15, courageous.
 Harlot, 217. This word is applied to either sex. "Scurra, a harlotte," Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. 1. p. 7.

- Harpe, 181.
 Harwere, 160, harrower.
 Hastow, hast thou.
 Hat, 13, hast.
 Hatede, hated.
 Hede, hide.
 Hedyr, hither.
 Hefly, 255, heavenly.
 Hefne, heaven.
 Heyde, hide.
 Heylyght, 139, aileth.
 Heyn, 237, heaven.
 Heyn, 179.
 Hele, health.
 Helme, helmet. "Galea, a helme, Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. 1. p. 7.
 Helmes, alms.
 Hem, 30, home.
 Hem, them.
 Hende, 5, 174, fair.
 Hendyng, ending.
 Hendyr, 89, more gentle.
 Hens, hence.
 Hent, 12, 94, taken, take.
 Herborwe, 147, habitation, lodging.
 Used by Chaucer. See *Cant. Tales*, ed. Tyrwhitt, glos. in voc.
 Heidy, 159, shepherds.
 Here, their.
 Here, 6, hear.
 Here, her.
 Here, 226, hair.
 Hest, 17, command.
 Hete, 185, hit.
 Hevy, sorrowful.
 Hevyl, sad.
 Hevyn, heaven.
 Hey, high.
 Hy, he.
 Hy, high.
 Hyzer, higher.
 Hyght, 6, be called.
 Hylle, 38, 253, cover, conceal. A Somersetshire word.
 Hylte, 401, concealed.
 Hoerd, 179, 325, a satirical term. It is used also in the curious old poem on the Man in the Moon, printed in my *Introduction to Shakespeare's Mids. Night's Dream*, p. 54.
 Hol, 284, whole.
 Hoo, who.
 Hool, whole.
 Host, 282.
 Howe, 99, ought.
 Howyth, 97, ought.
 Howlott, 179, owl. See *Hunter's Hallamshire Glossary*, p. 52.
 Howte, 182, howl.
 Howtyn, 179, hoot.
 I or Y, at the beginning of a word, represents the Saxon prepositive "ge," and, when it occurs, is most frequently prefixed to the participle past. See Sir F. Madden's *Glos. to William and the Werwolf*.
 I-crake, 342, probably a mistake in the manuscript for "to crake," which will make better sense.
 I-fownde, 158, 179, found.
 I-knowe, 141, known.
 Iubasset, 77, embassy.
 Incheson, 116, cause. "Enchesone or cause," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Indute, 204, clothed, indued (*indutus*, Lat.)
 I-now, 385, enough.
 Inportable, 291, unbearable.
 Intille, into.
 I-prest, 384, pressed. Perhaps this is an error in the manuscript for "and prest."
 I-wys, truly, certainly. The Saxon adjective *gewis*, used adverbially. Sir Frederick Madden "doubts whether it was not regarded as a pronoun and verb by the writers of the fifteenth century." *V. Gloss. to Sir Gawayne*, in voc.
 Jape, jest. Sometimes, as at p. 118, used in an obscene sense. "Mokkyn, or japy, or tryfelyn, ludifico," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Jebet, gibbet.
 Jematrye, 189, geometry. A curious document, which affords a very good illustration of geometry in England at this period, is printed in *Rara Mathematica*, p. 56-71.
 Jentyll, gentle, of noble birth, or breeding.
 Juré, Jewry.
 Jurediccyon, 302, jurisdiction.
 Kage, 162, 166, cage, stall.
 Kayser, 183, emperor.
 Kende, kind.
 Kendely, 34, natural.
 Kerchere, 54, kerchief.
 Kerchy, 318, kerchief.

- Kydde, 49, known.
 Kyknytes, 180, knights.
 Kynrede, kindred.
 Kyrke, 178, church.
 Kyrtyl, 163, 310. "Kyrtyl, tunica,"
 Prompt. Parv. See Gifford's Jon-
 son, vol. ii. p. 260.
 Kyth, 159, native country.
 Kythe, 180, make known.
 Knad, 384, knife.
 Knaggyd, 384, hanged.
 Knave, 151, servant.
 Knelende, 74, kneeling.
 Knyt, 19, joined.
 Knytes, knights.
 Knop, 245, knob.
 Know, 169, acknowledge.
 Knowlage, 123, acknowledge.
 Kold, 168, slain.
 Kok, cock.
 Kow, 299, cow.
 Krepe, creep.
 Kure, 54, cover.
 Kusse, 78, kiss.
 Kutte, 218, cut.

 Lacche, 29, catch, take.
 Lay, 161, law.
 Lake, 387, den.
 Langage, language. Hence, 40, dis-
 pute.
 Lappyd, 125, were enfolded. "Lap-
 pyn or whappyn in clothys, invol-
 vo; lappyn as howndys, lambo,"
 Prompt. Parv.
 Las, 29, lace.
 Lave, 98, washed.
 Leche, physician.
 Ledys, 183, people.
 Lef, leave.
 Leff, 267, well.
 Leysere, 321, leisurely.
 Lende, 169, tarry. See Sir F. Mad-
 den's *Glos. to Sir Gawayne*, in *voc.*
 Lenyalle, hneal.
 Lent, 190, given.
 Lere, learn.
 Lernyst, 103, teachest.
 Les, falsehood.
 Lesyng, lying.
 Lesse, 223, be lessened.
 Lest, 333, list, desire.
 Lestyght, lasteth.
 Lestyng, lasting.
 Lete, 25, lose.
 Lett, 121, 369, hinder.

 Lettyng, 5, 33, hindrance.
 Leve, 31, dear.
 Levyn, 156, sky.
 Levyng, living.
 Levyr, 120, rather.
 Levys, leaves.
 Lyberary, 88, bible.
 Lycorys, 22, liquorice.
 Lyff, life.
 Lyme, 170, limb.
 Lymyd, 63, ensnared, caught as with
 bird-lime. Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*,
 6516, uses the word in the same
 manner.
 Lympe, lump.
 Lynage, lineage.
 Lyne, lie.
 Lynamacion, 189, measuring.
 Lyste, 154, listen.
 Lyste, 171, pleasure.
 Lythe, 166, lies.
 Lofflyere, 161, more lovely.
 Lofsumere, 161, more worthy.
 Logge, 29, lodge.
 Logyd, 11, lodged.
 Lokyn, 19, 29, &c., locked.
 Lombe, lamb.
 Longe, belong.
 Lore, 37, doctrine.
 Lorn, 55, destroyed.
 Losel, 37, wretch. The word occurs
 as late as the year 1627 in the old
 play of *Apollo Shroving*, p. 80, and
 once in *Shakespeare*, *Winter's Tale*,
 act ii. sc. 3.
 Loth, loath.
 Lothfolest, 75, most loathsome.
 Loveday, 111. A day appointed for
 the amicable arrangement of dif-
 ferences. See *Tyrwhitt's Notes to*
 Chaucer, v 260. "Loveday, dies
 sequestra," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Lovely, 1, good people. The latter
 word is understood.
 Loveliest, 183, most dear, precious.
 Loved, lord.
 Lowh, 24, smiles.
 Lowlyté, 355, loyalty.
 Lowte, 59, 206, bow, bow down.
 Lowth, 137, 166, obey, worship.
 Lullyd, 182, lollid.
 Lullynge, 182, lolling.
 Lurdeyn, 45, clown. Generally used
 as an expression of contempt, as at
 p. 184.
 Lusty, 74, pleasant.

- Maculacion, 138, spot, stain, Lat.
 Mahownde, Mahomet. *Vide* Ducange,
 in voc
 Mayn, might, strength.
 Maystryes, 211, skill.
 Make, mate, companion.
 Males, 106, evils.
 Manace, 41, danger.
 Manas, 21, *vide* manace.
 Mansclawth, 312, manslaughter.
 Maryn, 99, marry.
 Mairyn, 163, hurt
 Masangere, messenger.
 Matere, matter.
 Matere, 383, womb.
 Mawndé, 11, 259, Maunday.
 May, maid.
 Mede, 55, 352, merit, reward.
 Medys, 183, rewards, merits.
 Medyl-erth, 30, world.
 Meef, 243, move.
 Mekyl, much.
 Melle, 21, mix, join.
 Mende, mind.
 Mendys, 240, remembrances
 Meny, 270, company, followers.
 "Meny of howsholde, familia,"
 Prompt. Parv. This word, says Sir
 F. Madden, is to be found in every
 English writer from the time of
 Layamon to Shakespeare.
 Menyht, meaneth.
 Mere, 171, 355, place, boundary.
 "Meer-marke betwene ij. londys,
 meta," Prompt. Parv.
 Meryer, merrier.
 Merthis, mirths.
 Merveilyd, marvelled.
 Mete, 101, measure.
 Methe, 157, mouth.
 Myre, 169, myrrh.
 Myrkenes, 230, darkness. "Myrke-
 nesse, or derkenesse, tenebrositas,"
 Prompt. Parv.
 Myschevyd, 107, wicked.
 Mysse, 43, wrong.
 Myth, might.
 Mokador, 190, a bib. "Baverette, a
 bib, mocket, or mocketer, to put be-
 fore the bosome of a (slaving)
 child," Cotgrave.
 Molde, earth.
 Mone, moon.
 Moote, 4, contention.
 Morny, 104, mourning.
 Mornyng, mourning.
 Morwy, morning.
 Mot, must.
 Mot-halle, 298, court, judgement-
 hall "Moote halle, prætorium,"
 Prompt. Parv.
 Mowe, 325, mouth.
 Mullynge, 160, pretty boy.
 Muste, 382, new wine See Wick-
 liffe, Acts ii. 13, ap. Collier's Hist.
 Dram. Poet. vol. ii. p. 221.
 Nale, 61, ale-house. See Tyrwhitt's
 Gloss. to Cant. Tales, in voc. This
 author supposes "at the nale," in
 the few passages in which it is
 found, to be a corruption which has
 arisen from the mispronunciation
 and consequent miswriting of atte
 nale for atten ale.
 Negremauncye, 189, necromancy.
 This does not exactly imply the
 modern term. "He is all sette to
 nygrymancy and conjuryng, addic-
 tus est mathematicæ," Hormanni
 Vulgaria.
 Neyhand, 172, approach, nigh at hand.
 Nempe, 53, name.
 Nesche, 32, tender.
 Nevene, 173, name.
 Ny, nigh.
 Nome, 96, taken.
 Norche, 208, nourish.
 Norchych, nourisheth.
 Noth, nought.
 Nowthty, naughty.
 Num, 158, took. See Nome.
 O, one.
 Oblocucion, 70, interruption, Lat.
 Oyn, 14, eyes.
 Olyff, 196, in life, alive.
 On, in, as "on sondyr," 45, and other
 places.
 Onbokylle, 200, unbuckle.
 Onethys, 147, &c., scarcely, with dif-
 ficulty.
 Onhangyd, 305, unchanged.
 Ony, 103, honey.
 Onys, once.
 Onyth, 242, in night, at night time.
 Oo, one.
 Or, before.
 Ordenaryes, 87, ordinances.
 Ore, 78, mercy, grace, favour. "Thyn
 ore," a common expression, signify-
 ing "with thy favour." See Chau-

- cer's *Canterbury Tales*, ed. Tyrwhitt, v. 3724, and notes.
- Ortografye, 189, orthography.
- Ostage, 147, hostage, lodging.
- Ouer, 385, too.
- Ouerest, 307, uppermost.
- Ouer-throwyht, 74, overthrows.
- Ouyr-lede, 262, ouer-leach, overbear.
- "Do not the people oppresse, nor overlede," Lydgate's translation of Boccace, v. 104.
- Ovyrsen, oveisee.
- Ovyth, 52, behoveth.
- Owe, 28, own.
- Owyn, own.
- Owtrage, 62, outrageous.
- Oyn, eyn, eyes.
- Face, 14, 120, pass.
- Pad, 164, toad.
- Padde, 185, *vide* pad.
- Paddok, 164, a large toad. A distinction is here drawn between the "paddok" and the "pad," the meaning of which is obvious. "Vanna, paddoke," *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 8.
- Paphawkes, 179, parrots I give this interpretation on the conjecture of a gentleman well skilled in the language, but I cannot find any authority for it.
- Parayl, 246, 269, apparel.
- Par-dé, 122, by God! verily. A common French oath.
- Paramowre, love. See *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 27.
- Parfyte, 115, perfect.
- Parochoners, 71, parishoners.
- Partabyl, 275, partaker.
- Pay, 49, pleasure.
- Pawsacion, 89, pause.
- Peyr, pair
- Peys, 236, weight.
- Pelle, 167, fur. "Wurth pelle" is a tautology.
- Pellys, 246, furs. The notice in this place of "pellys after the old gyse" is curious.
- Perchyn, 238, pierce.
- Perdure, 254, endure.
- Pere, equal.
- Pere, 131, appear.
- Pertly, 1, openly, promptly.
- Peté, pity.
- Pete, 29, 165, query to pitch or throw.
- Peusawns, 261, power.
- Phasmacion, 191, formation.
- Pyan, 22, "Pyony herbe, pionia," *Prompt. Parv.* "Pionia, pentorobinam, pioyné," MS. Sloan. 2478, fol. 210.
- Pychyn, 179, pick.
- Pygth, *vide* Pyth.
- Pylle, 297, rob. "Pjll, or make bare," *Palsgrave*.
- Pillid, 384, bald. So Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, v. 3933, says "As pillid as an ape was his skull."
- Pyne, 151, pain.
- Pynne, 28, pine.
- Pyth, 2, 6, pight, arrayed, fixed.
- Pleand, 70, playing.
- Pleyn, 14, playing.
- Pleyn place, 14, playing place, theatre. "Pleyng place, diludium," *Prompt. Parv.*
- Pleyn, plain.
- Plesawns, pleasing.
- Plesynge, 73, pleasure.
- Plete, 185, plead.
- Plyth, 2, plight, pledge.
- Popetys, 179, puppets.
- Portatune, 34, likeness.
- Possede, 56, possess.
- Pousté, power.
- Piate, talk.
- Pray, 216, prey.
- Prendyd, 185, pricked.
- Prent, 18, 60, imprint.
- Prese, 1, crowd, throng.
- Piesonde, 312, confined.
- Prest, 13, ready.
- Pretende, 82, put forward.
- Preyu, 320, pray.
- Prevyn, 179, prove.
- Pryk, sting.
- Prynspal, 377, principal.
- Prise, 41, price, value.
- Promysson, promise.
- Prophete, 261, profit.
- Pro w, 119, 333, profit
- Prune, 164, cut.
- Punchyth, 75, punish.
- Purple, purple.
- Purveyd, 123, provided.
- Qwalle, 67, whale.
- Qwarte, qwerte, 202, 225, 372, good spirits, joy. Sometimes, as at p. 372, used as an adjective
- Qwed, 15, wicked.

- Qwedyr, 122, shiver.
 Qweke, quake.
 Qwelle, 13, destroy.
 Qwelp, 51, whelp.
 Qwen, 80, queen.
 Qweme, 109, please.
 Qwerte, *vide* Qwarte.
 Qwethe, bequeath.
 Qwyght, 44, reward, pay off.
 Qwyl, while.
 Qwypps, 315, whips.
 Qwyte, 22, white.
 Qwyte, 18, requite.
- Race, 136, break.
 Raftys, 180, rafts.
 Rake, 183, rack (?) This word is here dragged in to preserve the alliteration, a practice very common with the writer of these mysteries.
 Rakyl, 24, rash.
 Rakyng, 180, violent. "Rasco, rakny," *Ortus Vocabulorum*.
 Rape, 179, 231, haste.
 Reast, 124, rest.
 Rebate, 76, abate.
 Rebawdys, 183, ribalds.
 Recke, 182, care. *I ne recke, i. e., I don't care.*
 Reclyne, 141, return.
 Recorde, witness.
 Recure, 93, recover, obtain.
 Rede, counsel.
 Redrure, 254.
 Regne, 161, kingdom.
 Reynenge, reigning.
 Reynes, 241, 273.
 Releves, 89, remnants.
 Rem, 156, realm.
 Rennyn, 16, ran.
 Renogat, 384, renegade.
 Repreff, reproof.
 Resche, 170, rush.
 Restyth, remaineth.
 Reve, 175, bereave.
 Revyfe, revive.
 Rewe, 11, row.
 Rewly, 8, rueful.
 Rewlyd, ruled.
 Ryal, 161, royal.
 Ryalté, 161, royalty.
 Ryff, 4, 6, 7, 13, speedily. *Vide* Ihre, and Sir F. Madden's gloss. to William and the Werwolf, in voc.
 Rynggyng, 308, noisy.
- Rys, 22, twig, bough. See Lydgate's *Minor Poems*, pp. 105, 269.
 Ryte, right.
 Ryth, right.
 Rythful, 13, righteous.
 Roberych, 277, rubric. This of course refers to the directions given immediately previously.
 Rochand, 308, ruler.
 Rosche, 32, rush.
 Rote, root.
 Rought, 183, rout.
 Rowel, 179, point of a spur. "Rowel of a spere, stimulus," *Prompt. Par.* v.
 Rowneys, 180, steeds.
 Rowte, 40, assembly.
 Rowth, 177, suffer.
 Ruly, 14, 67, *vide* Rewly.
 Rustynes, 47, long continuance.
- Sadelys, 353, saddles.
 Sadly, 145, gravely.
 Saff, save.
 Say, 356, saw.
 Saylle, 45, assail.
 Same, 22, together.
 Savyn, save.
 Sawe, 301, 352, speech, discourse. It is employed by more recent writers in the sense of a proverb.
 Sawys, 88, sights.
 Sawtere, Psalter.
 Schadu, shadow.
 Schaffty, 180, shafts.
 Schape, 141, escape.
 Schapman, 268, merchant.
 Scharlys, 181, *vide* Cherlys.
 Scharpe, sharp.
 Schelchowthys, 180, wonders.
 Schep, 148.
 Schep, sheep.
 Schet, shut.
 Schon, 59, shoes.
 Schonde, 342, destruction, ruin.
 Schryve, 86, confess.
 Schnowde, 28, shroud.
 Sclawndryd, slandered.
 Scle, 52, slay.
 Sclepyr, 100, slippery.
 Scleppe, sleep.
 Sclow, slew.
 Scowte, 136, 217, 218, 219, scout. A term of reproach and contempt.
 Se, 20, throne.
 Se, 3, 57, sea.

Sefne, seven.
 Sefnt, seventh.
 Seyd, said.
 Seyd, 133, seed.
 Sekyrly, securely.
 Sel, 284, 295, time. "Seel, tyme, tempus," Prompt. Parv.
 Semely, comely.
 Semlant, 163, similar.
 Sene, 4, see.
 Senstere, 385, sempster.
 Senues, 319, sinews.
 Serge, 292, search.
 Seryattly, 273, separately, one by one, in order.
 Serteyn, certain.
 Seitys, 91, &c., certainly.
 Ses, cease.
 Sesare, Cæsar.
 Sese, 1, seeth.
 Sesyd, 121, received.
 Sett, 242, abide.
 Sew, 15, 244, follow.
 Sewyng, following.
 Sewre, sure.
 Sewte, 193, suit.
 Shende, 19, 38, &c., ruin, destroy.
 Shenshipp, 50, 104, rum.
 Shent, 26, ruined.
 Shert, 310, shift.
 Shynand, 177, shining.
 Shyrlyng, 180.
 Shytt, shut.
 Sho, 28, shoe.
 Short, 234, shorten.
 Shray, 180.
 Shrewe, 206, curse.
 Shrewyd, 309, cursed.
 Sybb, 54, relation.
 Sybbest, 226, nearest in relationship.
 Syeng, sighing.
 Signifure, 367, signification.
 Syndony, 336, cloth.
 Synfolest, 75, most sinful.
 Syse, 13, 233, assises.
 Syte, sight.
 Syth, sight.
 Sythe, since.
 Sythe, 249, sayeth.
 Syttenge, 209, seemingly, becoming.
 Skafhald, skaffold.
 Skaypst, escapest.
 Skylle, 36, 55, &c., reason.
 Skore, 128, scour.
 Slawe, slain.

Sle, *vide* sle.
 Sleytys, 211, sleights, deceits.
 "Sleythe, astucia," Prompt. Parv.
 Smertly, 51, quickly.
 Smyght, smite.
 Smyth, 269, deliver. "Smyth up" would here be equivalent to "pay up."
 Smytyht, 81, smiteth, pierceth.
 Snelle, 121, quickly, suddenly.
 Socowre, succour.
 Socurraunce, 220, salvation.
 Soferauns, sufferance.
 Sokyn, 28, sucked.
 Solas, 87, solace.
 Somowne, summon.
 Sond, 95, messenger.
 Sonde, 32, 52, providence.
 Sonde, 42, sand, *i. e.*, earth.
 Sondys, 170, messengers.
 Sone, soon.
 Sone, son.
 Sorwatorie, 333, place of sorrow.
 Sorwe, sorrow.
 Soserye, 304, sorcery.
 Sote, sweet.
 Sothe, truth.
 Sotylly, 270, slyly.
 Sotylté, subtilly.
 Sotyl, subtle.
 Sottys, 163, fools.
 South, sought.
 Sowe, 269, saw.
 Sowyht, 74, soweth.
 Sownd, sound.
 Spedful, 93, expeditious.
 Sperd, 66, 309, bolted.
 Spylle, 13, destroy.
 Sprad, spread.
 Sprytt, 68, spirit.
 Starkly, 124, stoutly.
 Stavys, 271, staves. The old form is still retained in the English version of the gospels.
 Sted, 27, moment.
 Stey, 361, rise up.
 Stelyn, 179, steal. Stelyn away, *i. e.* "go away privily," as in our translation of the Bible.
 Steracle, 208, sight. A poem in the Appendix to Walter Mapes, ed. Wright, p. 297, says of women, "They hem rejoise to see and to be sayne,
 And to seke sondry pilgremages;

At grete gaderynges to walken upon
the playne,
And at *staracles* to sitte on high
stages."

Sterre, star.

Stevene, noise. A time of performing
any action, previously fixed by mes-
sage, order, or summons. See
Tyrwhitt's Chaucer.

Stye, 17, mount.

Styed, 16, mounted.

Styk, stick.

Styward, 8, steward.

Stomele, stumble.

Stondynge, 190, notwithstanding.

Stotte, 217, stop.

Stow, 217, stop.

Stownde, 14, 36, time.

Sudary, 358, napkin. "The sudarie
that was on his heed not leid with
the shetis, but by itself wrappid
into a place," Joli. cap. xx. Wick-
liffe's translation.

Suerd, sword.

Sumdele, 149, somewhat.

Supportacion, 130, support.

Sustentacion, 87, support.

Suture, 201, suitor.

Swap, 8, blow.

Swappynge, 182, striking.

Swem, 72, sorrow.

Swemful, 72, sorrowful.

Swemyng, 81, sorrowing.

Swetyng, 160, 196, dailng.

Swiche, such.

Swynk, 30, 36, labour.

Swythe, 43, immediately.

Swonge, 321, swoon.

Swoot, sweat.

Swowne, 14, swoon.

Tabbard, 244, coat. "Tabbard, col-
lobium," Prompt. Parv.

Take, 22, give.

Talkyn, 69, conversation.

Tan, taken.

Tast, 152, try, feel.

Tee, 33, go, draw towards. Sax.

Tekyl, 134.

Teyl, 30, reckon.

Tene, 7, 9, 18, injury.

Tent, 93, heed.

Teryeng, 80, tarryng.

Testyficacion, 69, testimony.

Tharalle, 209, thrall, slave.

The, thrive. The phrase "so mot I

the," meaning "so may I thrive,"
an expression of confidence, is of
very frequent occurrence.

The, 152, that.

Thedom, 139, prosperity. So also in
the Sevyng Sages, 587, "That hit
mai have nothedom." See my note
on this line, p. 415.

Thekenesse, darkness.

Theyls, 181.

Thyrknes, darkness.

Thylyd, 287, pierced.

Thyrling, 17, piercing.

Tho, those.

Tholyd, 183, suffered.

Thore, there.

Thorw, through.

Thralle, 351, space of time. Used
generally as "thrawe"

Thrawe, 247, thrust.

Threste, 190, thirst.

Thretty, thirty.

Throwys, throes.

Thrust, 325, thirst.

Tyde, 1, 50, 201, time.

Tyl, to.

Tylle, to.

Tyth, 18, quickly.

Tythynges, 3, tithes.

To, too.

To-breke, 157, break to pieces.

Tolle, 180, toll.

To-pynde, 32, 179, pined away, tor-
mented to death.

Tormentry, 195, tormenting.

To-torn, 30, torn to pieces.

To-tuundyr, 45.

Towaly, 277, towel (bis).

Trace, 56, trace.

Tray, 345, betray.

Trayn, 350, artifice.

Trey, 7, 18, trouble.

Trepett, 185, stroke. "Trypet, tri-
pula," Prompt. Parv.

Tretable, 214, tractable.

Tretowre, 241, traitor.

Trone, throne.

Trowyste, 385, thickest.

Turtelys, 72, turtle doves.

Tway, 373, two.

Tweyn, two.

Tweyners, 125, gen. pl. of tweyn, q. v.

Twynne, 208, twayne

Un-ete, 272, eaten.

Undyrling, 30, servant, dependant.

- Unhede, 27, 195, unfold, bring to light.
 Unkende, 8, 27, unnatural.
 Unknowledge, 121, ignorance
 Unqwyrt, 308, unequited, unrevenged.
 Untereft, 176, uttermoft.
 Unthende, 36,
 Upryht, 293, ftraight. This word does not here imply a perpendicular pofition, it being applied indifferently to perfons lying as well as ftanding. See Tyrlwhitt's glos to Chaucer. "Yf thou be wyfe, fleep nat bolte uprighr," *Hormann Vulf-gara*, fol. 39.
 Vath, 321, a word of exclamacion.
 Veyn, vain.
 Velony, villany.
 Vengeable, revengeful.
 Verameut, truly.
 Verray, true
 Veivent, 'eivent.
 Veivently, feivently.
 Vesyation, vifitation.
 Veft, 114, covered
 Voydnes, 127, emptinefs.
 Vowchesaff, vouchsafe.
 Wace, 284, was.
 Wayle, 257, bewail
 Wayten, 340, watch.
 Walkyn, 21, -ky. This word is ufed by Shakespear and a few later writers.
 Wantruft, 225, want of confidence.
 War, 5, aware.
 Ware, 197, work, bufinefs
 Warly, 334, fliely "Wairely or fliely," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Wafte, 31, wafte.
 Watt, 294, fellow.
 Wawys, waves.
 Weche, which.
 Weche, 338, watch.
 Wede, 28, clothing.
 Wele, 24, wealth.
 Weleaway. Probably the burden of an old fong: fee *The Gefte of Kyng Horn*, 1499,
 "He made Ryemenild a lay,
 Ant hue fede Weylaway."
 Welfom, 31, forrowful
 Wem, 5, blot, blemifh.
 Wen, wene, 5, doubt.
 Wenche, a young woman. It is fometimes ufed in an opprobrious fenfe.
 Weude, go.
 Wene, 1, ween, think.
 Wenyth, thinketh.
 Werthe, work.
 Werd, world.
 Werdy, worldly.
 Weré, 147, weary.
 Werme, worm.
 Wete, know
 Wethys, ways.
 Weylle, well.
 Whanhope, 13, defpair.
 Whele, wheel.
 Why, 46, caufe.
 Whight, *vide* wight.
 Whylys, wiles.
 Whyll, whilst.
 Whyfom, 203, doubtful. "Wylfome or doweftulle," *Prompt. Parv.*
 Whyt, 298, quick. "As whyt a thought," a proverb common at the prefent day.
 Whoys, whofe.
 Whonde, 123.
 Whoo, woe
 Wight, perfon.
 Wyghtly, 161.
 Wyk, wicked.
 Wyls, wiles.
 Wynde, 50.
 Wylt, known
 With-fett, 212, with-ftand.
 Wytyf, creatures.
 Woke, 4.
 Wolde, 16, dominion.
 Wone, dwelling.
 Wood, 3, wide.
 Wood, mad.
 Wofte, knoweft.
 Woundyn, wound.
 Woundyr, 214, wonderful.
 Wrake, 94, 137, 200, mifchief.
 Wiecehe, wretch.
 Wieke, 163, 181, revenged.
 Wrokyn, 29, avenged.
 Wrowth, wrought.
 Wundyrfoille, wonderful.
 Wurchepyd, worfhipped
 Wurchepp, 218, good reputation
 Wurdys, words
 Xad, 275, fhed. See notes, p. 416.
 Xal, fhall.

Xulde, should.

3atys, gates.

3emanry, 1, yeomanry. See Tyr-whitt's note on v. 101 of the Canterbury Tales, for an account of this class of persons.

3erdys, rods, wands.

3even, given.

3even, even.

3evyth, givith.

3itt, yet.

3onge, youth.

THE END.

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THE MARRIAGE
OF
Wit and Wisdom,

AN ANCIENT INTERLUDE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE

AND

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,

HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC



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INTRODUCTION.

The members of the Shakespeare Society are again indebted to the indefatigable research of the Reverend L. B. Larking, and the discriminating liberality of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., for a most curious addition to our materials for the history of the early English drama. Scarcely a year has elapsed since Mr. Larking discovered the only contemporary manuscript of any of Shakespeare's plays known to be in existence; and the MS. now found is, it will be seen, of a nature equally unexpected and nearly as curious, if not more intrinsically valuable. For such discoveries, all who are in any way interested in the knowledge of our early theatrical history cannot but feel deeply grateful; and there are generally so many difficulties in the way of opening to the world the treasures deposited in the rich archives of our ancient families—difficulties which often arise from necessary and prudential motives, that it is really a subject of congratulation to find that perhaps one of the most important sources for the history of our drama is

shielded by no considerations of the kind. No member of this Society will fail to appreciate the generosity of Sir Edward Dering—

I will most thankful be ; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

And at the same time that a noble example is given to the owners of literary treasures throughout the country, the discovery of the ancient interlude of the “Contract of a Marriage between Wit and Wisdom” affords a striking lesson to literary antiquaries to pause before they substantiate conjectures and probabilities as matters of fact, and hesitate at assertions respecting the identity or non-existence of MSS. and rare books. We are constantly in the habit of seeing a notice to the effect that such a book or MS. is unique. Time passes, and two or three other copies are exhibited. In fact, no book can be safely so designated, and it is equally dangerous to assert that any particular work never existed, merely because no copy of it happens to be known. We have by no means come to the conclusion of our literary discoveries, which of late years have been too numerous and important, overthrowing theories and correcting errors, not to teach additional caution even to the most scrupulously careful. It must be remembered that publications of an antiquarian character are more peculiarly subject to slight mistakes, and should therefore be visited with some allowance for their liability to error.

So little, indeed, was Mr. Larking’s second discovery

anticipated, that the Rev. A. Dyce, speaking of an allusion to the "Marriage of Wit and Wisdom," asserts, "*no such drama ever existed*;"¹ very strong language, and for which so careful an editor as Mr. Dyce ought to have had some warrant. The drama which "never existed" is printed in the following pages, and possibly not for the first time; but no early printed copy has been mentioned by our antiquaries, nor is one known to exist. An anonymous writer in the Society's Papers, vol. ii., p. 76, takes upon himself to confirm Mr. Dyce's assertion, and gives us the additional information that the real source of the mystery was still to be unravelled, that certainly no such piece as the Marriage of Wit and Wisdom ever did exist, but that it was only a "misnomer" for the "Marriage of Wit and *Science*!" Now, letting alone the present discovery, which of course sets the matter at rest, was it likely that the author of the play of "Sir Thomas More" should allude so distinctly and positively to "Wit and *Wisdom*," and make observations suited only to those two characters, if he had really made a "misnomer" for another and a different play, in which, I believe, the character of Wisdom does not appear? This is one of the many instances of the want of sufficient discrimination in antiquarian conjectures—conjectures which

¹ Sir Thomas More, a Play, p. 56. It is very probable Mr. Dyce concluded that the play of Wit and Wisdom never existed, because the author of Sir Thomas More adapted fragments of *Lusty Juventus* to suit that title. The true meaning of this, however, may be accounted for on another and much more probable supposition.

not unfrequently prove of incalculable injury to the interests of real science.

In the anonymous play of Sir Thomas More, written probably about the year 1590, "My Lord Cardinal's players" are introduced, exhibiting a play within the play itself, a practice not uncommon formerly, and sanctioned by Shakespeare. When asked what plays were ready for representation, the player replies—

Divers, my lord; *The Cradle of Security*,
Hit nail o' th' head, Impatient Poverty,
The Play of Four P's, Dives and Lazarus,
Lusty Juventus, and *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*.

The title of the last takes More's fancy, and is accordingly selected—

The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom! That, my lads!
 I'll none but that. The theme is very good,
 And may maintain a liberal argument.

The guests present, when this was to be acted, were the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London. Shortly before the time appointed for the commencement of the play, the Vice, ready dressed, solicits permission to speak with More, when the following dialogue takes place:—

More. How now, what's the matter?

Vice. We would desire your honour but to stay a little; one of my fellows is but run to Ogles for a long beard for young Wit, and he'll be here presently.

More. A long beard for young Wit! Why, man, he may be without a beard till he come to marriage, for Wit goes not all by the hair. When comes Wit in?

Vice. In the second scene, next to the Prologue, my lord.

More. Why, play on till that scene come, and by that time Wit's beard will be grown, or else the fellow returned with it. And what part playest thou?

Vice. Inclination the Vice, my lord.

More. Gramercy, now I may take the vice, if I list; and wherefore hast thou that bridle in thy hand?

Vice. I must be bridled anon, my lord.

More. An thou beest not saddled too, it makes no matter, for then Wit's inclination may gallop so fast, that he will outstrip Wisdom, and fall to folly.

Vice. Indeed, so he does to Lady Vanity; but we have no folly in our play.

More. Then there's no wit in it, I'll be sworn; folly waits on wit, as the shadow on the body, and where wit is ripest there folly still is readiest. But begin, I prethee: we'll rather allow a beardless Wit, that Wit all beard to have no brain.

The trumpet sounds, and the Prologue enters, saying—

Now, for as much as in these latter days,
Throughout the whole world in every land,
Vice doth increase, and virtue decays,
Iniquity having the upper hand;
We therefore intend, good gentle audience,
A pretty short interlude to play at this present,
Desiring your leave and quiet silence
To show the same, as it is meet and expedient.
It is called the Marriage of Wit and Wisdom,
A matter right pithy and pleasant to hear,
Whereof in brief we will show the whole sum;
But I must be gone, for Wit doth appear.

It is singular that the play which is now acted by them, instead of being part of the interlude here printed,

should be nothing more than an alteration of *Lusty Juventus*, ingeniously adapted so as to suit the other title. As more than one explanation can be given, I shall content myself with stating the facts as I find them; merely observing that in the list of plays given above, *Lusty Juventus* occurs immediately before *Wit and Wisdom*. Perhaps the latter was old-fashioned and out of date at the time Sir Thomas More was composed. At all events, it is a curious circumstance, and it is possible further investigation may set the author's reasons in their true light. From the quotations given above, we had good grounds for believing that an independent play under the same title had existed in some shape or other before the year 1590. Mr. Larking's discovery proves such expectations to be well founded, and that there is no connexion between "*Wit and Wisdom*" and "*Wit and Science*." Two plays under the latter title are still preserved, one in Mr. Bright's manuscript, the other printed about 1570.

The MS. from which our text is printed is a small quarto volume, containing 32 leaves, measuring $7\frac{7}{8}$ by 6 inches, and in very bad condition. The state of the MS. has, in some few instances, rendered a satisfactory reading next to impossible, without the assistance of another copy; while the original transcriber was evidently a person of no education, and has blundered most egregiously. The casual observer will detect many errors; even the arrangement of the acts and scenes is inaccurate; but we have thought it better to give a faithful copy of the manuscript, rather than attempt to form a

version agreeable to a modern reader. There are, after all, but few difficulties of any serious moment; and as the interlude is worth a perusal for its own sake, we may perhaps venture to hope it will have a small share of attention as a work of the art in its infancy in this country.

Before twenty years had elapsed from the date of this play, which may almost be called a primitive composition, Shakespeare had given to the world many of those wonderful works that reached the high position of perfect dramatic excellence. So rapid a transition and growth is unexampled in the history of any literature, and we look in vain to account for it from any ordinary causes. It was a time when history was a dry and inaccurate chronicle, and fiction completely puerile. Those two sciences were stationary, while the drama was progressing with such wonderful advances. And it is such reflections that invest with peculiar interest the few relics which immediately preceded the productions of the Avonian poet. Few of them fail to illustrate his plays or his progress in one way or other, and the discovery now made adds one link to the chain. An enthusiastic inquirer might see in this the germ of a character introduced in the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and the mere possibility is worthy accurate and careful investigation, for in the history of Shakespeare and his plays, the paucity of facts invites conjectural discussion; and however we may deprecate the danger of hasty deductions, and the liability of falling into them sometimes imperceptibly, which the greatest caution

cannot always avoid, there is a charm invested in the subject that renders the pursuit one of the most engaging entertainments in literature.

J. O. H.

February 22nd, 1846.

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The Interlude
of a
Contract of Marriage
between
Fait and Wisdom.

The Contract¹ of a
 Marige betweene wit and wisdome
 very frutefull and mixed full of
 pleasant mirth as well for
 the beholders as the
 readers or hearers :
 neuer before im
 printed.

The deuision of the partes for six to playe this interlude.

THE PROLOGUE	} For one.	WANTONIS	} For one.
IDELNES		FANCY	
EPILOUGE		DOLLE	
SEUERITIE	} For one.	WITT	} For one.
IRCKSOMNES		SERCH	
SNATCH		INQUISITON	
HONEST RECREAT :			
INDULGENCE	} For one.	GOOD NURTURE	} For one.
WISDOME		CATCH	
MOTHER BEE		LOB	

1579.

¹ This word is nearly obliterated in the original MS., and I am somewhat doubtful of the correctness of the reading here adopted, which is Mr. Larking's ingenious conjecture.

THE MARIAGE
OF
WITT AND WISDOME.

THE PROLOGUE.¹

Who markes the common course
of youthfull wandring wits,
Shall se the most of them frequent
where Idlenes still sits ;
And how the Ircksomnes
doth murther many a one,
Before that thay to wisdomes-ward
the halfe way yet haue gone.
Excepte good Nurture doe,
with some seueritie,
Conduct them to Pernassus mount
wel fauurt (?) with leuitie.
But if it hap in fine,
that Witt the mate be made
Of Wisdome such a worthy wyfe,
to followe godly trade ;
Then shall you see whereon
Dame Vertue doth depend ;
Not all the world besides, forsooth,
so meet a match can mend :

² This prologue is written as prose in the original MS.

But els, if Wit should wag,
and hap to waue awry,
Without, then, any rightfull rule,
and reasons good supplie,
Then Fancy frames effects,
to bring his braine aborde,
And shelue his ship in hauens mouth,
yere it the seas haue scoured.
Whereby you may perceauē
that Wisdome¹ * * *
That must conforme a youthfull Witt
and bring it in good plight.
The prooffe the sequell showes,
for I haue done my charge,
And to the actors must giue place
to sett it forth at large. [*Exit.*

¹ The MS. is here defaced.

The First Scene.

*Enter SEUERITIE, and his wife, INDULGENCE, and there
sonne, WIT.*

SEUERITIE.

My sonne, draue neare, giue eare to me,
And marke the cause aright,
For which I call the to this place,
Lett all thy whole delight
Be still in seruing God aright,
And trading vertues trace,
And labour learning for to gett,
Whilste thou hast time and space.
I now haue brought the on the way
The thing for to attaine,
Which, sonne, if thou mightst hap to hit,
Wil turne vnto thy gaine :
Thow knowest how chargiable a thing
Thy learning is to me ;
Thou knowest also the care I take
For to prouide for the ;
And now since that thyne age drawe on
To natures riper state,

My purpose is and full intent
 To find for the a mate,
 With whome thou mayest dispend the rest
 Of this thy life to come,
 And Joye as I thy father haue
 With this thy mother done.

INDULGENCE.

Indeed, good husband, that were good,
 We haue no more but he ;
 My hart, my thinks, ¹ wold be at rest
 Him matched for to see :
 But yet, my deare Seueritie,
 Be headfull for your life,
 That she be able for to liue,
 That ye shall take to wyfe.

SEUERITIE.

Well, as for that I shall for-se,
 For why I knowe rite well,
 That she whome I doe meane is rich,
 And highly doth excell ;
 Wherefore, sonne Witt, marke well my tale,
 Dame Wisdome is the wight,
 Whome you shall laboure to espouse
 With all your maine and might.
 And if that she will be your wyfe,
 Looke what I leaue be hind,
 You shall possesse it full and whole,
 According vnto kind :
 But if you find some worsen haunt,
 And hap to rune by rote,
 I promise the, before these folke,
 Thoust neuer cost me grote.

¹ Me thinks.

WITT.

Deare father, for your graue aduice
Right humble thainks I giue,
Entending to obay your charge,
So long as I shall liue ;
Now if that Witt with Wisdome may
Be linked fast in loue,
Then Witt shall think him selfe right blest
Of God that sits aboue !

INDULGENCE.

Well said, good Witt, and hold the there,
I tell the this before,
Indulgence, when thay married art,
Hath buttur pence in store.

SEUERITIE.

Such pampring mothers doe more harme
Then ere thay can doe good.

INDULGENCE.

If you had felt the paine we feel,
You then wold change your mood.

SEUERITIE.

You shoue that you the mother are
Of this the outward man,
And not of mine ; for, if you ware,
You wold be carfull then
To giue him counsell how to vse
Him selfe for to aspire
To Wisdomes frendships and her looue,
The which we doe desire.

INDULGENCE.

Alas ! good sir, why harken, Wit,
 What counsell I can giue ;
 When as thou comdest to Wisdoms house,
 Then mayest thou it appreue :
 Take heade that thou art nete and fine,
 And go straight bolt vppright,
 And cast a chearfull looke on her,
 Smilling at the first sight.
 And when thou comdest to talke with her,
 Forgett not for to praise
 Her house, herselfe, and all her things,
 And still be glad to please ;
 Be diligent to doe for her,
 Be pleasant in her sight,
 Say as she sayeth, allthought that she
 Doe say the crowe is white ;
 And if she haue minde to oght,
 Allthought it cost red gould,
 Prouide it for her, and thou mayest be
 More welcome and more bolde.

SEUERITIE.

Se ! se ! what counsell you can giue,
 You shoue your nature plane ;
 This counsell liketh Wit right well,
 And maketh him al-to faine.
 But, sirra, if thou list to thrue,
 Marke well what I shall say,
 That Wisdome may become your wife,
 This is the redy waye :
 Applie your booke and still beware
 Of Idlenes, I say,

For he a enemy hath bine
 To Vertue many a day.
 Be weare of Iricksomnis, I say,
 Which is a monstor fell,
 And neare to lady Wisdomes house
 Doth alwayes vse to dwell;
 For he will haue a fling at you,
 And so will Idlenes,
 Therefore beware of these to folks,
 And God will sure you blesse.¹

WIT.

As dutie doth requier in me,
 I thaink you humbly,
 For these your fatherly precepts,
 And purpose earnestly
 For to obserue that you command,
 And these my foes to watch,
 Least they perhaps, ere I beware,
 Me in there snares shuld catch.

INDULGENCE.

Well, yet before the goest, hold heare
 My blessing in a cloute,
 Well fare the mother at a neede,
 Stand to thy tackling stout.

WIT.

Mother, I thaink you hartily,
 And you, father, likewise;
 And both your blessings heare I craue
 In this my enterprise.

¹ The top of this page in the MS. is cut off, but there does not seem to be any of the text missing.

BoTHE.

God blese the, Wit, our sonne,
And send the good successe.

WIT.

I thaink you both, and pray to God
To send to you no lesse !

[*Exeunt* SEUERITIE and INDULGENCE.

WIT.

God grant this my purpose may
Come vnto good effect ;
Well now I must aboute this geare,¹
I must it not forgett.

[*Exit.*

The Second Scene.

Enter IDLENES, *the vice.*

A ! sirra, my masters,
How fare you at this blessed day ?
What, I wen, all this compony
Are come to se a play !
What lackest the, good fellow,
Didest the nere se man before ?
Here is a gasing ! I am the best man in the compony,
When there is no more.
As for my properties I am sure
You knowe them of old :
I can eate tell, I sweate and worke
Tell I am a-cold.

¹ This line is crossed through in the original MS.

I am allwayes troubled with the litherlurden,
 I loue so to liger;¹
 I am so lasy, the mosse groweth an
 Inch thick on the top of my finger!
 But if you list to knowe my name,
 I wis I am to well knowen to some men;
 My name is Idlenes, the flower
 Of the frying-pan!
 My mother had ij. whelps at one litter,
 Both borne in Lent;
 So we ware both put into a mussellbote,
 And came saling in a sowes yeare ouer sea into Kent.
 My brother, Ercsomnis, and I, catch the doge,
 Being disposed to make mery,
 We gott vs both doune to Harlowe-bery.²
 But what is that to the purpose
 Perhapes you wold knowe:
 Giue me leaue but a littell,
 And I will you showe.
 My name is Idelnes, as I tould you before,
 And my mother Ignorance sent me hether;
 I pray the, sirra, what more?
 Marry, my masters, she sent me the
 Counterfait crainke for to play,
 And to leade Witt, Seuerities sone, out
 of the waye;
 He should mock a marriage with Wisdome,
 In all hast, as thay talke;
 But stay thare awhile, soft fier makes swet malt:
 I must be firme to bring him out of his
 Broune stodie, on this fashion,

¹ So in MS. for *linger*.

² The metrical arrangement in the MS. is most irregular, and I have here left it as it is found in the original.

I will turne my name from Idlenes
 To Honest Recreation ;
 And then I will bring him to be Mistris
 Wantonnes man,
 And afaith, then, he is in for a berd, get
 out how he can !
 But soft, yet my masters, who is with in ?
 Open the dore and pull out the pine.

WANTONES *entreth, and sayeth.*

What, Dol, I say, open the dore !
 Who is in the streate ?
 What, Mr Idlenes ! lay a straw vnder
 your feete.
 I pray you, and me may aske you,
 what wind brought you hether.

IDELNES.

A littell wind, I warrent you ;
 I am as lite as any fether !
 But harke the.

WANTONIS.

What, it is not so : will he come indeade ?

IDELNES.

Nay, if I say the word, thou mayest beleue
 as thy creed :
 But when he comes, you must be curtious,
 I tell you,
 And you shall find him as gentell as a
 faulcon,
 Euery fooles fellowe.
 What, me thinkes you are with child !

WANTONNES.

Nay, my belly doth swell with eating
of egges.

IDLENES.

Nay, by S. Anne, I am afraid it is a
timpany with two legges !

Away, get the in !

[*Exit.*

Enter WIT.

My father he hath charged me
The thing to take in hand,
Which seames to me to be so hard,
It cannot well be scand ;
For I haue toyled in my booke,
Where Wisdome much is prayesd,
But she is so hard to find,
That I am nothing eased ;
I wold I had bin set to blowe,
or to some other trade,
And then I might some leasure find,
And better shift haue made ;
But nowe I swinke and sweate in vaine,
My labour hath no end,
And moping in my study still,
My youthfull yeares I spend.
Wold God that I might hap to hit
Vpon some good resort,
Some pleasant pastime for to find,
And vse some better sporte.

IDLENES.

Mary, no better, I am euen as fitt
For that purpose as a rope for a theefe ;

And you will be lusty, cry hay !
Amongst knaues I am the cheefe !

WITT.

What, good fellow, art thou ? what is thy name ?

IDLENES.

In faith I am *Ipsè*, he euen the
very same !
A man of greate estimation
in mine owne cuntry ;
I was neuer stained but once,
faling out of my mothers plumtre.

WIT.

Thou art a mery fellowe and wise,
And if thou kepe thy selfe warme.

IDLENES.

In faith, I haue a mother, Wit,
But I think no harme.

WIT.

I pray the, what is thy name ?
To me it declare.

IDLENES.

Nay, I am no nigard of my name,
For that I will not spare.
Ha ! by the masse, I could haue told
You euen now,
What a short brained villain am I,
I am as wise as my mothers sowe !
I pray you, sur, what is my name ?
Cannot you tell ?

Is there any here that knowes where
My godfather doth dwell?
Gentellmen, if you will tarry while I
goe luck,
I am sure my name is in the church booke.

WIT.

I prethy, come of, and tell me thy name
with redynis.

IDLENES.

Faith, if you will neades knowe, my name
is Idelnes.

WIT.

Mary, fie one the, knaue ! I mene not
thy compony.

IDLENES.

What, because I spoke in iest, will
you take it so angerly?
For my name is Honest Recreation,
I let you well to witt,
There is not in all the world
A companion for you more fitt.

WIT.

And if thy name be Honest Recreation,
Thou art as welcome as any in this laund.

IDLENES.

Yea, mary is it !

WIT.

Why, then, giue me thy hand.

IDLENES.

In faith, I thaink you. You are come
 of a gentell birth,
 And therefore I will bring you acquainted
 With a gentellwoman called Modest Mirth.

WIT.

Yea, mary, with all my hart, and God haue mercy.

IDLENES.

Why then, come away, come ! lett vs goe.
 How God be heare !

WANTONIS.

What, master Honest Recreation, I pray
 you drawe neare.

IDLENES.

Nay, I pray you come hether ; come, I
 pray ye.

WANTONIS.

I come.

IDLENES.

Nay, but in any wise hide your belly.

WANTONIS.

It is a childe of your getting.

IDLENES.

I, it hath fathers at large ; but here comes in Witt,
 that is like to bere all the charge.¹

¹ I may mention once for all that I do not undertake to alter
 in every case the arrangement of the MS. This is verse written

Gentellman, here is the gentellewoman.
 Kisse her, I say, I am a horson els !
 If I had know[n]e you wold not a kist her,
 I wold haue kist her myselfe.

WIT.

Gentellwoman, this shalbe to desier you of more acquaintance.

WANTONNOS.

Sir, a ought i may pleasuer you i will giue atendence ;
 to haue maney suters my lot dooth befall, but yet me
 think i lyk you best of all.

IDLENES.

Yea, she might haue had maney men of knauery and
 of stellth.

WONTANES.

What saist thou ?

IDLNES.

Mary, you might haue had many men of brauery and
 wellth ; but yet me thinkes ther canot be a mach mor fit
 then betwen Mistres Modst Mirth and you, Master
 Wite.

WONTONES.

That is well sayed.

IDLNES.

Yea, and that will be a redy carage to the rop.

as prose, and it is sometimes advisable to preserve somewhat of the
 character of the original in such matters.

WONTANES.

What sayest thou ?

IDLENIS.

That will be a spety marige, i hope.¹

WONTONES.

By my troth, I am so wery, I moust nedes sit down ;
my legges will not hould mee.

WITT.

Thin will I sit downe by you, if I may be so bould.

IDLENIS.

Heare is loue, sir reuerence, this geare
is euen fitt ;
Oh ! here is a hed hath a counting house
full of witt !

WIT.

I am sure you are cuning in musick, and therefore, if
you please, sing vs a songe.

WANTINIS.

That will I, if it were for your ease.

*Here shall Wantonis sing this song to the tune of " Attend
the goe playe the ;" and hauing sung him a sleepe vpon her
lappe, let him snort ; then let her set a fooles bable on his
hed, and colling his face : and Idlenis shall steale away his
purse from him, and goe his wayes.*

¹ This part of the MS. appears to be written in another and more illiterate hand.

THE SONG.

Lye still, and heare nest the,
 Good Witt, lye and rest the,
 And in my lap take thou thy sleepe;
 Since Idlenis brought the,
 And now I have caught the,
 I charge the let care away creepe.
 So now that he sleepes full soundly,
 Now purpose I roundly,
 Trick this pretty doddy,
 And make him a noddy,
 And make him a noddy !

Since he was vnstable,
 He now wares a bable,
 Since Idlenis led him away;
 And now of a scollar
 I will make him a colliar,
 Since Wantonis beareth the swaye:
 Well, now I haue him chaunged,
 I neades must be rainging;
 I now must goe pack me,
 For my gossops will lack me,
 For my, &c.

Enter GOOD NURTURE, speaking this.

I meruell where my schollard Wit
 Is now of late become?
 I feare least with il compony
 He happen for to rune;
 For I, Good Nurture, commonly
 Among all men am counted,

But Witt, by this his straining so,
I feare hath me renounced.
Seueritie, his father, sure
Is graue and wise withall,
But yet his mother's pampring
Will bring his sonne to thrall.

*Here he stayeth stumbling at Wit as he lyeth
a sleep.*

Why, how now ! how, what wight is this
On home we now haue hit ?
Softe, let me se : this same is he,
Ye, truly, this is Wit !

Here he awaketh him.

What, Wit, I say, arise for shame !
O, God ! where hast thou bin ?
The compony made the a foole
That thou of late wast in.

Here he riseth, rubbing his eyes, and saying,

O, arrant strumpet that she was that ran
me in this case !

GOOD NURTURE.

Nay, rather thou art much to blame
To be with such in place.

*Here he washeth his face and taketh
of the bable.*

Come on, I say, amend this geere,
Beware of all temptation ;
Your wearinis for to reflash,
Take Honest Recreation.

He deliuereth him Honest Recreation.

WIT.

I thaink you, Mr. Nurture, much for this
your gentelnis,
And will doe your commandiments henceforth
with willingnis.

GOOD NURTURE.

God grant you may ; and, sirra,
you awaight vpon him still. [*Exit.*

WITT.

I thaink you, sir, with all my hart,
For this your greate good will ;
One journi more I meane to make,
I think I was acurst !
God grant the second time may be
More happy then the first !
[*Thay both goe out.*

Tertia Sena.

Enter IDLENIS.

Ah ! sirra ! it is an old prouerb and a true,
I sware by the roode !
It is an il wind that bloues no man to good.
When I had brought Wit
Into Wantonnis hampering,
Then thought I it was time for me
To be tempering.
The cook is not so sone gone

As the doges hed is in the porigpot ;
 Wit was not so sone asleepe,
 But my hand was in his hose.
 Wantonis is a drab !
 For the nonce she is an old rig ;
 But as for me, my fingers are as good as
 a liue twig.
 Now am I nue araid like a phesitien ;
 Now doe I not pas,
 I am as reddy to cog with Mr. Wit as euer I was ;
 I am as very a turncote as the wethercoke of Poles ;
 For now I will calle my name Due
 Disporte, fit for all soules, ye.
 So, so, findly I can turne the catt in the paue.
 Now shall you heare how findly Master Doctor
 Can play the outlandish man.
 Ah ! by Got, me be the Doctor,
 Me am the fine knaue, I tell ye,
 And haue the good medicine for the maidens belly :
 Me haue the excellent medicine
 For the blaines and blister.
 Ah ! me am the knaue
 To giue the faire maid the glister !
 How like you this, my masters ?
 The bee haue no so many herbes
 Whereout to suck hony,
 As I can find shifts whereby to get mony.

Enter SNACH and CATCH.

IDLENIS.

But, soft, awhile, my masters, Who haue we heare ? These be crafty knaues, And therefore lie thou there !	}	<i>lay doune the purse in a cornor.</i>
--	---	---

*The song that SNACH and CATCH
singeth together.*

I hath bin told, ben told, in prouerbs old,
That souldiares suffer both hunger and cold,
That souldiares suffer both hunger and cold ;
And this sing we, and this sing we,
We liue by spoyle, by spoyle, we moyle and toyle ;
Thus Snach and Catch doth keepe a coyle !
And thus liue we, and thus liue we,
By snatchin a ¹ catchin thus liue we.

We come from sea, from sea, from many a fray,
To pilling and poling euery day,
To pilling and poling euery day :
And thus skipe we, and thus skipe we,
And ouer the hatches thus skipe we !

CATCH.

Hey liuely, by the gutes of a crab-louse, Snach,
This is an excellent sporte ;
Now we are come from Flushin to the English port,
There shall not a fat pouch
Come nodding by the way,
But Snach and Catch will desier him to stay.

SNATCH.

Yea, by the hodes hed, Catch,
Now we will lick the spickets ;
But, by the masse, my hose be full
Of Spanish crickets !
Sirra, dost thou not knowe Idlenis,
That counterfait knaue ?

¹ So in MS. for *and*.

CATCH.

Ye, by St. Jane, I knowe him well for a knaue.
 He hath his purse full of mony,
 If we cold him gett.

SNATCH.

Where had he it?

CATCH.

I tell the, Snatch, he stole it from Witt.

SNATCH.

Who told the so? declare it with redinis.

CATCH.

By the braines of a black pudding,
 'Tis such a knaue thou hast not hurde:
 It was told me of Wantonis. *Here thay espie him.*

IDLENIS.

Ah, that drabe, she can cackel like a cadowe;
 I pray you behold, my masters,
 A man may shape none by ther shadowe.

SNACH.

O, wonderfull! I wold he ware burst.

CATCH.

Nay, I pray the lett me spake first.
 Master Idlenis, I am glad to se you mery, hartly.

IDLENIS.

In faith, I thaink you.¹

¹ The word *hartily* was here inserted, but has been erased, apparently by the original transcriber.

But I had rather haue your rome as your
componie.

SNATCH.

Master Idlenis, how haue you done
in a long time ?

IDLNIS.

Come, come, an hand of you to pick a purse of mine.

CATCH.

Nay, sir, I hope you trust vs better ;
I must neades borrow your ring to seale a
letter.

IDLENIS.

By my leaue, in spite of my teath ;
God a mercy horse !
This is that must neades be,
Quoth the good man, whenn he made his wyfe
Pine the baskit. Patiences, perforce.
Well, my masters, if you will goe with me,
I will carry you to and old wyfe that
Makes pudings¹ hold your nose thare ;
And if you will, you may haue ledges of
Mutton stufte with heare.

CATCH.

This is a craftie fox, but, by a herring toke :
I haue a good nose to be a pore mans sowe,
I can smell an appell seuen mill in a haye mowe.
Vbi animus ibi oculus, where he loues there
he lookes.

¹ Three words are here omitted, *causa pudoris*.

Hey liuely, these will helpe to bring me
out of John Tapsters bookes.

Now he shall find the purse.

*Heere after thay haue scrambled for the mony, they shall
spet in the purse and giue it him againe.*

SNACH.

Hold heare ! thou shalt not lease all ; thy purse shall
not come home weeping for lose ; and as for the, thou
shalt be commist to Dawes crosse.

IDLENIS.

Euell gotten worse spent :
By thift this mony came ;
I got it with the deuell,
And now it is gone with his name !

CATCH.

But, sirra, if we let him escape,
Perhaps we may haue a checke ;
If we should chance to looke through an hemp
Windowe, and our arse brake our necke.

SNATCH.

Why, we will pull him vp by a rope
To the tope of the house,
And then lett him fall.

CATCH.

Nay, then, I knowe a better way ;
We will rune his arse against the wall !

SNATCH.

Nay, by the mase, I haue a deuise much
more mete ;

Where I lay last night, I stole away a sheete :
We will take this and tie it to his hed,
And see we will blind him;
And, sirra, I charge you, when you here
any body comming,
If they aske you any question, say you goe
a-mumming.

*Here they turne him aboute, and bind his hands behinde
him, and tye the sheet aboute his face.*

IDLENIS.

A-mumming, quoth you ; why, there can be nothing
worse then for a man to goe a-mumminge when he hath
no mony in his purse.

CATCH.

Well, yet we charge you to doe on this fashion.

SNATCH.

Farewell, Mr. Idlenis, and remember
your lesson.

*Here thay rune one to one cornor of the stage, and the
other to the other, and spake like cuntrymen, to begild
him.*

IDELNIS.

A, sirra, in faith this geer cottons :
I go still a mumming ;
Euen poore I, all alone, without ether pipe
or drumming.

SNATCH.

Good day, neighbour, good day !
Tis a faire graye morning, God be blessed !

CATCH.

I, be Gis, twold be trim wether,
And if it were not for this mist :
What, those fellowes be all day at brakfast ;
I win thay make feasts :
What, Jack, I say, I must hange you
Before you will serue the beasts :
How now, Gods daggers ! death ! whoe
haue we heare ?

IDLENIS.

O, for the passion of God, lose me ! False knaues
haue robd me of all the mony I got this yeere.

[Here thay beate him.]

SNATCH.

Yea, ye rascall, is the matter so plane ?
Come, come, we must teach
him his lesson againe.

CATCH.

Sirra, now you haue learned a trick
for your cumminge :
When anybody comith, say you goe a-muminge.
[Exit SNATCH : CAT.]

IDLENIS.

A-muminge, quoth you : why, this geer
will not settell ;
Ether I rose on my lift side to day, or I
pist on a nettell.
Here is nuse, [quoth] the fox, when he lett a farte
in the morninge ;
If Wantonis knew this, she will neuer lin
scorninge ;

This same is kind cuckolds luck :
 These fellowes haue giuen me a drie pluck ;
 Now I haue neuer a crose to blesse me.

Now I goe a-mumming,
 Like a poore pennilesse spirit,
 Without pipe or druming !

Enter WIT, and HONIST RECREATION awaiting on him.

WITT.

Fye, fye, what kind of life is this ?
 to laboure all in vaine,
 To toil to gett the thing the which
 my witt cannot attaine.
 The journie semith wondrous long,
 the which I haue to make,
 To teare myselfe and beate my braines,
 And all for Wisdomes sake !
 And it, God ¹ knowes what may befall,
 And what luck God will send,
 If she will loue me when I come
 At this my journeyes end.
 This Honest Recreation delites me not at all ;
 For, when I spend the time with him,
 I bring myselfe in thrall !

[Here he steppeth back, haveng espied IDLENIS.]

But softe, what haue we heare ?
 Some gost or dedly sperrit,
 That comes our journey for to stay,
 And vs for to affrite.

IDLENIS.

Yea, by the mas, what, are ye comming ?

¹ An s is wrongly inserted here by the transcriber.

In faith, I am a penillesse spirit ;
I goe still a-mumming.

WIT.

I conjure the to tell me what art thou, a man, a monster, a spirit, or what woldest thou haue ?

IDLENIS.

I am neither man, monster, nor spirit, but a pore, peniles knaue !

WITT.

Wherefore is thy comminge ?

IDLENIS.

Marry, to goe a-mumming.

WIT.

Yea, but what art thou ?
May not that be knowen ?

IDLENIS.

Why, what am I but a knaue,
When all my mony is gone ?

WIT.

Come, tell me thy name :
I pray the haue done.

IDLENIS.

A good honest knaues :
Haue ye forgot so sone ?

WIT.

Why, but will ye not tell me
How thou camest thus drest !

IDLENIS.

In faith, gentell theaues,
You yourselues knowes best.

WIT.

Doe I? why, thou dost not know me;
The whorson patch!

IDLENIS.

Yes, I knowe it is ether
Snatch or Catch.
But in faith, gentell theaues,
I goe still a-muming,
Although it be ether
Without pipe or druminge.

Here shall WIT pul of the sheet, saying,

WIT.

How sayest thou now?
Canst thou not see?
I pray the tell me,
Dost thou know me?

IDLENIS.

O, the body of a Gorge,
I wold I had them heare;
In faith, I wold chope them,
They ware not so hack this seuen yeer!
Why, I am so could,
That my teeth chater in my hed!
I haue stood here iij. dayes and iij. nights,
Without ether meate or bread.

WIT.

I pray the, what is thy name,
And whether dost thou resorte?

IDLENIS.

Forsoth, for fault of a better,
Is Due Disporte.

WIT.

Didst not the call thyselfe
Honist Recreation, which deceued me onces.

IDLENIS.

Why, I am a phesition. If it were I,
a knaue shake my bones !
I am a greate trauelir.
I lite on the dunghill like a puttock !
Nay, take me with a lye,
And cut out the brane of my buttock.

WIT.

If thy name be Due Disporte,
I wold be acquainted with the ;
For in sporte I delight.

IDLENIS.

Not vnder a cuppel of capons,
And thay must be white.
But if you will be acquainted
With me, as you say,
Then must you send this companion away ;
For you and I must walke alone.

WIT.

Why, then, sirra, away, gett you gan.

[*Exit* HONIST RECREATION.

IDLENIS.

So now, come on with me
To a frends house of mine,
That there we may to some sport.

WIT.

Com on, then.

Here IDLENIS hauing brought him to the den of IRCK-SOMNES, shall leape away, and IRCKSOMNES enter like a monstor, and shall beat doune WIT with his cloub, saying,

IRCKSOMNIS.

What wite is that
Which comes so nere his pane? *Here thay fite.*
WIT falls doune.

WIT.

Alas, alas, now am I stund !

IRCKSOMNIS.

Nay, nay, no force ! thou mightest
a further stood ;
If thou hadest scape
Safe by any dene,
Thy luck ware to-to goo. [*Exit.*

IRCKSOMNIS *leaueth him dead on the stage.*

Enter WISDOME and sayeth,

Of late abroad I harde report
That Wit makes many vowes,

The lady Wisdome if he may
To wyfe for to espouse ;
But it I feare both Idelnis and Ireksomnis will sonder.
Soft, this same is Wit, that lieth bleading yonder.

Heere she helpeth him vp.

What, Wit, be of good cheare,
And now I will sustaine the.

WIT.

O, Lady Wisdome, so I wold,
But Ireksomnis hath slaien me.

WISDOME.

Well, yet arise, and doe as I shall tell,
And then, I warrant the,
Thou shalt doe well.

WIT.

I thank you much : and though that I
Am very much agreaued,
Yet, sence your coming, sure my thinks
I am right well releued :
You showe your courtesie herein,
Wherein I partly gesse
That you doe knowe the cause right well
Of this my deepe distresse.
My father bad me labour still
Your fauore to obtaine ;
But it before I could you see,
Full greate hath bin my paine.
First Idlenis he brought me wo,
Then Wantonis stept in,
And, last of all, foule Ireksomnis
His parte he doth begin.

WISDOME.

I thinke right well ; for many a one
 Hath come to sore decaye,
 When as it hapt that Ircksomnis
 Hath met them in the way.
 For I, poore Wisdome, here am plaste
 Among these craggie clifts,
 And he that seekes to win my loue
 Must venter many shifts ;
 But it I beare the greate good will,
 And here I promise the,
 If thou canst Ircksomnis destroy,¹
 Thy lady I will be ;
 And to the end that may be done,
 Which I might well aford,
 Hold heere Perseuerance, I say,
 A good and lucky sword ;
 And call for Ircksomnis,
 And lett him feale thy force :
 Be stoute, for if he ouercome,
 He will haue no remorse !

WIT.

My maddam deare, behold the wight,
 Which feares not, for thy loue,
 To fight with men and monstors both,
 As straight I shall it proue.

WISDOME.

Well, doe so then ;
 The whiles I will depart.

¹ *Estroy* in the MS.

WIT.

I thank you, lady Wisdome, much ;
Farewell, with all my hart.

[*Exit* WISDOME.]

WIT *calleth forth* IRCKSOMNIS.

Well, once more haue at Ircksomnis.
Com forth, thou monster fell !
I hope yet now the second time
Thy pride and force to quel.

Enter IRCKSOMNIS, *saying,*

What ! who is that that cales me forth ?
What, art thou yet aliue ?
If that I catch the once againe,
Thou shalt no more reuiue !

WIT.

Leaue of thy brages, and doe thy worst ;
Thy words may not preuaile at first.

Here thay fight a while, and IRCKSOMNIS must run in adores, and WIT shall followe, taking his visor of his hed, and shall bring it in vpon his sworde, saying,

The Lord be thainked for his grace,
This monster is subduid,
And I, which erst was worne with wo,
Am now with ioy renued !
Well, now before that I vnto
Dame Wisdomes house repare,
I will vnto my father go,
These newes for to declare.

[*Exit.*]

The Second Act. The iiij. Scena.

Enter IDLENIS, halting with a stilt, and shall cary a cloth vpon a stafe, like a rat-catcher, and say,

Haue you any rats or mise, polecats or weasels ?
 Or is there any old sowes sick of the measels ?
 I can destroy fulmers and catch moles ;
 I haue ratsbaine, maidens,
 To spoil all the vermine that run in your holes.
 A ratcatcher, quoth you,
 This is a strainge occupation ;
 But euery where for Idlenis
 Thay make proclymation ;
 Thay say he shalbe hanged for cousining of Wit :
 But there is a towne cald Hopshort ;
 Thay haue me not yet !
 I can goe hard by there noses and neuer
 be knowne,
 Like a ratcatcher, tell Serch be gone.

Here he espieth SEARCH coming in, and goeth vp and doune, saying, "haue you any rats and mise?" as in the first fiue lines.

SEARCH.

Here is a moyling : they would haue a man
 Doe more then he is able :
 One were better to be hanged,
 Then to be a constable !
 I haue searched for a knaue called Idlenis,
 But I canot find him for all my businis :
 The knaue the saye haue cousind Wit,
 And shord him on the shelf.

IDLENIS.

Yea, if you take not heade,
He will goe nie to cousin yourselfe.

SEARCH.

What, dost the knowe him, good fellow?
I pray the now tell.

IDLENIS.

Doe I knowe? why, I tell the
I haue ratsbane to sell.

SEARCH.

Ratsbaine! tut a pointe!
Dost thou know Idlenis? tell me.

IDLENIS.

Why, I tell the I knowe him
As well as he knowes me:
I ween he be a talle man,
And I trowe he strutes.
And he be not a knaue, I wold he had
A pound of ratsbaine in his guts.

SEARCH.

Yea, but wheare is he? canst thou tell?

IDLENIS.

No, faith, not well.

SEARCH.

Yea, but my thinks thou art lame.

IDLENIS.

Yea, you may see such luck
 Haue thay which vse game.
 I haue bin at St. Quintins,
 Where I was twise kild ;
 I haue bin at Musselborow,
 At the Scottish feeld ;
 I haue bin in the land of greene ginger,
 And many a wheare,
 Where I haue bin shot through
 Both the buttocks,
 And an hargubushere :
 But now I am old,
 And haue nought myselfe to defend,
 And am faine to be a ratcatcher
 to mine end !

*Heere shall SEARCH take out a peece of paper and looke
 on it.*

SEARCH.

What shall I giue the
 To crie a proclimation ?

IDLENIS.

For halfe a score pots of beare,
 I will crie it after the best fashion.

*Here shall SEARCH reach a chare, and IDLENIS shall goe
 vp and make the proclamation.*

SEARCH.

Come, gett vp heare ; you must
 say as I say.

IDLENIS.

How, and you say I am a knaue,
Then must I needs say nay.

SEARCH.

First, crie *oyes* a good while.

IDLENIS.

Very well. *[He cries to long.]*

SEARCH.

Inought ! inought ! what, hast
thou neuer done ?

IDLENIS.

What, didst not the bed me crie long ?
I haue not scarce begune !

SEARCH.

Goe to ; crie shorter, with a vengeance.

IDLENIS.

Oyes ! oyes ! oyes ! oyes ! *[very often.]*

SEARCH.

What, I think thou art mad !

IDLENIS.

Why, would you not haue me doe
as you bad ?

SEARCH.

Why, canst thou keepe no meane ?

IDLENIS.

Oyes !

[Here he shall crie well.

SEARCH.

That is uery well said.

IDLENIS.

That is uery well said !

SEARCH.

What, I wine thou bist drunck to day !

IDLENIS.

Why, did you not bid me say as you
did say ?

SEARCH.

Come, say “one the kings most royall maiestie.”

IDLENIS.

John King gaue a royall to lye with
Margery.

SEARCH.

Why, what said I ?

IDLENIS.

Why, so.

SEARCH.

I say “the Kings most Royall magistie.”

IDLENIS.

The Kings most Royall magistie !

SEARCH.

“Dooth charge you, all his true people.”

IDLENIS.

What, it is not so.

SEARCH.

What?

IDLENIS.

Why, you say there was a barge flew ouer a steeple!

SEARCH.

I say, “doth charge all his true people.”

IDLENIS.

O, doth charge all his true people;
that is another matter.

SEARCH.

That they watch elsewhere,
And see in the towne.

IDLENIS.

That euery patch that a man weares
On his knee shall cost a crowne.

SEARCH.

Why, what meanes that?

I spake no such word:

“That thay watch elsewhere,
And se in each towne.”

IDLENIS.

That they watch, &c.

SEARCH.

If that Idlenis by any meance
thay can find.

IDLENIS.

No, mary, you say not true.

SEARCH.

What is that?

IDLENIS.

It is not for Idlenis that men
sowe beanes in the wind.

SEARCH.

If that Idlenis by any meance
Thay can find.

Pul him downe.

IDLENIS.

If that Idlenis, &c.

SEARCH.

Come downe, with a pestilence !
A morin rid the !

IDLENIS.

Here is good thainks, my masters.
Come, giue me my fee.

SEARCH.

Come, giue me vj. pence,
And I will giue the viij. pence.

*Now shall SEARCH rune away with his mony, and he shall
cast away his stilt, and run after him.*

*The Fytte Scena.**Enter FANCIE.*

Like as the rowling stone we se
 Doth neuer gather mosse,
 And gold, with other metels mixt,
 Must neades be full of drose ;
 So likewise I, which commonly
 Dame Fancy haue to name,
 Amongest the wise am huted ¹ much,
 And suffer mickle blame,
 Because that, wauing heare and there,
 I neuer stidfast stand,
 Whereby the depth of learnings lore
 I cannot vnderstand ;
 But Wit perhaps will me imbrace,
 As I will vse the matter ;
 For whie, I meane to counterfait,
 And smothly for to flatter,
 And say I am a messinger
 From Lady Wisdome sent,
 To se if that wil be a meane
 To bring him to my bent.
 But se where he doth come.

Enter WIT.

WIT.

Like as the silly mariner,²
 Amidst the wauing³ sea,
 Doth clime the top of mightie mast,
 Full oft both night and day ;

¹ So in MS. for *hated*.² *Marner* in MS.³ *Waing*, MS.

But yet at last, when happily
 He come from ship to shore,
 He seakes to saile againe as fresh
 As erst he did before ;
 So likewise I, which haue escape
 The brunts which I haue done,
 Am euen as fresh to venter now,
 As when I first begane ;
 A nue aduenture this I seek,
 Not hauing rune my race.
 But who is this whome I behold
 For to appeere in place ?

FANCY.

God saue you, gentell Mr. Wit,
 And send you good successe !

WIT.

Faire Daime, I thaink you hartly,
 And wish in you no lesse.
 What, may one be bolde to aske
 Your name without offence ?

FANCY.

Yea, sir, with good will that you may,
 And eke my whole pretence :
 My name is Fancy, and the cause
 Of this my coming now
 From lady Wisdome, is to shoue
 A message vnto you.

WIT.

Then are ye welcome vnto me,
 For Lady Wisdomes sake.

FANCY.

Here is the letter which she bad
Me vnto you to take.

Here he receueth the letter, and readeth it to hisselfe.

WIT.

My ladyes will herein is this,
That you should goe with me
Vnto a place with her to meate,
As here she doth decree.

FANCY.

Euen so, good sir, euen when you will
I doe the same alowe ;
Goe you before in at the dore,
And I will follow you.

*Here WIT going in, one shall pull him by the arme,
whereupon he shall cry on this manner.*

WIT.

Alas, I am betrayed !
This sight makes me agast !

FANCY.

Nay, nay, no force, sir,
I charge you him fast :
Now, Wit, if that thou list
To match thyselfe with me,
Thou shalt be free as ere thou wast,
And now released be.

WIT.

Alas, I am not so ;
Dame Wisdome hath my hart.

FANCY.

Then shalt thou lye there still,
I-wis vtell thou fealst the smart.

*[Exeunt.]***The Sixth Skena.***Enter IDLENIS.*

This is a world to se how fortune chaungeth,
This shalbe his luck which like me rangeth,
and raingeth ;
For the honour of Artrebradle,
This age wold make me swere madly !
Giue me one peny or a halfepeny,
For a poore man that hath had
great losse by sea,
And is in great misery.
God saue my good master, and my good dame,
And all the householder !
I pray you bestowe your almes of a poore man
Nye starued with colde.
Now I am a bould begger,
I tell you, the stowtest of all my kin,
For if nobody will come out,
I will be so bolde to goe in !
Byrlady, here is nobody within.
But the cat by the fier side :
I must needs go in ; whatsoeuer
Come of it, I cannot abide.

He goeth on, and bringeth out the porridge pot about his neck.

A ! sirra, my masters, how saist thou, Hodge ?
What, art thou hungrie ? wilt thou eat my podge ?
Now I prouide for a deare yeare,
This wilbe good in Lent ;
Well faire a good messe of pottage,
When the herrings be spent.
A begger, quoth you, this yeare begines to fadge.
If euer I be a gentellman,
The pottage bot shalbe my badge !
Now I am in that takin, I dare not
 showe my hed ;
And al be cossoning of Wit,
I am faine to beg my bred !
Well, my masters, fare you well,
I may perhaps haue a chek,
If the good wyfe come forth,
And take the pottage pot aboute my neck.

The Seventh Scena.

Enter DOLL and LOB.

DOLL.

O, the passion of God ! so I shalbe swinged ;
 So, my bones shalbe bangd !
The poredge pot is stolne : what, Lob, I say,
 Come away, and be hangd !
What, Lob, I say, come away with a foule euill !

LOB.

What a lobbing makest thou,
 With a twenty Deuill !

DOLL.

Thou hast kept a goodly coile,
 Thou whorsone hobling John !
 Thou keepst a tumbling of me
 In the barne, tell the poredge pot is gon.

LOB.

Nay, thou tumblest doine thy selfe,
 And was almost beare ;
 Nay, I will tell my dame
 How thou wolest neades.....¹

DOLL.

Thou lyest, whorsonne, thou wilt
 Be cudgeld, so thou wilt !

LOB.

Nay, good Doll, say the ² porridge were
 all spilt.

Heer entreth MOTHER BEE, with a stick in her hand.

MOTHER BEE.

What, where be these whorecops ?
 I promis you ³ keepe a goodly coyle ;
 I serue the hogs, I seeke heenes nest,
 I moile and toyle !
 Thainks be to God, gentlewoman,
 Betwixt Jack and Jone,
 When I come into breakfast,
 All the potage is gone !

¹ Omitted as at p. 27.

² *The the*, MS.

³ *You you*, MS.

I pray ye, mistris, where is the potage
Pot that is ¹ hid away?

DOLL.

Whilest Lob was kissing me in the barne,
A knaue stole it away.

MOTHER BE.

Yea, Gods bones ! one can scarce go to²
But my man and my maid
Doe straight fall to kissing.

Here she beateth them vp and downe the stage.

Are yea billing? what, my man Lob,
Is become a iolly ruffler ;
You are billing, you ! I must be faine
To be a snuffler.

LOB.

O, dame, dame, if you will beate me no more,
I will tell you a tale ;
When I was at the towne,
One called you whore.

MOTHER BE.

A, whorsonne ! thou callest me
Whore by craft ;
Thou art a Kentish man, I trow.

LOB.

Why, Doll will not mend my breech ;
How wold you haue me goe ?

¹ *Is that*, MS.

² Omitted, as at p. 27.

DOLL.

He lyes, Dame, he lyes ; he teares it
Nether with plowing nor carting,
For it is not so sone mended,
But he teares it out with.....¹

*Enter INQUISITION, bringing in
IDLENIS, with the potage pot about his neck.*

MOTHER BE.

Soft, who haue we heare ?
I am as glad
As one wold giue me a croune.
What haue I spied ? byrlady ! My
porredge pot is come to towne.

INQUISITION.

What, is this your pottage pot ?
Doe you know it, if you se it ?

MOTHER BE.

Whether it be mine or no,
He had it from my fier-side,
He cannot deny it. [Exit MOTHER BE.]

LOB.

O, dame, dame, so I will girk him, if I
had my whip.
Sirra, Dol, we will accuse him of fellowship.

IDLENIS.

Lett me alone, and I will tell you
who stole your egges ;

¹ Omitted, *ut supra*.

And, lokwise, who stole your
coke with the yellow legges.

INQUISITION.

Well, we will haue him to a justice :
Dispach, come awaye !

LOB.

Yea, and lett him be whipte
Vp and downe the towne
next markit day.

[Goe out all.]

The Eighth Scena.

Enter GOOD NURTURE.

To them whose shoulders doe supporte
the charge of tender youth,
One greefe fales on anothers neck,
And youth will haue his rueth ;
Since first I gane to nurture Wit,
Full many cares hath past,
But when he had slained Ireksomnis,
I thought me safe at last ;
But now I se the very end
Of that my late distresse,
Is a begining vnto greefe,
Which wilbe nothing lesse :
For when I thought that Wit of late
To Wisdomes house had gone,
He came not there, but God knowes where
This retchlesse Witt is run.
Ne knowe I where to seeke him now.

Whereby I learne with paine
 There is no greefe so fare gone past,
 But may returne againe.

Here Wit cryeth out in prison, and sayeth this.

The silly bird once caught in net,
 If she ascape aliue,
 Will come no more so ny the snare,
 Her fredome to depriue ;
 But rather she will leaue her haunt,
 The which she vsed before ;
 But I, alas ! when steede is stolin,
 Doo shut the stable dore.
 For being often caught before,
 Yet could I not refraine ;
 More foolish then the witlis birde,
 I came to hand againe.
 Alas ! the chaines oppresse me sore,
 Wherewith I now am lad,
 But yet the paine doth pinch me more,
 Wherein my hart is clad !
 O, mightie Joue, now grant
 That some good man may passe this place,
 By whose good helpe I might be brought
 Out of this wofull case !

GOOD NURTARE.

What noyse is this ? what petious plaint
 Are sounding in my eare ?
 My hart doth giue me it is Wit,
 The which I now do heare.
 I will drawe nere and see
 What wight art thou, [*He commeth nere the prison.*
 Which doost lament
 And thus dost pine in paine.

WIT.

My name is Witt ;
My greefe is greate,
How should I then refrane ?

GOOD NURTARE.

What, Wit, how camest thou heare ?
O God, what chaunce is this ?

WIT.

Dame Fancy brought me in this case ;
I know I did amis.

GOOD NURTURE.

What, Fancy ? Where is she ?
Oh, that I once might catch her.

WIT.

Wold God you could, or else some one,
That able weare to matche her ;
But she no soner heard your voyce,
There standing at the dore,
Then she with all her folks hath fled,
And will be seene no more :
But I, poore sowle, ly here in chaines.

Here entreth and releaseth him GOOD NURTURE.

Once more I haue releast the of thy paines.

WIT.

Your most vnworthy schollard
Giues to you immortall thanks.

GOOD NURTURE.

I pray you now take better heed
 You play no more such pranckes ;
 Pluck vp your sperits, your marige day
 Is come euen at hand.
 Tomorow Wisdome shall you wed,
 I let you vnderstand.

WIT.

Right so as you think good,
 I shall contented be.

GOOD NURTURE.

Then let vs goe for to prepare ;
 Come one, I say, with me ! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter IDLENIS like a preest.

A, sirra, my masters, there is much adoe,
 When fortune is lowring ;
 O the passion of God ! I haue escaped a scouring.
 Here hath bin heaue and shoue,
 This geere is not fit ;
 In faith, I haue lye in the lurch,
 For coussing of Witt :
 Now shall he be maried in all the haste ;
 When Wit and Wisdome is ioyned together,
 Then I am reiected.
 Well it I can shift elsewhere,
 So long as I am not detected.
 Detected I cannot welbe,
 I am of that condition,
 That I cane turne into all

Coullers like the commillion.
Althought some doe refuse me,
And some leden heeled
Lubber will not refraine me.
And when men hath done with me,
Women will retaine me !
Idlenis, the say, is the mother of Wise ;
Through Idlenis fell the Troynes,
And the Greekes wan the price.
Idlenis breedeth euell thoughts,
Whereof come il deeds :
Idlenis is a cockadill, and greate mischefe breeds.
I giue myselfe a good reporte,
My masters, you may think the best ;
He that loueth me shall have smale
 ioy of his rest.

King Amasis made a lawe,
And bownd his subiectes to it fast,
To giue an acount whereupon
They liued the yeare last past ;
And if any liued idley,
Without any regard,
The punishmient was greuious
 Thay did him award :
But now I can escape from all such perrill,
 And play the perueier
Here in earth for the Deuell.

Well, my masters, I must be gone,
 this marige to se ;
Thay that list not to work,
 Let them follow me.

[*Exit.*

The x. Scena.

Enter SEUERITIE and WIT.

SEUERITIE.

Well now, soone Witt,
The prooffe is plaine ;
The cloudes were nere so black,
But the brightnis of the sone
At last might put them back.
The wind did neuer blowe so much,
Where with the barke was tore,
But that the wether was so calme
To bring the ship to shore.
The dainger now is past,
Adresse thyselfe with speede
To meete with Wisdome, thy deere wyfe,
As we before decreede.

WIT.

It shalbe done as dutie binds,
And as I bounden stand ;
But se, good father, now behold,
Dame Wisdome is at hand.

*Enture GOOD NURTURE and WISDOME, and WISDOME
and WIT singeth this song.*

WISDOME.

My joye hath ouergrown my greefe,
My cure is past,
For Fortune hath bin my relefe
Now at last !

Tantara tara tantara,
My husband is at hand !
His comly grace appeeres in place,
As I doe vnderstand.

WIT.

My lady, thrise welcome to me,
Mine onely ioy !
The gentellnis, God giue it the
Without annoy.
Tantara tara tantara,
Welcome, my worthy wyfe !
Thou art my parte, thine is my hart,
My blessed lim of life !

WISDOME.

As dutie doth bind according to kind,
I thainke ye much ;
Thy wife forthe will spend her life,
She will not gruch.
Tantara tara tantara,
The summe of all my blisse ;
The welcomest wight, my cheefe delight,
That shalbe and that is.

WIT.

Let me thy comly corpes imbrace,
Dere Wisdome, now.

WISDOME.

Good Wit, I alwaies loued the place
To be with you ;
Tantara tara tantara,
Thou hast my hart in hold.

WIT.

Ne doe I faine, but tell the plane,
I am thy owne, behold.

Here indeth the song.

GOOD NURTURE.

Well, now I am right glad
To se you both well met.

SEUERITIE.

And so am I, with all my hart,
That thay so sure are set.

BOTH.

We thaink ye both right humbly.

WIT.

And wish to mary speedly.

WISDOME.

For why, allthough the turtle long
Ware parted from her mate.

WIT.

Now God be thainked, thay are met
In good and happy state ;
The Lord be thainked for his grace,
Which gaue the vnto me :
Then welcome nothing in heuen or earth,
More welcommer can be.

WISDOME.

And you to me, dere Wit.

SEUERITIE.

Come, now the time requires
That we departe away
To celebrate the nuptiales
With joy, this wedding-day !

WIT.

Goe you before, my father deare,
And you, good master, straight,
And then both I and Wisdome to
Vpon you will awaite.

[Goe forth all.]

Enter Epilogus.

Thus haue you seene, good audience,
And hurd the course of youth ;
And who so list to try the same,
Shall find it for a truth.
And if this simple showe
Hath happined for to halt,
Your parden and your patience
We craue in our default :
For though the stile be rough,
And phryses found vnfit,
Yet may you say vpon the hed
The very naile is hit !
Wherefore the morrell marke,
For Finis lett it passe,
And Wit may well and worthy
Then vse it for a glasse,
Whereby for to essue his foes
That alwaies doe awaight him,
And neuer haing vpon the huck,
Where with thay seek to baite him.
Thus if you follow fast,
[You] will be quite from thrall,
[And] eke in joye an heuenly blisse ;
The which God graunt vs all !

Amen, quoth FRA : MERBURY.

Finis.

NOTES.

Page 3, line 1. Contract] I should have added Mr. Larking's interpretation of this word, which is nearly defaced in the MS., is confirmed as far as possible by the portions of the letters still visible.

Page 3, line 7. Neuer before imprinted.] It is a question whether this MS. was copied from a printed book, or is in itself a copy prepared for the press. No printed edition of this play is known to be extant.

Page 5, line 9. The.] So in MS. for *that* ?

Page 5, line 16. Wel fauurt with leuitie.] This line is very obscure in the MS., and I am afraid it is wrongly printed, but no one whom I have asked has been able to unravel the obscurity. Mr. Collier, without seeing the original, conjectures "wel fraught with lenitie."

Page 6, line 10. That Wisdome] *Is the wight?* See page 8, line 22.

Page 8, line 15. Ye.] Perhaps an error for *he*. I have followed the reading of the manuscript.

Page 9, line 13. Thay.] An error for *thou*?

Page 10, line 10. Commest.] *Comnest* in MS. The original abounds in clerical errors of this description, which I have in many cases silently corrected, believing that a note in every instance would be considered quite unnecessary.

Page 10, line 26. Al-to] Altogether, entirely, excessively. Previous to the sixteenth century, the *to* was a prefix to the verb, conveying power, or deterioration.

"Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and fere,
Mercutious ysy hande had *all-to* frozen myne,
And of thy goodness thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne."

Romeus and Juliet, ed. Collier, p. 14.

Page 11, line 9. To.] That is, two.

Page 12, line 11. Geare.] Matter; business.

Page 12, line 14. The vice.] So much has been written on this character by Mr. Collier and other writers, that it may seem superfluous to say more than that the vice was the buffoon of the old moral plays which succeeded the Reformation. In the following very curious account of an interlude, written against the Roman Catholics at the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, the Vice seems described in the character of Solace. It is taken from MS. Bibl. Reg., 7 C., xvi., fol. 169.

The copie of the nootes of the interluyde.

"In the firste entres come in Solace, whose parte was but to make mery, sing ballettes with his fellowes, and drinke at the interluydes of the play, whoe shewede firste to all the audiaunce the playe that he played, whiche was a generall thing, meanyng nothing in speciall to displeas noe man, prayng therfor noe man to be angre with the same. Nexte come in a king, whoe passed this throne, having noe speche to thende of the playe, and thene to raitefie and approve, as in playne parliament, all thinges doon by the reste of the players, whiche represented the three estes. Withe hym come his courtiours, Placebo, Pikthanke, and Flaterye, and suche a lik garde, one swering he was the lustieste, starkeste, best proporcioned, and moste valiaunte man that ever was; another swear he was the beste with longe bowe, crosebowe, and culverein in the world; another swear he was the beste juster and man of armes in the world, and soe furthe, during thair partes. Therafter came a man armed in harnes, withe a swerd drawen in his hande, a busshope, a burges man, and Experience, clede like a doctour, whoe sete thaym all down on the deis under the king. After thayme come a poor man, whoe did goe upe and downe the scaffald, making a hevie complaynte that he was heryed throughe the courtiours taking his fewe in one place, and alsoe his tackes in another place, where throughe he hade scayled his house, his wif and childeren beggyng thaire brede, and soe of many thousound in Scotlande, whiche wolde make the kynges grace lose of men if his grace stod neide, saying thaire was noe remedye to be gotten, for thoughe he wolde snyte to the kinges grace, he was naither acquaynted with controuller nor treasurer, and withoute thaym, myght noe man gete noe godenes of the king; and after he spered for the king,

and whene he was shewed to the man that was king in the playe, he aunswered and said he was noe king, for ther is but one King, whiche made all and governethe all, whoe is eternall, to whome he and all erthely kinges ar but officers, of the whiche thay muste mak recknyng, and soe furthe, muche moor to that effecte. And then he loked to the king, and saide he was not the King of Scotlande, for ther was another king in Scotlande, that hanged John Armestrang with his fellowes, and Sym the Larde, and many other moe, which had pacified the countrey, and stanchd thefte, but he had lefte one thing undon, whiche perteynede as well to his charge as thayres. And whene he was asked what that was, he made a longe narracion of the oppression of the poor, by the taking of the corsepresa unte beistes, and of the heryng of poor men by concistorye lawe, and of many other abussions of the spirituall and churche, withe many long stories and auctorities. Thene the Busshope roise and rebuked hym, saying it effered not to hym to speake suche matiers, commaunding hym seilence, or elles to suffer dethe for it by thair lawe. Therafter roise the man of armes, alledginge the contrarie, and commaunded the poor man to speake, saying thair abusion hade been over longe suffered withoute any lawes. Thene the poor man shewed the greate abusion of busshoppes, prelettes, abbotes, reving menes wives and doughters, and holdyng thaym, and of the maynteynyng of thair childer, and of thair over bying of lordes and barrons eldeste sones to their doughters, wher thoroughe the nobilitie of the blode of the realme was degenerate, and of the greate superfluous rentes that perteyned to the churche by reason of over muche temporall landes given to thaym, whiche thaye proved that the kinge might take boothe by the canon lawe, and civile lawe, and of the greate abomynable vices that reingne in clostures, and of the common bordelles that was keped in clostures of nunneries. All this was provit by experience; and also was shewed thoffice of a busshope, and producit the Newe Testament with the auctorities to that effecte; and thene roise the man of armes, and the burges, and did saye that all that was producit by the poor man, and Experience was reasonable of veritie, and of greate effecte, and verey expedient to be reafourmede withe the consent of parliament; and the Busshope said he wold not consent therunto. The man of armes and burges saide thay were twoe, and he bot one, wherfor thair voice shuld have mooste effecte.

Theraftire the king in the playe ratefied, approved and confermed all that was rehersed."

Page 12, line 17. Wen.] Ween; think.

Page 12, line 25. I can eate, &c.] This line ought to be printed, "I can eate tell I sweate, and &c."

Page 13, line 1. Litherlurden.] An old jocular term for *idleness*. It occurs in Lydgate.

Page 13, line 6. I wis.] That is, I know. In earlier works, this would be the adverb *i-wis*. It is no doubt an error to consider the latter meant by writers of the sixteenth century.

Page 13, line 15. Harlowe-bery.] Most likely left to the players, according to the place where the piece was to be acted.

Page 13, line 24. Counterfait crainke.] According to the canting dictionaries, a person who asks charity, and feigns sickness and disease. See *Earle's Microcosmography*, ed. 1811, p. 249.

Page 13, line 29. Soft fier makes swet malt.] This proverb also occurs in Ralph Royster Doyster, ed. 1818, p. 11; Gascoigne's *Workes*, p. 360.

Page 13, line 30. Firme.] Read *faine*.

Page 13, line 31. Broune stodie.] So Ben Jonson—

"Faith, this *brown study* suits not with your black,
Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours."

Jonson, ed. *Gifford*, vol. vi., p. 378.

Page 14, line 27. As gentell, &c.] Compare Shakespeare—

"Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice
To lure this tercel-gentle back again!"

Collier's Shakespeare, vol. vi., p. 412.

Page 15, line 21. Swinke.] Labour; work.

Page 16, line 1. And.] That is, if. *And if* is also often used in the same sense. See line 14.

Page 16, line 16. A mother, Wit.] Read, "a mother-wit."

"A graue discreet gentleman hauing a comely wife, whose beauty and free behauiour did draw her honesty into suspition, by whom hee had a sonne almost at mans estate, of very dissolute and wanton carriage: I muse, said one, that a man of such stayd and moderate grauity should haue a sonne of such a contrary and froward disposition. Sir, reply'd

another, the reason is that his pate is stuffed with his *Mothers wit*, that there is no roome for any of his father's wisdom: besides, the lightnesse of her heeles is gotten into her sonnes braines."—*Taylor's Wit and Mirth*, 1630, p. 185.

Page 17, line 4. Luck.] That is, look.

Page 17, line 5. In the church booke.] An allusion to the system of parish registers, which was a novelty in those days.

Page 17, line 19. To witt.] That is, to know.

Page 18, line 24. I.] Ay, or yes.

Page 18, line 25. Bere all the charge.] Idleness of course means he will palm off his illegitimate child as Wit's, and make the latter pay for its maintenance.

Page 19, line 3. A kist.] That is, have kist. *A* for *have* is still common in the provinces, and is constantly so employed by our old dramatists.

Page 19, line 6. To desier you of more acquaintance.] That is, to be better acquainted. "I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb," *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii., scene 1.

Page 19, line 9. A ought.] Perhaps, *in ought*.

Page 19, line 25. To the rop.] Meaning, to the gallows.

Page 20, line 23. Colling.] That is, blacking. Hence is derived the term *collier*. Shakespeare has—

"Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the *collied* night."

Midsummer Night's Dream, act i., sc. i.

Page 21, line 10. Doddy.] That is, a blockhead.

"Thus by her scole
Made hym a fole,
And called hym *dody pate*;
So from his thryfte
She dyd hym lyfte,
And therof creste the date."

Boke of Mayd Emlyn, p. 19.

Page 21, line 17. Colliar.] Alluding to her having blackened the face of Wit. See above.

Page 22, line 10. Home.] That is, whom.

Page 22, line 11. Softe.] A common exclamation in old plays. It seems to have been introduced in the fifteenth century.

Page 24, line 5. Rig.] Wanton, bad woman.

Page 24, line 10. Cog.] To play the cheat.

Page 24, line 11. Wethercock of Poles.] Alluding to the weather-cock on St. Paul's cathedral.

Page 24, line 14. The catt in the pane.] To turn the cat in the pan, i.e., to be a turncoat. An old writer gives the following absurd origin of the phrase — "*Catipan*, to turn *catipan*, from a people called *Catipani*, in Calabria and Apulia, who got an ill name by reason of their perfidy; very falsely by us called *cat in pan*."

"Our fine Phylosopher, our trimme learned elfe,

Is gone to see as false a spie as himselfe.

Damon smatters as well as he of craftie pilosophie,

And can *tourne cat in the panne* very pretily:

But Carisophus hath given him such a mightie checke,

As I thinke in the ende will breake his necke.

Damon and Pithias, p. 206.

Page 24, line 16. The outlandish man.] Foreign physicians were much esteemed in England in Queen Elizabeth's time. A character in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, says, "We'll gull the world that hath in estimation forraine phisitions." This part of our interlude may fairly be considered an illustration of the character of Dr. Caius in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Page 25, line 7. Moyle.] Labour or drudge.

Page 25, line 8. Coyle.] Noise; tumult. "Here's a coil with a lord and his sister." *Amends for Ladies*, p. 37.

Page 25, line 12. Filling and poling.] Robbing and plundering.

Page 26, line 16. A cadowe.] That is, a jackdaw. "*Nodulus* is also for a *cudlow*, or daw." *Withal's Dictionarie*, 8vo., 1608, p. 87. The term is still in use in the Eastern counties.

Page 27, line 14. God a mercy horse.] A slang expression, the exact force of which it is somewhat difficult to define. Its origin is attempted to be accounted for in *Tarlton's Jests*, p. 24.

Page 27, line 27. *Oculus*.] In the MS. it is *ovulus*, which is of course an error.

Page 28, line 2. John Tapsters.] The innkeeper's.

Page 28, line 9. Commist.] Committed.

Page 28, line 11. Euell gotten worse spent.] This proverb occurs

in an early MS. in the Museum, Harl. 2321, fol. 147, and is not yet obsolete.

Page 29, line 23. This geer cottons.] That is, this matter or business goes on prosperously.

“And all have their inscriptions—here’s *cock-a-hoop*,
This *The gear ccttens*, and this *Faint heart never*.”

The Inner-Temple Masque, p. 150.

Page 30, line 2. Be Gis.] A profane oath.

“By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do’t, if they come to’t;
By cock, they are to blame.”

Hamlet, act iv., sc. 5.

Page 30, line 30. Lin.] That is, cease.

“Her husband, a recusant, often came
To hear mass read, nor would he ever *lin*.”

Billingsley’s Brachy-Martyrologia, 1657, p. 200.

Page 31, line 3. Crose.] A piece of money.

Page 31, line 17. It.] That is, yet.

Page 33, line 6. The whorson patch.] That is, fool. “Thou scurvy patch,” *Tempest*, act iii., sc. 2.

Page 33, line 10. Theaues.] *Theaes* in the manuscript.

Page 33, line 24. This seuen yeer.] A common phrase of the time. It occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii., sc. 3, “a vile thief this seven year.” See also *King Lear*, act iii., scene 4: *2 Henry VI.*, act ii., scene 1.

Page 34, line 6. Is.] Perhaps it should be *it is*.

Page 34, line 14. A puttock] A kite.

“O bless’d, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a *puttock*.”

Cymbeline, act i., sc. 2.

Page 35, line 15. Wite.] Wight, person

Page 35, line 21. No force.] No matter.

Page 35, line 25. To-to goo.] So in the original; but we should read *to-to good*, as the rhyme proves. The word *too-too* here, as in many other instances, denotes *excessive* or *excessively*, although the provincial use of the term is said to be *exceedingly*, a sense it also bears in

early writers. It is often nothing more than a strengthening of the word *too*. "*Too-too*, used absolutely for very well or good." Ray's Collection of English Words, 12mo., London, 1674, p. 49. Shakespeare has the word in his Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii., sc. 2—"I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are *too-too* strongly embattled against me." We here have Shakespeare using the term in the sense in which it is constantly employed by our early writers, both as an adjective and an adverb; and in another place I endeavoured to show that this is the same which occurs in Hamlet, act i., sc. 2, generally printed as two distinct words. Mr. Baverstock, however, complains of the "innovation." I have desired no innovation, further than warranted by the discovery of truth: for I merely wished to *restore* the text to its original purity as it came from the bard's own hand, and I believe no argument of the nature of that employed by Mr. Baverstock can prevail against the enormous weight of philological evidence I have collected, *confirmed by other instances in Shakespeare's own works, where Mr. Baverstock's reasoning would entirely fail.* This is no "fresh idea" concerning Shakespeare. I have stated distinctly, I leave the author's sense as I found it. All I contend for is, that *too-too* is essentially one word; that it is several times so recognized by Shakespeare; and that no editor can be philologically justified in dividing it into two. "Oh! that this *too-too* solid flesh would melt," i.e., this *excessive* solid flesh, or *too excessive* solid flesh. The whole line requires a slow recital, and there is nothing in my "innovation," when calmly considered, which detracts from the beauty or force of the passage.

Mr. Baverstock evidently regards my discovery of the existence of *too-too* as an independent word in early writers one which had been far better concealed, if it is to be applied to the passage in Hamlet. On this point I will not enter into any disputation; but the merit of the discovery, whatever it may be, and I am not by any means disposed to rate it *too-too* highly, is my own. I first made it public very early in 1843, in the notes to the First Sketches of King Henry the Sixth, p. 196, and, let me add, without any ostentation. In 1845 appeared the second volume of Mr. Hunter's New Illustrations, and at p. 218 I found the conclusions to which I had previously arrived inserted as new to "the whole body of writers on English philology," without any allusion to

my former note. On a subject of such very small importance, it is unnecessary to offer any further comment. The following additional examples are recommended to the reader's notice as fully confirmatory of the view I have taken on the meaning and force of the word *too-too*—

There is another pride which I must touch,

It is so bad, so base, so *too-too* much.

Taylor's Superbiæ Flagellum, p. 37.

Her taile was *too-too* large for him to tread,

He *too-too* little her to oucr-spread.

Scot's Philomythie, 1616, Sig. D. ii.

That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; *too-too* vain, *too-too* vain; but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement.

Love's Labour's Lost, act v. sc. 2.

—This reign

Is *too-too* unsupportable.

Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, vol. v. p. 89.

He is dogged, but discreet. I cannot tell how sharpe, with a kind of sweetnes; full of wit, yet *too-too* wayward.

Lilly's Sixe Court Comedies, ed. 1632, Sig. H. x.

I awoke, and then I knew

What love said was *too-too* true.

Herrick's Works, vol. ii., p. 27.

And yet there's *too-too* many I doe know,

Whose hearts with this foule poyson over-flow.

Wither's Abuses, p. 43.

And threewith he is a great enemy to sinne and vice, whiche now raigneth *too-too* much amongst al estates and degrees. — *Northbrooke's Treatise*, 1577.

Both a light one and a Levite

There I viewed; *too-too* aged.

Barnaby's Journal.

Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he pass'd

To Britain's isle; *too-too* conspicuous there.

Young's Night Thoughts, p. 303.

Furthermore, I have ben, my girle, a lawier *too-too* long,
If at a pinche I cannot wrest the law from right to wrong.

Historie of Promos and Cassandra, p. 37.

O Leard, Learde, cham sicke: my belly akes *too-too*.

Ibid. p. 56.

Lycoris, to the gods thou art too dear,
And *too-too* much of heaven belov'd I fear.

Randolph's Poems, 1643, p. 12.

You guesse the meaning. *Too-too* well.

Randolph's Jealous Lovers, p. 19.

——But here's a witnesse

Of *too-too* certain truth stands up against her.

Randolph, Ibid. p. 21.

All I can find is losse! O *too-too* wretched!

Randolph's Amyntas, ed. 1640, p. 82.

Without the first the last may not be had;

Yet to the first the last is *too-too* bad.

Ashmole's Theat. Chem. Brit. 1652, p. 335.

She weeps and takes on *too-too*.

The Coxcomb, act iii., sc. 2.

My brothers mind is base, and *too-too* dull

To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects.

Troublesome Raigne of King John, p. 230.

Least beeing *too-too* forward in the cause,

It may be blemish to my modestie.

Ibid. p. 244.

Eschancrer, to eat, as a canker, into; also, to cut or make hollow,
and halfe-round; also, to pare very neere, nip off *too-too* neere. — *Cotgrave's Dictionarie*, 1632.

Too-too forgetful of thine own affairs,

Why wilt thou betray thy son's good hap?

Marlowe's Dido, act v., sc. 1.

Aye, but he'll come again; he cannot go;

He loves me *too-too* well to serve me so.

Ibid. act v. sc. 2.

And *too-too* well the fair vermillion knew.

Hero and Leander, p. 334.

The cold of wo hath quite untun'd my voice,
And made it *too-too* harsh for list'ning ear.

Return from Parnassus, act v., sc. 1.

Your father says, my state is *too-too* low.

Wily Beguiled, ap. *Hawkins*, p. 340.

Hard-hearted gods, and *too-too* envious fates,
Thus to cut off my father's fatal thread.

Tragedy of Locrine, p. 10.

Ay me, my virgin's hands are *too-too* weak
To penetrate the bulwark of my breast.

Ibid. p. 56.

And when too old to liue, yet fate drawes nigh,
Our loue shall make vs *too-too* young to die.

Porter's Madrigales, 1632.

And albeit I cannot, being *too-too* much abused by some that haue beereft me of my notes in this behalfe, bring my purpose to passe.—*Harrison's Description of Britaine*, p. 108.

But of such writers as we haue *too-too* manie, so among the said rable Geruase of Tilberie is not the least famous.—*Ibid.* p. 129.

But, alas, their couetous minds one waie in inlarging their reuenues, and carnall intent another, appeered herin *too-too* much.—*Ibid.* p. 193.

And as these haue beene in times past erected for the benefit of the realme, so are they in many places *too-too* much abused.—*Ibid.* p. 202.

But as most drouers are verie diligent to bring great store of these vnto those places; so manie of them are *too-too* lewd in abusing such as buie them.—*Ibid.* p. 220.

In suche moste greuous tyrannycall sorte,
That *to-to* shamefull weare heere to reporte.

British Bibliographer, vol. iv., p. 205.

Rome puffs us up, and makes us *too-too* fierce.

Misfortunes of Arthur, act iii., sc. 1.

They made much of themselves; yea, *too-too* much.

Ibid. act v., sc. 1.

Then would I tell her she were *too-too* base,
To doat thus on a banish'd, careless groom.

Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, p. 31.

I do not lie; you wot it *too-too* well,
The deed was such as you may shame to tell.

Ibid. p. 39.

Oh, Ely, thou to him wert *too-too* cruel !

Ibid. p. 45.

Pray hold there ; I know it *too-too* well.
The tokens and the letters I have still.

A Woman is a Weathercock, p. 29.

I know he loves me *too-too* heartily
To be suspicious or to prove my truth.

Amends for Ladies, act ii., sc. 2.

But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth *too-too* oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainsick rude desire.

Rape of Lucrece, ap. *Collier*, p. 420.

By *too-too* much Dan Cræsus caught his death,
And bought with bloud the price of glittering gold ;
By *too-too* litle many one lacks breath,
And striues in streetes a mirroure to behold.

Deuises of Sundrie Gentlemen, p. 357.

If so thy wyfe be *too-too* fayre of face,
It drawes one guest too manie to thyne inne.

Ibid. p. 358.

I loath the *too-too* easy field,
Alike with her that nere will yield.

R. Fletcher's Poems, p. 8.

Page 37, line 6. Plaste.] Placed.

Page 39, line 6. Fulmers.] Polecats. "I might here intreat largelie of other vermine, as the polcat, the miniuer, the weasell, stote, *fulmart*, squirrill, fitchew, and such like." — *Harrison's Description of England*, p. 225. The term is still in use in the North of England.

Page 39, line 23. Moyling.] Work ; bother.

Page 41, line 12. Hargubushere.] A person who carried a harquebuss, an old-fashioned musket. "*Espingardier*, an harguebuzier, or small shot." — *Cotgrave*.

Page 43, line 15. A royall.] Puns were frequently made by our old dramatists on the name of this coin.

Page 45, line 18. A morin.] That is, a murrain. A similar oath occurs in *Coriolanus*, act i., sc. 5.

Page 48, line 22. You him.] *You hold him?*

Page 49, line 24. Byrlady.] That is, by our lady! A common interjection in early plays.

Page 50, line 2. Podge.] Porridge, or hodge-podge; any miscellaneous mixture of food.

Page 50, line 7. Fadge.] To suit, or agree.

Then John, and Joane, and Madge,

Were call'd the merry crew:

That with no drinke could *fadge*,

But where the fat they knew.

Friar Bakon's Prophetie, 1604.

Page 50, line 21. Swinged.] Whipped; beaten.

Page 50, line 27. Lobbing.] Tumult; uproar.

Page 50, line 28. With a twenty deuill.]

Come in, wiffe, in twenty devilles waye!

Or elles stand their all day.

Chester Plays, vol. i., p. 53.

Page 51, line 19. Whorecop.] Bastards. This term occurs in the *Prompt. Parv.*, p. 246, spelt *horcop*; and in *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 432, the editor not having met with the term elsewhere. It is, however, sufficiently common. "*Horcop, pelinguus*," *Nominale MS.* "The whorecop is plaguily well lov'd in our town," *Peele's Works*, vol. iii., p. 92, not understood by Mr. Dyce. See further examples in my *Dictionary of Archaisms*, in v.

Page 52, line 12. Ruffler.] A rogue; properly, one who pretends to be a maimed soldier or sailor.

Page 52, line 14. Snuffler.] A highwayman, according to the canting dictionaries.

Page 53, line 9. Soft, who haue we heare.] A similar phrase occurs in *Coriolanus*, act i., sc. 1.

Page 53, line 22. Girk.] Whip, or flog. The word is much more usually spelt *jerk*.

Page 54, line 27. Retchlesse.] Reckless. A common form of the word in early writers.

Page 55, line 12. Doo shut the stable dore.]

The steede was stollen before I shut the gate,

The cates consumd before I smelt the feast.

Deuises of Sundrie Gentlemen, p. 341.

Page 55, line 28. Giue.] Tell, confess, or grant.

Page 58, line 17. Amasis.] A king of Egypt, who made a law that every one should yearly give account to the government how he lived, and in default, to be put to death.

Page 60, line 1. Tantara tara tantara.] A Latin song with this burden occurs in MS. Harl. 7371.

Early Illustrations
of
Shakespeare
and
The English Drama.

EARLY ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE AND THE DRAMA.

The interlude printed for the first time in the preceding pages is so short, and the necessary illustrations by notes occupy so small a space, that it may not perhaps be considered out of place to add some new information respecting our early drama and Shakespeare ; the more especially as there are objections to the publication of another text, which could not be considered an appropriate adjunct to the Dering Manuscript. In so doing we can scarcely be accused of following the plan of Hearne's heterogeneous collections ; for, although the periods to which our fragments relate vary, they will in no instance be found inconsistent with what may naturally be looked for in any publication of the Shakespeare Society.

SECTION I. SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.

I have recently purchased an old chap-book, which I do not remember to have seen noticed elsewhere, and I think worthy of a brief description. It contains a prose story, apparently founded on the Tempest, although professing on the title-page to be translated from the French. The title runs thus—
“The Force of Nature ; or, the Loves of Hippollito and

Dorinda, a romance, translated from the French original, and never before printed in English," *Northampton, Printed by R. Raikes and W. Dicey, over against All Saints Church, 1720. Price three Pence.* 12mo, pp. 29, inclusive of title, and last page blank. An extract from the commencement of it will suffice.

The most Renowned History of Prospero, Duke of Milan.

In the dukedom of Milan, there sometime reigned a most noble duke called Prospero, who had a brother, named Antonio, to whom he trusted the manage of his state ; he himself being for the most part wrapt up in secret studies—not in the least surmising that his brother would ever throw off the name, and chuse that of an usurper, for the sake of his dominions. But the false Antonio having obtained the craft of granting suits and of denying them, of advancing and deposing, and being prompted on by wild Ambition, wak'd in his soul an evil nature, and began to suppose himself the duke, because he executed the outward face of sovereignty ; and at last made that traiterous thought so natural to him, that he resolv'd it should be real : and to this end confederated with the Duke of Savoy, (who was an inveterate enemy to Prospero,) promising him tribute, and to do him homage, if he would constitute him Duke of Milan in the room of his brother : to which Savoy consenting, Antonio, in the dead of the night, (as they had secretly agreed,) open'd to him the gates of Milan ; and hurry'd the lawful duke to Savoy, and with him two young princesses, his daughters, the eldest named Miranda, and the youngest Dorinda, who were the dear pledges of their father's former love, and the pretty remembrancers to him of a lady, who in her life-time was all vertue ; as also an infant call'd Hippolito, the right heir to the dukedom of Mantua, whose father dying, bequeath'd him (but three years old) to the care of Prospero, and who, by Antonio's cruelty, was expos'd to the same fate as that much-wronged duke.

When they arriv'd at Savoy they were put aboard a vessel at Nissa, of which Gonzalo, a nobleman of Savoy, was appointed master, who bore them out some leagues to sea, where there was a rotten carcase of a boat prepared for their reception, without either rigging, tackle, sail, or mast. However, Gonzalo, knowing the duke was an entire lover of his books, was so generous as to furnish him (but from his own library) with some books which he set a value on, as also some rich garments, which afterwards stood these royal exiles in good stead. They had also a small quantity of food, and some fresh water. And thus they were left to the mercy of the waves, which proving greater than that of his unnatural brother, they were at length thrown on an island uninhabited save only by two brats, which Sicorax, a most damn'd witch, who had been banish'd from Argier to that desolate place for manifold mischiefs and sorceries, too terrible for human hearing, had litter'd there. These two freckled, hag-born wretches were named, the male, Caliban, and the female, Sicorax. On this island was the noble duke and his innocent companions thrown.

What shall Prospero do now? He knows he is upon enchanted ground, and has no hopes of any succour from the two confounded and poisonous brats of this old deceased hag: he had magick sufficient, however, to defend himself from their insults, and even to punish them for whatever affronts they should offer—for he was a man of most occult study, and had penetrated into the very pith of sorcery; yet, he thought it more advisable to endeavour to bring that accurs'd slave over to his service by fair and courteous means. So, having lodg'd his two infant daughters in a cave which he himself had accommodated for them, and hous'd Hippolito in a rock at some distance from their cell, for a reason which you will hear in the sequel, he left them, and went in search of the monster, whom, having found, he us'd all gentle means to bring to his lure. He strok'd and made much of him, gave him to taste of some rich cordials which he had brought with

him, taught him to name the sun and the moon, and by these means excited in that wretched creature a love towards him so that he shew'd him all the qualities of the Isle, as the fresh springs, fertile places, &c. And Prospero, to requite this gratitude of the slave, took pains to make him speak — for before this he was savage, and could only gabble—and to defend him from the inclemency of the weather, lodg'd him in his own cell; till, on a time, this filthy slave, Prospero being absent, attempted to dishonour his two fair daughters, who were now grown to maturity, having been twelve years upon this desert Isle. But the duke returning before the brutal villain could accomplish his accurs'd intent, and, being inform'd of what Caliban had attempted, he, by the strong power of his art, pent him up in a rock, afflicting him with cramps and side-stiches, causing the urchins to suck his blood, and the bees to sting him, and fill'd his bones with such aches that he would often roar so hideously that the very beasts trembled at the noise he made. Besides this, he deservedly made him his slave, to fetch wood, make fires, and serve in the most drudging offices, still punishing him in the abovesaid manner, whenever he neglected the least tittle of what he had commanded. Thus the monster not being contented with the happiness that he might have enjoy'd in a quiet subordination, was oblig'd to put up with a slavery which he could not avoid, as a punishment he had justly deserv'd.

The compiler of this story seems to have made use of Dryden's alteration of the *Tempest*; but still it is a curious fact to ascertain that, at a period which may be regarded as the dawn of our appreciation of the poet's genius, a chap-book was founded on one of his plays, and no doubt sold by itinerant dealers throughout the country.

SECTION II. CURIOUS DRAMATIC MANUSCRIPT.

Understanding that there existed in the library of an ancient family in the East of England an early MS. containing plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, I made further inquiries, and was favoured with a sight of the volume. It is of no great antiquity, but may furnish important readings, as it contains hitherto unknown copies of the following plays— 1, The Inconstant Lady, or, Better Late than Never; 2, The Lovers' Hospital; 3, The Woman's Prize; 4, The Lost Ladie, a Tragi-Comedy; 5, The Beggar's Bush; Hengist, King of Kent. The last one commences as follows:—

Ray. What Raynulphe Munck of Chester can
 Raise from his Policronicron,
 That raised him, as works doe men,
 (To see light so long parted with agen)
 That best may please this round faire ring
 With sparkleing iudgm^{ts} circled in
 Shall produce, if all my power[s]
 Can wyn the grace of too poore howres:
 Well apaide I goe to rest,
 Ancient storyes have bene best,
 Fashions that are now called new
 Have bene worne by more then yo^w;
 Elder times haue vs'd y^e same,
 Though these new ones get y^e name,
 So in story whats now told
 That takes not part with days of old?
 Then to prove times mutuall glorye
 Ioyne new times love to old times storye. *Exit.*

SECTION III. THE MARRIAGE OF THE ARTS.

Wood relates an anecdote concerning Holiday's play of *Τεχνοναμία*, quoted in the Biog. Dramat., p. 356. The following collection of verses, which is taken from a MS. at Middlehill, No. 9569, written in 1638, confirms Wood's anecdote, and well merits preservation. Holiday's play was printed in 1610, and was several times republished.

*Verses uppon C[hrist] C[hurch] play, made by Mr. Holliday,
acted before the King at Woodstocke.*

To hope, Holliday? Why then 'twill nere be better.
 Why, all the guard, that never knew a letter
 But that uppon ther coates, whose witt consists
 In Archyes bobs and Garretts sawcy jeasts,
 Deride our Christ-Church steaves, and sweare that they
 Never kept doore to such a midnight play.
 Why, Cambridge Dolman pitcht beyond it farre,
 It fell two barres short of "Albumazar."
 Besides, they feasted with an henne that night,
 Wherein the Lord Vicechancellor used ther might;
 Now both ther gutts were empty, and ther eare
 Could nether caufe nor noyse of laughter heare.
 Our hobby horse came short of thers, but yet
 Wee did excell them in one flash of witt.
 Wee had an ape, forsooth, bare three yeares old,
 Could doe more tricks then Colle Westons could:
 A most fine ape, God is my rightfull judge!
 An excellent ape, could leape and skipp and trudge,
 Lye still, or caper: O, prodigious bowtes,
 An active ape, and yet composed of clowtes!
 Why, how now, sawcy groomes? goe meddle with
 Your barre and holdberts, scowre your rusty teeth
 In the remainder of the last killd sceere,
 And wash your nasty throats in Woodstock beere.

Do you deride his worth? Who dares uphold yee?
Be husht no more, and say a frend hath told yee;
Else hele in fury come, you naked stripp,
And scourge you with a sixteene knotted whipp.
Doe you not know that all this was begott?
I speake my conscience wher it was his lott
To bee at truce with study, that this mirth
At first edition was but five weekes birth—
Yet not abortive. Sett an higher prize
Uppon his workes; at least, let not your vice
Make an acute bad comment; that which wee
Object as grosse was his best propertye.
A poet's a creator, and 'tis more
To make an ape, then teach one made before.
This answered, thinke you heard your captaine say
Silence, or else you shall not eate to day.
See, now they are gonne: but see, more anger yet,
Thers one hath beggd monopolyes of witt;
Fastidious briske the courtier: see, it grinneth;
It made a ballad, and it doth beginne with.
It is not full yet a fortnight since
Christ-Church at Woodstocke entertaind the Prince,
And 'vented hath a studyed toy, (pray marke this!)
Long as the siege of Troy, to please the Marquisse.
Good sir, a word: for all your silke and satten,
Yet may I safely sweare you know no Latine.
And will you talke, sir: none must judge his parts
But such as are well skilld. in all the arts.
Nor is it fitt you jeast on him, sir, since
He lately conquered a fierce Latine Prince.
He hath a zealous sword; if you he heares,
Be sure he'le cutt of your rebellious eares.
Frisk to the Globe or Curtaine with your trull,
Or gather musty phrases from the Bull.
This was not for your diet; he did bring

What was prepared for our Platonick king.
Goe, court your mistresse, sir ; he's likewise gone,
And I am left halfe angry here alone—
Glad that I have the poet so befrinded,
Mad that such dull invention was commended.
To such a sacred audience was his muse
Wit-bound or tongue-tyed, that she did refuse
To lend new mater, or else did he deeme
“Crambe bis costa” was of such esteeme ?
What, though he say ther was great alteration,
Yet was it all built on the old foundation :
Nay, more, 'tis thought this second repetition
Will plague the printers with a new edition.
The title this : A pleasant Comedye,
Lately presented to his Majestye,
The prince, the marquisse, and the courtiers prudent,
At Woodstocke mannor by a Christ-Church student.
Would oute twere come to that ? For then should wee
Be teared from a generall obloquye.
For most men thinke, nor will they change the mind,
That all the Uniuersity conjoynd
In the performances, and without all doubt
To countenance this toy was so given out.
Nor at the court alone, (the more the pittie)
Tis so believed in village, towne, and citty.
Nay, I have heard the rascall Batle Guard say,
Schollers, runne home, study, and mend your play.
Horrible thruth ! Shall private weakenesse bee
A slander to the University ?
Give Cambridge such occasion as to mocke,
And make poore Oxford a pure laughing stocke ?
O, fate of life ! and can I hold my peace,
Urg'd thus, and from revenge so just thus tease ?
Twere but the witt of justice now to rayle
Uppon the Poet ; but 'twill nought availe,

And therefore out of mercye I'll be free
 To pittie, and give counsell without fee,
 The better to digest his new disgrace.
 (I would not have him runne to such a place,
 Where it should be preferment to endure,
 To teach a schoole, or else to starve a cure.)
 A milder course is better : let him gett
 Commendatorye verses, and entreat
 His worthy frend, juditious Mr. Lea,
 To write a Persian censure on his play.

Against the Libeller.

Thou that hast yet no name of thine owne,
 But dost hope by traducing of his to be knowne,
 Enjoye thy deare purchase, yet not without laughter,
 Bee thy name halfe-holiday ever hereafter ;
 For in learning and witt I would have yee beleive,
 Where this Holiday comes thou art but his slave.

Anti-Holliday.

Bragg on, old Christ-Church, never frett nor greeve,
 But in thy practice let proud Wolsey live,
 Who never thought he well perform'd that thinge
 Was not about or else about the kinge.
 His fall and pride was *Ego et Rex meus* :
 Thine greater now when *Rex* is joynd with *Deus*.
 God nor the king seemd to approve that play,
 That made his sabbaoth lesse then Holliday.

Answer.

If I can judge a sicke man by his fitt,
 This poet hath more heresye then witt ;
 For if the last verse of the eighth bee true,
 What ere his countrye is, he is a Jew.

Againe.

I could forgive thy rimes,
 Did they condemne mee only and these times ;
 But how comes Wolsey in ? why doest thou laye
 My fault to him ? he founded not my play,
 Nor doe in our Oxford, Wolsey say,
 When wee intend to rayle, but when we pray :
 And how comes Sunday in ? why dost thou spight
 God for my sake, and robb him of his right ?
 The sabbaoth in thy throate better be dumbe,
 Then by thy phrase deny that Christ is come.

In the person of Christ Church.

If wee at Woodstocke have not pleased those
 Whose clamorous judgment lyes in crying noes,
 Wee are not sorry, for such witts as they
 Libell our windowes oftner then our play :
 Or if wee have not pleased those whose lipps
 Preserve the knowledge of the Proctorshippes,
 And judge by houses as ther voices goe,
 Not caringe if the cause bee good or noe,
 Nor by desert or fortune they loose ther pawne,
 Wee are not greatly sorry ;

But if any

Can be found, out of the ingaged many,
 That daws speake hath ever when the head is by,
 Or where his seniors spowne is in the pye,
 Nor to commend the worthy will forbear,
 Though he of Cambridge or of Christ-Church were,
 And not of his owne colledge, and will shame
 To wrong the persons for his goods or name ;
 Yf any such be found, then downe, proud spirit.
 Yf not, know number never conquerd meritt.

[*Answer.*]

When too much zeale doth fire devotion,
 Love is not love, but superstition :
 Even so in civill dutyes, when wee come,
 Too oft wee are not frends but troublesome ;
 But as the first is not idolatrye,
 So is the last but greived industrye ;
 And so mine, whose strife to humor you
 By overplus hath robbd you of your due.

To the puritane disprayer.

Tis not my person nor my play,
 But my sirname Holliday,
 That doth offend thee : thy complaints
 Are not against mee, but the Saintes :
 So ill dost thou brooke my name,
 Because the Church doth like the same.

A name more awfull to the Puritane

The[n] Talbot was to France, or Drake to Spaine.

The fiddler of New Colledge his descant on the play.

At the "Marriage of the Arts" before the king,
 Lest those brave mates should want an offeringe,
 The king himselfe did offer, what, I pray ?
 He offerd twice or thrice to goe away.

The answer.

More trouble yet ? 'tis but an organist.
 Fidlers and fooles may prattle what they list.
 Yet wonder I the chanter would suffer him to play
 Such foolish jiggs uppon an Holliday.

The author's farwell.

To find a man in companye
 Were ventring at a lotterye

Where fewer blannels goe to one prize
 Then here doe foules to one that's wise :
 Why then al creditt have I throwne
 Where there are twenty casts to one,
 And that one too perhaps his Lord's,
 Whose Lord too speakes not his owne words.
 O, wretched state of poetrye !
 Blew-coates are not more liverye
 With badges on St. George's day,
 Then are men's judgments at a play,
 Where you may know whose follower more
 By what he spake then what he wore.
 Why then farwell, deare trifled Muse,
 Untill I heare some monstrous newes
 That men doe cease such to persever,
 And that I thinke is farwell ever.

SECTION IV. BASSE'S EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

Most early copies of this celebrated epitaph vary considerably from each other. The present is taken from the Middlehill MS., No. 9569, written about 1638.

On Shakespeare. Basse.

Renowned Spencer, lye a thought more nigh
 To learned Beaumont, and rare Beaumont lye
 A little neerer Chaucer, to make roome
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourefold tombe.
 To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift
 Untill Doomesday : for hardly will a fift
 Betwixt this day and that by fate be slaine,
 For whom the curtaine shall be drawne againe.
 But if precedency in death doth barre
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulcher,

In an uncarued marble of thine owne
 Lye, brave tragedian, Shakespeare, lye alone !
 Thy unmolested rest, unshared cave,
 Possesse as Lord, not Tenant, to thy grave ;
 That unto others it may counted bee
 Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

SECTION V. SUPPOSED POEMS BY SHAKESPEARE.

From the same MS. as the preceding, and stated in the catalogue to be the genuine productions of Shakespeare. The signature seems to afford the sole ground for such a supposition, but it may save trouble to a future inquirer to render them accessible.

To a valentine.

Faire valentine, since once your welcome hand
 Did call mee out, wrapt in a paper band,
 Vouchsafe the same hand still, to shew thereby
 That fortune did your will noe injurye.
 What though a knife I give, your beautyes charme
 Will keepe the edge in awe for doing harme :
 Wooll deads the sternest blade, and will not such
 A weake edge turne, meeting a softer touch ?

W. S.

On a butcher marrying a tanner's daughter.

A fitter match hath never bin :
 The flesh is married to the skin.

W. S.

SECTION VI. TRINCULO'S STRANGE FISH, ILLUSTRATED BY AN
EARLY BALLAD IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM AT OXFORD.

Trinculo's first meeting with Caliban, and his commentaries on the dubious appearance of that singular character, was probably a scene that was relished considerably by the audience when the *Tempest* was first produced. Among the many pieces of contemporary satire with which Shakespeare adapted his plays to his auditors, although it must be acknowledged that he has often generalised them sufficiently to preserve their effect to most ages, this speech of Trinculo must now have lost much of its point. Strange fishes, perhaps, are not so much a matter of astonishment for the "abject vulgar" now-a-days, setting aside the equivoue unavoidably produced by the modern application of the term to our own race; and living specimens from the wilds of America have taken the place of Trinculo's "dead Indian." The reader or spectator smiles at the conjectures of Trinculo; but, without a commentary, he would hardly detect the particular satire. There can, however, be little doubt that Shakespeare here intended an allusion to the practice of showing *lusus naturæ* for the benefit of the "holiday fools;" and it may be that the strange fish and dead Indian refer to some particular exhibitions that were popular about the time the *Tempest* was written.

However this may be, no one has yet produced any documents that bear sufficiently on the subject to entitle them to be received as authorities in the disputed question concerning the chronology of this play. Mr. Chalmers's dead Indian is a matter of mere conjecture as regards its connection with the one referred to by Trinculo; and Mr. Hunter's is of so early a date¹ that it can scarcely be applicable. I am not prepared to produce more decisive evidence, but the following early ballad, which is copied from one in black-letter in Anthony

¹ Disquisition on the *Tempest*, p. 102.

Wood's collection in the Ashmolean Museum, marked No. 401, seems so good an illustration of Trinculo's remarks on the curiosity excited in England upon the appearance of a "strange fish," that it may perhaps be considered worthy of a place in this miscellany.

A description of a strange and miraculous fish, cast upon the sands in the meads, in the hundred of Worwell, in the county Palatine of Chester, or Chesheire. The certainty whereof is here related concerning the said most monstrous fish. To the tune of Bragandary.

Of many marvels in my time
 I've heretofore,
 But here's a stranger now in prime
 That's lately come on shore,
 Invites my pen to specify
 What some (I doubt) will think a lie;
 O rare,
 beyond compare,
 In England nere the like.

It is a fish, a monstrous fish !
 A fish that many dreads,
 But now it is, as we would wish,
 Cast up o'th sands i'th meads,
 In Chesshire; and tis certaine true,
 Describ'd by those who did it view;
 O rare,
 beyond compare,
 In England nere the like.

Full twenty one yards and one foot
 This fish extends in length,
 With all things correspondent too't,
 For amplitude and strength :

Good people, what I shall report
Doe not account it fained sport ;
 O rare,
 beyond compare,
In England nere the like.

It is almost five yards in height,
 Which is a wondrous thing ;
O mark, what marvels to our sight
 Our potent Lord can bring !
These secrets Neptune closely keeps
Within the bosome of the deeps.
 O rare,
 beyond compare,
In England nere the like.

His lower jaw-bone's five yards long,
 The upper thrice so much,
Twelve yoke of oxen stout and strong,
 The weight of it is such,
Could not once stir it out o'th sands ;
Thus works the All-creating hands !
 O rare,
 beyond compare,
In England nere the like.

Some have a project now in hand,
 Which is a tedious taske,
When the sea turnes, to bring to land
 The same with empty cask :
But how I cannot well conceive,
To each man's judgement that I leave.
 O rare,
 beyond compare,
In England nere the like.

The lower jaw-bone nam'd of late,
Hath teeth in't thirty foure,
Whereof some of them are in weight
Two pounds or rather more :
There were no teeth i'th upper jaw,
But holes, which many people saw.
O rare,
beyond compare,
In England nere the like.

The second part, to the same tune.

His is in length foure yards,
Big as a man i'th wast.
This monster he who well regards,
From th' first unto the last,
By every part may motives find,
To wonder at this wondrous kind.
O rare, &c.

The tongue on't is so mighty large,
I will it not expresse,
Lest I your credit over-charge,
But you may easily guesse,
That sith his shape so far excels,
The tongue doth answer all parts else.
O rare, &c.

A man on horseback, as 'tis try'd,
May stand within his mouth :
Let none that hears it this deride,
For tis confirm'd for truth,
By those who dare avouch the same ;
Then let the writer beare no blame.
O rare, &c.

His nerves or sinewes like Bulls,
For riding rods some use,
O' spermaceti there's some vessels ;
If this be the worst newes,
That of this monster we shall heare,
All will be well I doe not feare.
O rare, &c.

Already sixteene tuns of oyle
Is from this fish extracted,
And yet continually they boyle,
No season is protracted :
It cannot be imagin'd how much
'Twill yeeld, the vastnesse on't is such.
O rare, &c.

When he upon the sands was cast
Alive, which was awhile,
He yell'd so loud, that many (agast)
Heard him aboue sixe mile ;
Tis said the female fish likewise
Was heard to mourne with horrid cries.
O rare, &c.

The mariners of Chester say
A herring-hog tis nam'd :
What ere it be, for certaine they
That are for knowledge fam'd,
Affirme, the like in ages past
Upon our coast was never cast.
O rare,
beyond compare,
In England nere the like.

There is no date to this ballad, but it bears the initials M. P., probably Martin Parker, a well-known ballad-writer in the first half of the seventeenth century. It was "printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the sign of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield," and we are further informed, "There is a book to satisfie such as desire a larger description hereof."

Malone has given the following extract from the MS. office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, "A license to James Seale to shew a *strange fish* for half a yeare, the 3rd of September, 1632;" and in Maine's comedy of the City Match, one of the characters is introduced, "hanging out the picture of a *strange fish*." It may, therefore, have been a popular kind of exhibition in Shakespeare's time.

SECTION VII. HEYWOOD'S PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF RICHARD III.

[From Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues, 12mo., 1637, p. 247.]

A young witty lad playing the part of Richard the third at the Red Bull, the author, because hee was interested in the Play, to incourage him, wrote him this Prologue and Epilogue.

The boy the speaker.

If any wonder by what magick charme
Richard the third is shrunke up like his arme :
And where in fulnesse you expected him,
You see me onely crawling like a limme
Or piece of that knowne fabrick, and no more,
(When he so often hath beene view'd before.)

Let all such know : a rundlet ne'er so small,
Is call'd a vessell, being a tunne, that's all.

Hee's tearm'd a man that showes a dwarfish thing,
 No more's the guard or porter to the king.
 So pictures in small compasse I have seene,
 Drawne to the life, as neare as those have beene
 Ten times their bignesse : Christenmas loaves are bread,

So's your least manchet : have you never read
 Large folio sheets which printers overlooke,
 And cast in small to make a pocket booke?
 So Richard is transform'd : if this disguise
 Show me so small a letter for your eyes,
 You cannot in this letter read me plaine,
 Hee'l next appeare in texted hand againe.

The Epilogue.

Great I confesse your patience hath now beene,
 To see a little Richard : who can win
 Or praise, or credit? eye, or thinke to excell
 By doing after what was done so well?
 It was not my ambition to compare
 No envie or detraction : such things are
 In men of more growne livers, greater spleene,
 But in such lads as I am seldome seene.
 I doe, but like a child, who sees one swim,
 And (glad to learne) will venter after him,
 Though he be soundly duckt for't ; or, to tell
 My mind more plainely, one that faine would spell
 In hope to read more perfect : all the gaines
 I expect for these unprofitable paines,
 Is, that you would at parting from this place
 Doe but unto my littlenesse that grace
 To spie my worth, as I have seene dimme eyes
 To looke through spectacles or perspectives,
 That in your gracious view I may appeare
 Of small, more great ; of coming far off, neare.

SECTION VIII. THREE CURIOUS BALLADS FROM AN EARLY MANUSCRIPT IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM AT OXFORD ; INCLUDING ONE ON TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

The constancy of Troilus was by no means an unusual subject for allusion in Elizabethan writers, and indeed was often adduced as an example for a lover's fidelity. But the commentators have recovered no proof that the tale was introduced into the ballad literature of Shakespeare's time, with the exception of an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in 1581, of "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troilus and Cressida." To this entry may be added another, in 1565, of "A ballet intituled the History of Troilus, whose troth had well been tryed."¹ I have the satisfaction of offering the members of the Shakespeare Society a copy of another contemporary ballad on the same subject, which is the first that has yet been discovered ; the two ballads just mentioned not being at present known to exist. It occurs in a MS. collection of early poetry in the Ashmolean Museum, written probably at various times, but certainly formed entirely in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and is the same volume from which Hearne printed the early copy of Chevy Chase. Other extracts from this MS. will also be found in the British Bibliographer, iv., 107, &c.

The perusal of the following ballad will, I think, recall to the reader's recollection the scenes between Troilus and Cressida in Shakespeare's play, act iii., sc. 2, and act iv., sc. 2 ; but it will be observed that it implies a somewhat different tale at the commencement. In the play we miss the scorn that the ballad imputes to Troilus for all "that longeth to merry game ;" the latter word being of course employed in the same sense in

¹ See Warton's History of English Poetry, ed. 1840., iii., 337.

which it is so frequently found in our early metrical romances. It would be an idle question to pursue the inquiry whether Shakespeare had seen the present ballad. His obvious obligations to Chaucer render any opinion of the kind unnecessary ; but still it illustrates very curiously the popularity of the subject, and must be considered an interesting addition to the criticisms on that play.

Two other pieces in the same volume appeared so curious and interesting, that I have taken the opportunity of adding them to the Shakesperian ballad. One is an unknown production by Elderton, which was entered without his name on the Stationers' Registers in 1570, licensed to Wylliam Pekenrynge as "a ballet intituled Lenton Stuffe." It describes the articles sold in the time of Lent, with punning observations upon them. The other is the supposed effusion of a clown consoling himself on his mistress becoming the vicar's wife, which is a truly curious specimen of that class of compositions. A fragment of this latter ballad is written on the margin of a much earlier MS. in the Public Library at Cambridge, marked Ff. ii., 38.

I.

[From the MS. Ashmole 48, fol. 120.]

*To the tune of Fayne woold I fynd sum pretty thyng to geeve
unto my lady.*

When Troylus dwelt in Troy towne,
A man of nobell fame-a,
He schorned all that loved the lynce
That longd to merry game-a.

He thawght his hart so overthwart,
His wysdom was so suer-a,
That nature could not frame by art
A bewty hym to lure-a.

Tyll at the last he cam to churche,
Where Cressyd sat and prayed-a ;
Whose lookes gave Troylus suche a lurch,
Hys hart was all dysmayde-a !

And beynge wrap in bewtyse bands,
In thorny thawghts dyd wander ;
Desyrynge help, of hys extreemes,
Of her dere unkell Pandare.

When Pandar dyd perceve the payne
That Troylus dyd endure-a,
He fownde the mene to lurch agayne
The hart with Troylus lured.

And to hys neece he dyd commend
The state of Troylus then-a ;
Wyll yow kyll Troylus ? God defend !
He ys a nobell man-a.

With that went Troylus to the fyld,
With many a lusty thwake-a,
With bluddy steede and battred sheeld,
To put the Grecians bak-a.

And whyle that Cressyd dyd remayne,
And sat in Pandares place-a,
Poore Troylus spared for no rayne,
To wyn hys ladyse grace-a.

Yet boldly though he cowld the waye
The spere and sheeld to breke-a,
When he came where hys lady lay,
He had no power to speke-a.

But humbly kneelynge on hys knee,
With syghes dyd love unfold-a ;
Her nyght-gowne then delyvered she,
To keepe hym from the colde-a.

For shame, quoth Pandar to hys neece,
I spek yt for no harme-a ;
Of yower good bed spare hym a peece,
To keepe hys body warme-a.

With that went Troylus to her bed,
With tremblynge foote, God wot-a !
I not remembrynge what the dyd,
To fynysh love or not-a.

Then Pandare, lyke a wyly pye,
That cowlde the matter handell,
Stept to the tabell by and by,
And forthe he blewe the candell.

Then Cressyd she began to scryke,
And Pandare gan to brawle-a ;
Why, neece, I never sawe yower lyke,
Wyll yow now shame us all-a ?

Away went Pandare by and by,
Tyll mornynge came agayne-a ;
God day, my neece, quoth Pandare, je !
But Cressyd smyled then-a.

In faythe, old unkell, then quoth she,
Yow are a frend to trust-a ?
Then Troylus lawghed, and wat yow why ?
For he had what he lust-a.

Allthowghe there love began so coye,
 As lovers can yt make-a ;
 The harder won the greter joy,
 And so I dyd awake-a !

II.

[From the same MS., fol. 115.]

*A newe ballad entytuled Lenton Stuff,
 For a lyttell munny ye maye have inowghe.*

To the tune of the Crampe.

Lenton Stuff ys cum to the towne,
 The clensynge weeke cums quicklye ;
 Yow knowe well inowghe yow must kneele downe,
 Cum on, take asshes trykly,
 That nether are good fleshe nor fyshe,
 But dyp with Judas in the dyshe,
 And keepe a rowte not worthe a ryshe.

Herrynge, herrynge, whyte and red !
 Seeke owt suche as be rotten ;
 Thowghe sum be hanged and sum be dede,
 And sum be yet forgotten,
 The tyme wyll tam the displynge rod,
 Thowghe idolls dum make many od,
 Wyll fyrk owt som that feare not God.

Walffet oysters, salt and greene,
 Are trym metes to be eaten ;
 Trusty subjects to there queene,
 Neede never to be beten ;
 And a sallet sure as God exceedes,
 And must procure dysgestion needes,
 That's pyct so pure yt hathe no weedes.

Lylly whyte muskells have no peere,
The fyshewyves fetche them quyklye ;
So he that hathe a consciens cleere,
May stand to hys takkell tryklye.
But he that seekest to set to sale,
Suche baggage as ys olde and stale,
He ys lyke to tell another tale.

Newe place, newe at every tyde,
Thys ys the common cravyng ;
In every place let them be tryde,
That are of yll behavyng.
For suche as of beyond say smell,
The cam to far to savor well,
As I here the common people tell.

Carp ys cownted verry good,
A trym fyshe and a daynty ;
But yf yt smell out of the mud,
Whole geeve a grawte for twenty ?
So suche as carp at every thyng,
Whereof no good accord doethe spryng
To the carren crowes there carkas flyng

Goodgyuns make a goodly dyshe,
For suche chees as be syklye ;
And as yt ys a foolyshe fyshe,
And wyll be taken quyklye,
So many a goodgyn nowadayse
Is cawght and coseynd sundry wayse,
To make a foole at all assayse.

And as thys Lent tyme, many seekes
For yerbs and sallets daynty,

I never in my lyf saw lykes,
In every place so plentye ;
For every man lykes what he lust,
And as he lykes he puts hys trust,
So fewe or non belyke be just.

Of nettells lykwyse there be store,
In sallets at thys season ;
For men be nettled more and more
With palltryse passynge reson ;
And sum uppon a nettell ,
That see not where the nettell ys,
And many a on fynds fault at thys.

Fygs, thowghe fewe com owt of Spayne,
Thys Lent tyme are grete plentye ;
There ys suche discord and dysdayne,
That fygs can not be deynty.
For a fyg for yow, saythe John to Jone ;
And a fyg for thee, saythe man to man ;
And a fyg for yowe all, do what you can.

Reasons gret and reasons small,
Undoubted a grete meanye,
Have byn thys Lent at Westminster Hall,
And sold for many a penny ;
And nowe to London be the cum,
To the Burs, I thynk, to talk with sum,
For deynty mouthes wyll not be domme.

Pepper ys come to a marvelous pryce,
Som say, thys Lenton season ;
And every body that ys wyse
May soone perceve the reson :

For every man takes pepper i' the nose
 For the waggyng of a strawe, God knowse,
 With every waverynge wynd that blowese.

With mace I mene to make an end,
 For after pepper lyghtly,
 The maces many men do send,
 That glyster fayre and bryghtlye ;
 And he that meetethe with that mace,
 Is sure to have a restyng place,
 Tyll the law and he have tryde the case.

Then Jake à Lent comes justlyng in
 With the hedpeece of a herynge ;
 And saythe, repent yowe of yower syn,
 For shame, syrs, leve yower swerynge ;
 And to Palme Sondag doethe he ryde,
 With sprots and herryngs by hys syde,
 And makes an end of Lenton tyde !

Finis quothe W. Elderton.

III.

[From the same manuscript, fol. 137.]

Adew ! my pretty pussy,
 Yow pynche me verry nere ;
 Yowre soden parture thus,
 Hathe chawnged mucche my chere !
 But turn agayne and bas me,
 For yf that yow pas me,
 A better grownd shall gras me
 Untyll another yere !

Thowghe yow make yt daynty,
Wemen wyll be plenty ;
When won man shall have twenty,
There wyll be bownsynge chere.

Prynce Arthure cums agayne, syr,
So tellethe me myne host ;
Dick Swashe keepes Salesbury plane, syr,
And schowrethe styll the cost ;
But Jayne wyll jest no more, syr,
Tyb was borde before,
Kate she keepes the schore, syr,
And schores yt on the post.
Talk of other knaks, syr,
Fyll no empty saks, syr,
Put no fyre to flax, syr,
Lest all yowre gaynes be lost !

The market wyll be mard, syr,
Yf corn and cattell faule ;
The syt but at reward, syr,
That sarwen in slovens haull.
Put pres amunghst the best, syr,
Smell owt every fest, syr,
Shrynke not for a jest, syr,
Stand up and tak no fawle.
For he that fumes and frets, syr,
Syldom payse hys dets, syr ;
Smaule gaynes myne ostys gets, syr,
When cards are cownted all.

My pretty wenche dothe smyle, syr,
To here me tell thys tale ;
I wOULD ryde many a myle, syr,
To cary suche a male :

For sche can syt asyde, syr,
Lyke a vyckars bryde, syr,
With all her poynts untyde, syr,
 When she hathe in her ale :
But when she cums in place, syr,
Then she hydes her face, syr,
Thys ys all her grace, syr,
 When her ale she sets to sell.

The peopell talk and prate, syr,
 Of pus and her short lyff :
And of her mariage late, syr,
 Men say there ys grete stryff.
But the gyrlde ys gon, syr,
With a chokyng bon, syr,
For she hathe got Syr John, syr,
 And ys ower vyckars wyff :
This ys no les indeede, syr,
Then holy church dothe breede ;
Suche serves a turn at neede, syr,
 To whet a blunted knyff.

Syns pus wyll part from me, syr,
 And do me thus muche wronge,
Chyll have as good as she, syr,
 Before that yt be longe.
Pus ys not contented,
Full oft she hath repented
That ever she consented,
 And thynks she hathe gret wronge
But cowrtiers can not carve,
Except the tyme dothe serve, syr,
Thowghe thys be overthwart, syr,
 Remember me amunge !

Finis.

SECTION IX. FORMAN ON SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

It is a singular circumstance that the following notices of four plays should be the only records of Forman's attachment to theatrical amusements, and that three out of those four should relate to the compositions of Shakespeare. The plot of Richard II., as described by Forman, entirely differs from that of Shakespeare's play under the same title, but Mr. Amyot conjectures that the play which Forman saw might be a *first part* of Richard II., and by Shakespeare; the existing drama being a second part: but Mr. Collier contends, with more probability, that it was the play mentioned by Merrick. These singular documents were first printed by Mr. Collier, in his *New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare*, 8vo., Lond., 1836, to which interesting work, as well as his new edition of Shakespeare, I refer the reader for information regarding Forman's mistakes, &c. Mr. Collier has not preserved the old orthography, but documents of so important a character appear worthy of a few pages to be printed for the first time in exact concordance with the original MS.

[From MS. Ashmole 208, fol. 200-207.]

The booke of plaies and notes therof per Formans for common pollicie.

*In Richard the 2 at the Glob, 1611, the 30. of Aprill,
Tuesday.¹*

Remember therin howe Jack Straw by his overmoch boldnes, not beinge pollitick nor suspecting anye thinge, was soddenly at Smithfeld Bars stabbed by Walworth, the Major of London,

¹ Forman always uses astrological characters for the days of the week. The present has been misread by my predecessor; and it may be mentioned that it is somewhat difficult to find explanations of such characters.

and soe he and his wholle army was overthrowen ; therfore in such a case or the like, never admit any parly without a bar betwen, for a man cannot be to wise, nor kepe himselfe to safe.

Also remember howe the Duke of Gloster, the Errell of Arundell, Oxford and others, crossing the kinge in his humor about the Duke of Erland and Bushy, wer glad to fly and raise an hoste of men, and beinge in his castell, howe the D. of Erland cam by nighte to betray him with 300 men, but havinge pryvie warninge therof, kept his gates faste, and wold not suffer the enimie to enter, which went back again with a flie in his eare,¹ and after was slainte by the Errell of Arundell in the battell.

Remember also when the Duke and Arundell cam to London with their army, Kyng Richard came forth to them and met him, and gave them fair wordes, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well yf they wold discharge their army. Upon whose promises and fair speeches, they did yt; and after, the king byd them all to a banket, and soe betraid them, and cut of their heades &c. because they had not his pardon under his hand and sealle before, but his worde.

Remember therin also howe the Duck of Lankaster pryvily contrived all villany to set them all together by the ears, and to mak the nobilyty to envy the kinge, and mislyke of him and his governmentes, by which means he made his own sonn king, which was Henry Bullinbrock.

Remember also howe the Duk of Lankaster asked a wise man wher himself should ever be kinge, and he told him no, but his sonn should be a kinge ; and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labor, because he should not brute yt abroad or speke therof to others. This was a pollicie in the commonwealthes opinion, but I sai yt was a villains parte, and a Judas kisse to hange the man for telling him the truth.

¹ The common expression now is, a *flea* in his ear, which occurs in Clarke's *Phraseologia*, 1655.

Beware by this example of noble men and of their fair wordes, and sai lyttell to them, lest they doe the like by thee for thy goodwill.

*In the Winters Talle at the Glob, 1611, the 15 of Maye,
Wednesday.*

Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cupberer to have poisoned [him] who gave the King of Bohemia warning therof and fled with him to Bohemia.

Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was giltles, and that the king was jelouse, &c. and howe, except the child was found again that was loste, the kinge should die without yssue; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia his sonn married that wentch; and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed the letter of the nobleman, by whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewells found about her, she was knowen to be Leontes daughter and was then 16. yers old.

Remember also the rog that cam in all tottered like roll pixci, and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther with a pedlers packe, and ther cosened them again of all their money; and howe he changed apparrell with the Kinge of Bomia his sonn, and then howe he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse.

Of Cimbalin King of England.

Remember also the storie of Cymbalin King of England in Lucius tyme, howe Lucius cam from Octavus Cesar for tribut,

and being denied after sent Lucius with a greate armie of souldiards, who landed at Milford Haven, and after wer vanquished by Cimbalin and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of 3 outlawes, of the which 2 of them were the sonnns of Cimbelin, stolen from him, when they were but 2 yers old, by an old man whom Cymbalin banished, and he kept them as his own sonnns 20 yers with him in Arcave. And howe of of them slewe Clotan that the quens sonn goinge to Milford Haven to set the love¹ of Innogen, the kinges daughter, whom he had banished also for lovinge his daughter, and howe the Italian that cam from her love conveyed himself into a cheste, and said yt was a chest of plate sent from hir love and others to be presented to the kinge. And in the depest of the night, she being aslepe, he opened the cheste and cam forth of yt, and vewed her in her bed and the markes of her body, and toke awai her braslet, and after accused her of adultery to her love &c. And in th'end howe he came with the Romaines into England, and was taken prisoner, and after reveled to Imogen, who had turned herself into mans apparrell, and fled to meet her love at Milford Haven, and chanced to fall on the cave in the wodes wher her 2 brothers were, and howe by eating a sleping dram, they thought she had bin deed, and laid her in the wodes and the body of Cloten by her, in her loves apparrell that he left behind him, and howe she was found by Lucius &c.

*In Mackbeth at the Glob, 1610, the 20 of Aprill, Saturday.*²

Ther was to be observed firste howe Mackbeth and Bancko, 2 noblemen of Scotland, ridinge thorowe a wod, ther stode

¹ That is, Posthumus.

² The 20th of April in 1610 fell on a Friday, but the 20th of April 1611 on Saturday. This affords a strong ground for believing that the date in the text is a mistake for 1611, and this latter is much more likely to be correct, being nearer the other dates. I have very little doubt that Cymbeline was seen by Forman also in the spring of 1611.

befor them 3 women feiries or numphes, and saluted Mackbeth, sayinge t. 3 tymes unto him "haille Mackbeth, King of Codon, for thou shalt be a kinge, but shalt beget no kinges, &c." Then said Bancko, "What all to Mackbeth and nothing to me?" Yer said the nimphes, "haille to the, Banko, thou shalt beget kinges, yet be no kinge;" and so they departed, and cam to the courte of Scotland to Dunkin, King of Scotos, and yt was in the dais of Edwarde the Confesser. And Dunkin bad them both kindly wellcome, and made Mackbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland, and sent him hom to his own castell, and appointed Mackbeth to provid for him, for he wold sup with him the next dai at night, and did soe. And Mackebeth contrived to kill Dunkin, and thorowe the persuation of his wife, did that night murder the kinge in his own castell, beinge his guest. And then were many prodigies seen that night and the dai before. And when Mackbeth had murdred the kinge, the blod on his handes could not be washed of by any means, nor from his wives handes, which handled the bluddi daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both moch amazed and affrouted. The murder being knownen, Dunkins 2 sonns fled theen to England the Walles to save themselves. They beinge fled, they were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so. Then was Mackbeth crowned kinge, and then he, for feare of Banko his old companion, that he should beget kinges but be no kinge himself, he contrived the death of Banko, and caused him to be murdred on the way as he rode. The next night, beinge at supper with his noble men, whom he had bid to a feaste, to the which also Banco should have com, he began to speake of noble Banco and to wish that he wer ther. And as he thus did, standing up to drinke a carouse to him, the ghoste of Banco came and sate down in his cheier behind him. And he turninge about to sit down again, sawe the goste of Banco, which frouted him so that he fell into a great passion of fear and fury, utteringe many wordes about his

murder, by which, when they hard that Banco was muredred, they suspected Mackbet.

Then Mackdove fled to England to the kinges sonn, and soe they raised an army, and cam into Scotland, and at Dunscenanyse overthruue Mackbet. In the meane tyme, whille Mackdove was in England, Mackbet slewe Mackdoves wife and children, and after in the battelle Mackdove slewe Macket.

Observe also howe Mackbetes quen did rise in the night in her slepe and walked and talked and confessed all, and the docter noted her wordes.

SECTION X. SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

It is not quite needless, in the question of Shakespeare's popularity among his contemporaries and immediate successors, to ascertain how soon after the poet's death Stratford-on-Avon was singled out as memorable, on account of its being his birth-place, residence, and last resting-place. In 1662, Sir Thomas Browne in one of his journeys mentions "Shakspear tombe in Stretford" as an object worthy of special visit. See MS. Sloane, 1900, f. 15. I have recently met with a much earlier instance in a work printed in 1639, in which the circumstance of its being the dramatist's birth-place is alluded to as the "most remarkable" connected with Stratford.

"One travelling through Stratford upon Avon, *a towne most remarkeable for the birth of famous William Shakespeare*, and walking in the church to doe his devotion, espied a thing there worthy observation, which was a tombestone laid more than three hundred yeeres agoe, on which was engraven an epitaph to this purpose: I, Thomas such-a-one, and Elizabeth, my wife, here under lie buried, and know, reader, I, R. C., and I, Christoph^h. Q. are alive at this howre to witnesse it." *A Banquet of Jests, or Change of Cheare*, 12mo, Lond., 1639, No. 150.

SECTION XI. EPITAPH ON COMBE.

There appears to be considerable doubt whether the verses written by Shakespeare on Combe, the usurer, are preserved. Every one knows the epitaph on him attributed to Shakespeare, but this is found in many contemporary collections, and there is no sufficient evidence to establish the authorship. The following couplets, from an early manuscript, exhibit the popularity of Combe's epitaph under other forms, and applied to another person.

Here lyes 10 with 100 under this stone,
A 100 to one but to th' divel hees gone.

MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 11.

Who is this lyes under this hearse?

Ho, ho! quoth the divel, 'tis my Dr. Pearse.

MS. Ibid., fol. 11.

The editors of Shakespeare have omitted to notice a version given in a MS. at Oxford, nearly contemporary with Shakespeare:—

On John Combe, a covetous rich man, Mr. Wm. Shakspear wright this att his request, while hee was yett liveing, for his epitaph.

Who lies in this tomb?

Hough, quoth the devill, 'tis my son, John a Combe.

But being dead, and making the poore his heiers, hee after wright this for his epitaph,

Howere he lived, judge not.

John Combe shall never be forgott,

While poor hath memorye; for hee did gather

To make the poore his issue: hee, their father,

As record of his title and seede,
 Did crowne him in his latter seede. Finis, W. Shak.
MS. Ashmole, 38, f. 180.

SECTION XII. EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

Few persons will be willing to confer on Shakespeare the merit of the four lines commencing "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear;" and if they happen to be superior to the miserable doggrel often exhibited on tombs by popular or individual fancy, there can, nevertheless, be little doubt either that the lines in question were commonly used for the purpose in Shakespeare's time, or were composed by a pen far below the great poet's in power or liberal feeling. Most probably the former, for Hackett tells us the same epitaph was to be seen in his time on a stone in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden. See *Select and Remarkable Epitaphs*, vol. i., p. 182. This epitaph was erected about eighty years after Shakespeare's. I give a somewhat similar one, hitherto inedited, from a MS. volume of poetical miscellanies, written about the year 1630, and preserved in Rawlinson's collection, in the Bodleian Library:—

Epitaphe on a Bakere.

For Jesus Christe his sake forbear
 To dig the bones under this biere;
 Blessed is hee who loues my duste,
 But damnd bee he who moues this cruste!

SECTION XIII. THOMAS AND JOHN SHAKESPEARE.

Whether the Thomas Shakespeare mentioned in the following documents be any relation to the poet, I have not been

able to ascertain ; but perhaps some one better read in the genealogy of his family will clear up this point. The originals are preserved at the Rolls' House, Chancery Lane.

xiiith October, 1571.

Thomas Shaksperc, one of the Quenes Ma^{ties} messengers of the chamber, cravith allowaunce for rydinge from the courte at Richmonde with the counsayles lettres, in great haste to the right worshipfull Sir Walter Mildmay, knight, one of the Quenes majesties pryvie counsayle ; and from thence to Norwiche, and from Narwiche to a place called Bakenthorpe, to Sir Christofer Heydon, knight, which is twentie myles from Norwiche, and I was ffourthe tenn dayes.

Allowe to hym aftre } xxxiijs. iiijd.
iijs. iiijd. per diem }

W. A. MILDMAVE.

Mensis Novembris anno Elizab: Regine, xii^o.

Thomas Shakespeare, one of the Quenes Majesties Messengers, axithe alowaunce for his chardges rydinge at the comaundemente of the Right Honorable Sir Walter Myldemaye, knight, Chauncelare of thexchequer, from Westminster to Lincolne, for Trusteram Terwhyte, esquier, and dyd warne hym to apeare before his honor and the barnes of thexchequiere, wyche he dyd not acordinge to his bonde, and so by resone thereof, at his honours comandement rode to Lyncolne againe for him, and durste not come before his honore vntell suche tyme as he hade founde hym, and then brought hym before his honor, and dyscharged hymself of hym. Wherefore the sayde Shakespeare prayethe to haue alowaunce for his chardges and payis for xxxv. dayes at iijs. iiijd. the daye, and to be rated by the Right Honorable Sir Walter

Myldmaye, knight, and to be payde by one of the Quenes Majesties tellores of the recayte at Westminster.

Summa vⁿ xvj^s iiij^d.

Allow in recompence of this bill the somme of ffoure poundes.

W A. MILDMAYE.

In the same office I found the following notice of John Shakespeare, the bit-maker, who is mentioned in a MS. quoted by Mr. Collier:—

To John Shakespeare for one gilt bit for the sadle aforesaid, iiijⁿ xiiij^s vj^d. [1621.]

To John Shakespeare for xiiij. bittes, guilt silvered and chast, at vⁿ x^s a piece, iiij^{xx} xvij^h.

For one payre of bosses, richly enameled, l^s.

In an "Account for Tylting," 1620, occurs this entry:—

To John Shakespeare for vij. bittes for the sadles aforesaid, at lijs vj^d apiece, xvij^h vijs vj^d.

It appears to me that all early notices of the name of Shakespeare are worth preserving; as it is impossible to say, without very rigorous examination, that they may not in some way be connected with the poet's family.

SECTION XIV. THE YOUNG GALLANT'S WHIRLIGIG.

There are few who will not be pleased to have a reprint of this most curious and interesting tract, which is so excessively rare that Sir Egerton Brydges supposes only one copy to be in existence. See his *Restituta*, iii., 508. Besides his printed works, Lenton wrote the "Poetical History of Queene Hester, with the translation of the 83rd psalm, reflecting upon the present times," MS., dated 1649. The allusions to Ben Jonson,

the theatres, &c., render the following piece one within our design, and a perusal will convince the reader that its curiosity is a sufficient apology for its introduction.

The Yovng Gallants Whirligigg, or, Yovths Reakes, demonstrating the inordinate affections, absurd actions, and profuse expences of vnbridled and affectated youth. With their extravagant courses, and preposterous progressions and aversions. Together with the too often deare bought experience, and the rare, or too late regression and reclamation of most of them from their habituall ill customes, and vnqualified manners.

Vsitatum peccatum, peccatum non videtur.

Compiled and written by F. L.

Nemo læditur nisi à seipso.

Ergo :

Iam vitulos hortare, viamque insiste domandi,

Dum faciles animi juvenum; dum mobilis ætas.—Virg.

London: printed by M. F. for Robert Bostocke, at the signe of the Kings head in Pauls Churchyard. 1629.

To the Right Honourable Sir Julius Cæsar, Knight,
Master of the Rolls, and one of his Majesties
most Honourable Privy Counsell.

Right Honourable,

Observing the by-paths of this prodigall generation, and having contracted myselfe within a smaller and narrower compasse then the loosnes of too many do admit, I thought it not amisse (seeing examples take no impression in the lives of lascivious youths) to venture upon a checke to their follies, by way of precept, in some brieft impolisht numbers, suiting with the common enormities of these times. And in regard that I once belonged to the Innes of Court, and have a long time, (as well by generall reports as my owne particular knowledge,) beene an eye witnesse of your loyalty in your place, piety in

your family, clemency toward poore clyents, charity to the needy, and courtesie to all, I have presumed (under your honours favour,) to present you with a piece of an houres recreation, licenc'd by good authority. I am no usuall poetizer, but to barre Idleness have imployed that little talent the Muses have confer'd upon me in this little tract. If it shall please your honor but to warme it under your noble wings, no doubt but it will grow bigger and better, and encourage me to write a more large and solid labor. Accept it, then, right honorable, and peruse it but with the tythe of that respect which my duty and devotion presents it, and none shall be more truly gratefull to your so much honoured gravitie, then,

Your honors most humbly obliged,

FRA. LENTON.

To three sorts of Readers.

You home-bred Dotards wonted to relate
 The tedious stories of a quondam state,
 Tye up your tongues, and now with admiration,
 Behold the times preposterous alteration :
 If your experience will finde out the truth,
 Like Æson, your old age must turne to youth.
 You gilded Snow-balls, and aspiring Sprights,
 That nought discern but sensuall delights,
 That throw away your dayes before you can
 Truly deserve the epithete of Man :
 Observe these numbers, and impolisht layes,
 Which, though they cannot merit any bayes,
 May (if you please) as in a looking-glasse,
 Shew you the follies of a golden asse.
 I doe not satyryze, but still desire,
 In loving zeale, and true fraternall fire,
 T'informe your judgements by some men's decay,
 And, by their wandring, point you perfect way.

Precepts are good, but if you them refuse,
Your owne example may make good my muse.

You tender Blades, not ripened by the Times,
That know, nor Vertue, nor the moderne crimes,
Whose understandings cannot apprehend
How farre your Will, your Reason doth extend :
Whose softer mindes and young progressions
Are apt for any faire impressions,
Behold foule Vice, clad in a gorgeous ray,
And pined Vertue, patcht in poorest gray,
Take heede in time, be happy if you can,
See, and forsake by this unhappy man :
But if according to your youthfull dayes,
You will be mad, and memorate your praise
By your loose Actions, spinning out your thred
In vanitie, untill your fatall bed
Surprise you unawares, and take you hence
Before your soules have thought of penitence,
Know, when your Ignorance hath had full scope,
You'l curse your selves if ere your eyes be ope,
And thinke too late, of what I finde too true,
As more have done, as well as I or you.

· VALE.

A Fiction by way of Argument on this Booke.

Pondering the pathes of this polluted age,
And viewing every scene upon the stage
Of this vile orbe, methought I did behold
A giddy spirit in an Isle of Gold ;
His head, methought, was like a Windmill bigge,
In which ten thousand thoughts run Whirligigg ;
Inclos'd he was (not by delusive dreames)
With reall lustre of Pactola's streames ;

In which he proudly sailes with glorious deckes,
 Untill the frigide zone his passage checkes,
 By hard congealed Rocks, by which he split
 His goodly Bulke ; shipwrackt himselfe and it.
 But Neptune, tendring his unhappy goare,
 Commands the waves to cast him on the shoare,
 Where, when awhile in mind he had forecast
 His sinne against the gods by times ill past,
 Jove sent his messenger to tell him yet
 Pallas had promis'd wisdom to his wit :
 This rais'd his spirits, and twixt grieve and zeale,
 By bright Apollo's ayde, rings youth a Peale.

The Whirligigg.

Leaving the learned axiomes of old,
 Which grave Philosophers have wisely told,
 And left behind them in a morall booke,
 For childish youth and crooked age to looke,
 I doe intend to explicate some crimes
 Now perpetrated in these moderne times,
 Which differ from the olderne dayes as farre
 As is the Artique from th'Antartique starre.

And thou, Caliope, thou noble Muse,
 Into my braines thy Cœlique power infuse,
 That I may plainly point out my intent,
 For youth to know, and knowing to prevent ;
 And though some critiques may suppose me vaine,
 To write these Numbers in heroicke straine ;
 They being used at sad Obsequies,
 By weeping lines in dolefull Elegies ;
 To satisfie their pregnant wits in this,
 I tell them I was one of those remisse
 And giddy youths, which wandred in the ayre
 Of vaine opinion, and excluding Care ;

But when my riper yeeres began to spy
The end thereof to be but misery,
And when I saw their fond and idle crashes,
To be like meteors, onely spent in flashes,
I did retire then from that deepe abyссе
Where horrid Gorgons doe both sting and hysse,
And dying from that life, as on my herse,
I wrote these numbers in heroick Verse.

But now my Gallants Age I meane to skan,
Of infancy, of childhood, youth and man :
The former two I will but onely touch,
Lest his two following ages prove too much.

When at his mother's tender paps hee lay,
How did she wait upon him every day,
Tyring herselfe by tossing in her armes
His grisly body, keeping it from harmes :
And when his growth hath lent him legs to goe,
Reeling and tottering then both to and fro,
How often did she watch, and cry, and call,
"Take heede the little boy there doth not fall."
Her ardent care, joyn'd with her constant eye,
Did still attend his imbecilitie.
Her wombe and breasts in which he did delight,
He never shall be able to requite.

His Childhood next (unlesse he was a foole,)
Required them to put him unto schoole,
Where in processe of time he grew to bee
A pretty scholler ; after, tooke degree
I'th' Universitie, as it was fit,
Whose Tutor said hee had a ready wit,
And well could argue by old Ramus layes,
And in the thirteene fallacies had praise.
Hee well could skill upon brave Kickerman,
And argue soundly ore a pipe or can,

For schollers sometime to an alehouse creeping,
Increase their wits more then in bookes by peeping.

Now all this while hee had not his full scope,
Therefore they did conceive of him great hope :
His Tutor was the man that kept him in,
That hee ran not into excesse of sinne.
His literature fill'd his parents' hearts
With joy and comfort, hoping his deserts
Might purchase credit and a good report,
And therefore send him to the Innes of Court,
To study Lawes, and never to surcease,
Till he be made a justice for the peace.

Now, here the ruine of the youth begins ;
For when the country cannot finde out sinnes
To fit his humour, London doth invent
Millions of vices, that are incident
To his aspiring minde ; for now one yeare
Doth elevate him to a higher sphere,
And makes him thinke he hath atchieved more,
Then all his fathers auncestors before.
Now thinkes his father, here's a goodly sonne,
That hath approached unto Littleton,
But never lookt on't—for, instead of that
Perhaps hee's playing of a game at Cat.
No, no, good man, hee reades not Littleton,
But *Don Quix-Zot*, or els *The Knight o'th Sun* :
And if you chance unto him put a case,
Hee'll say, perhaps, you offer him disgrace,
Or else, upon a little further pawse,
Will sweare hee never could abide the lawes :
That they are harsh, confused—and, to be plaine,
Transcend the limits of his shallow braine.
Instead of Perkins pedlers French, he sayes
He better loves Ben Johnson's booke of playes,

But that therein of wit he findes such plenty,
That hee scarce understands a jest of twenty ;
Nay, keepe him there untill the day of doome,
Hee'le ne'er reade out *Natura Brevium*,
But, Ovid-like, against his father's minde,
Finde pleasant studies of another kinde.

Now, twice the Sun his annuall course hath flitted
Since first this goodly Gallant was admitted,
And now, as hee approacheth towards the Barre,
His friends and parents very jocund are ;
And, to incourage him in the Lawes lore,
He spends much money, and they send him more.
He ruffles now in sattin, silke, and plush,
And oftentimes soliciteth the bush.
Imbroydred suits, such as his father ne'er
Knew what they meant, nor hee knowes how to wear.
This golden Asse, in this hard iron age,
Aspireth now to sit upon the stage ;
Lookes round about, then viewes his glorious selfe,
Throws mony here and there, swearing hang pelfe,
As if the splendor of his mightinesse
Should never see worse dayes, or feele distresse :
His quoyne expended by alluring hookes,
His parents him supply to buy him bookes,
As hee pretends : but, 'stead of Coke's Reports,
Hee's fencing, dauncing, or at other sports.

Thus he affects himselfe in these fond wayes,
To gaine an outward superficiall praise
Amongst a crew, of sense so much bereft,
They scarcely know the right hand from the left.

His dauncing master he supposeth can
Make him a right accomlisht gentleman,
Although his birth abridg'd it : therefore hee
Now learnes the postures of the cap and knee,

Carrying his body in as curious sort
As any reveller in the Innes of Court,
That ladies doe behold him with some pleasure,
Capring Corantoes, or some smooth-fac'd measure,
And in the end of his so active dance,
Some crooked lady claps her hands by chance,
Which addes such fuell to his kindled fire,
That hee outstrips proud Phæton's desire.
And should great Juno but approach so nie,
He durst presume to court her Deitie.

Now Venus hath him in her lovely armes,
And the blind boy provokes him with his charms,
Casting from beauteous objects piercing darts,
Which strike fond lovers to their fiery harts,
Which, being once inflamed, still doth burne,
Untill their fuell unto ashes turne.
Hee now courts everything hee heares or sees,
With more delight then Lawyers take their fees,
And when he is farre distant from his faire,
(Through ardencie,) he complements with ayre,
Wishing (camelion-like) that hee might live
Inclos'd within the breath which she doth give.
All amorous conceits he now commends,
And for the same his mony vainly spends.
He now scornes prose, and on his mistres' name
Writes an acrostique, or some anagramme,
To shew his wit ; and therefore hee hath got
Some Poetaster for a double pot,
To lend his aide unto his thin-sculd braine,
To paint her praises in a lofty straine,
By some encomiastique adulation,
To which she hath or small or no relation :
The Poet undertakes it on condition,
Hee spends a quart of sacke for expedition.

And then hee sends it unto Mistress Tit,
In his owne name, though by another's wit.
Thus, when in streets hee shall be seene to passe,
The Poet sayes, There goes a simple asse,
And makes it unto his associates knowne,
Hee writes good lines, but never writes his owne.

Your theaters hee daily doth frequent,
(Except the intermitted time of Lent)
Treasuring up within his memory
The amorous toyes of every Comedy
With deepe delight ; whereas, he doth appeare
Within God's Temple scarcely once a yeare,
And that poore once more tedious to his minde,
Then a yeares travell to a toiling hynd.
Playes are the nurseries of vice, the bawd,
That thorow the senses steales our hearts abroad,
Tainting our eares with obscæne bawdery,
Lascivious words, and wanton ribaulry.
Charming the casements of our soules, the eyes,
To gaze upon bewitching vanities,
Beholding base loose actions, mimick gesture,
By a poore boy clad in a princely vesture.
These are the onely tempting baits of hell,
Which draw more youth unto the damned cell
Of furious lust, then all the devill could doe,
Since he obtained his first overthrow.
Here Idlenesse, mixt with a wandring minde,
Shall such varietie of objects finde,
That ten to one his will may breake the fence
Of reason, and imbrace concupiscence :
Or, if this misse, there is another ginne,
Close linckt unto this taper house of sinne,
That will intice you unto Bacchus feasts,
'Mongst gallants that have bin his ancient guests,

There to carouse it till the welkin roare,
Drinking full boles untill their bed's the floare :
'Mongst these it is a customary fashion,
To drinke their mistress' health with adoration,
On bended knees, tossing whole flagons up,
Untill their bellies fill againe the cup ;
And when for more they throw down pots and yall,
Their bladder's kindnesse is recipocall ;
Sweare, lye, stab, kill, adore their mistress eyes,
More then the Master of th' Olympicke skies.
Thus, more like beasts then men, devoid of reason,
They please their pallates by committing treason
Against their God, whose image they deface,
Obscuring reason, and abhorring grace,
Till Bacchus growing horn'd, enlarg'd with fury,
Takes Atrapos his place without a jury ;
And who can tell whether Elizium
Receives their soules, or the infernall tombe ?
What is not apt unto a drunken soule ?
Even anything that is or base or foule :
From no absurditie it is exempt,
As daring any action to attempt.
The five great crying sinnes of this our land,
Which daily draweth downe God's heavy hand,
Are incident to this vile watry sinne,
That stickes so fast where it doth once begin,
To sweare, to lie, to kill, to steale, to whore,
With thousand other petty vices more.

Mark but the horrid oathes that men do sweare,
As if from heaven their Maker they would teare,
Adorning as they thinke their forged lyes,
With hellish rhetorique of blasphemies ;
Rejecting that which once the Lord did say,
Let yea be yea, and let your nay be nay,

Forgetting what a curse and fatall blame
Shall waite on them that crucifie his name.

Lying the next, in which vaine youths delight,
But such ne'er tarryed in David's sight,
For they that doe invent and frame such evill,
Are of their damned father call'd the devill ;
And if in time they looke not well about,
Shall keepe them company that are shut out.

The third is homicide, that cruell crime,
That seld or never doth at any time
Outlive its punishment ! for the Law is good
And just, that doth require blood for blood.
But most of all when done on such false ground,
As in ebrietic is often found.

The fourth is theft, the droane of Commonwealths,
That never favoereth the goods or healths
Of brethren, neighbours, that desire to thrive,
And by hard labour have encreas'd their hive,
No sooner got, but straight this crafty droane
By rapine takes, and spends it as his owne.
The Law condemnes, the Gall-house is prepar'd,
Many are truss'd for this, but few deterr'd.

The fift is whoredome and Adulterie,
Daughters of drunkennes and gluttonie,
By these and lazinesse they are begot,
As once appeared by the righteous Lot :
O ! would but once that act had ever bin,
Then wee had scap'd, and Lot had borne that sin.

And now my lusty gallant, still resolv'd,
Into the middle region is involv'd,
Which though it coldest be of constitution,
Yet doth it not allay his resolution.
Old Dædalus his father being dead,
He now begins to take a greater head ;

With Icarus he purposeth to flye
As high as heaven, but marke !—and presently,
Great Phœbus by his power melts his wings,
And headlong to the sea his body flings.
His fortunes drown'd, his corps the fishes prey,
His fiery braines quencht in the brinish sea.
For now his fathers lands, bonds, golden bags,
Buyes him a coach, foure Flanders mares, two nags,
A brace of geldings, and a brace of whores,
The one for pockes, the other plaines and moores :
Viewing his chariot and his rich attire,
Makes him beleeeve the world is all on fire.
He courts it now even at the court indeed,
Sometimes on gennet, sometimes English steed,
Pacing with lacques in the paved streets,
In glory bowing to each friend he meets,
(Too prodigall of his fam'd courtesie,
Which may be term'd a proud humilitie,)
The estridge on his head, with beaver rare,
Upon his hands a Spanish sent to weare.
Haires curl'd, eares pearl'd, with Bristows brave and bright,
Bought for true diamonds in his false sight ;
All ore perfum'd, and, as for him tis meete,
His body's clad i'th silkwormes winding sheete.
Now, thus accoutred and attended to,
In Court and citie there's no small adoe
With this young stripling, that obraids the gods,
And thinkes. 'twixt them and him, there is no ods :
A haughty looke, a more superbiuous minde,
And yet, amongst his equalls, too-too kinde.
A wanton eye, and a lascivious heart,
That sees no danger, till hee feelcs the smart :
Now, as where tamest feathered fowles abound,
Foxes keepe station, and walke that round,

So, when a raw yong heire is come to land,
He shall have foxes waite on every hand ;
When wealth increaseth to a prodigall,
Who will profusely waste and spend it all,
There is vaine-glory, and, without all doubt,
The flatterer will finde that fellow out,
To soothe him in his grosse and humerous waies,
That neither doe deserve nor love nor praise :
For when such men doe in applause delight,
They presently beget a parasite,
Who, by insinuating adulation,
Debase themselves to others elevation :
This cringing serpent ile no longer smother,
But give the knave to him, and foole to th' other.

The Cockpit heretofore would serve his wit,
But now upon the Fryers stage hee'll sit ;
It must be so, though this expensive foole,
Should pay an angell for a paltry stoole.
The largest tavernes of the neatest fashion
Hee doth frequent—hee drinkes for recreation.
Your Ordinaries, and your Gaming-schools,
(The game of Mercuries, the mart of fooles)
Doe much rejoyce when his gold doth appeare,
Sending him empty with a flea in's eare ;
And when hee's gone, to one another laugh,
Making his meanes the subject of their scoffe,
And say, it's pity hee's not better taught,
Hee's a faire gamester, but his lucke is nought.
In the meantime, his pockets being scant,
Hee findes a lurcher to supply his want,
One that ere-long, by playing in-and-in,
Will carry all his Lordship in a skin ;
Yet, as insensible of that device,
As minding more his pleasure, cards, and dice,

Before the sun hath run his circle round,
He in the center of his game is found,
Hazarding that which late was lent unto him,
Not dreaming any course can quite undoe him ;
Thus by degrees his patrimonie wastes,
Whilst he nor sees, heares, feeles, or smels, or tastes
His folly, shame, abuse, deceit, or woe,
That future times may force him undergoe,
But makes progression in his wonted course,
With as much understanding as a horse,
Burning the cards, damning the dice that lost,
Swearing and cursing, ne'er was man thus crost,
Drinking out sorrow, whiffing sighes away,
Converting day to night, and night to day,
As if good nature had abus'd this wight,
And done him wrong, that did himselve no right.
O, most insensible and sensuall beast,
How are thy intellectuall powers decreast,
Whose understanding is so much condense,
That one would thinke his soule within his sense ;
For any object that the sense doth move,
Drawes on affection, and affection love ;
Love being settled by its powerfull might
Upon or good, or bad, attracts delight ;
Delight breeds custome, and by times progresse,
Engendreth a foule monster, call'd Excesse :
Excesse joyes in extreames, whose violence
Is alwayes opposite to permanence,
Thus giving way to appitituall guile,
They force poore Reason to a farre exile.

But stay, my muse, you must not dare to flye
Into the secrets of moralitic,
But still proceede i'th path you have begun,
Untill the setting of this rising sun,

Who in his highest sphere now seated is,
In the *Solstitium* of his ayrie blisse.
Bent to his bane, through prodigall expence,
Luxury, drunkennes, incontinence,
Pride of apparell, and vaine-glorious acts,
Painted delusions, ignominious facts,
Seducing harlots, sucking parasites,
Bewitching syrens, and lascivious nights,
Abusive cheatings, and illusive friends,
That seem'd to love him for sinister ends,
Unfruitfull plots, matches unfortunate,
Nocturnall revellings intemperate,
With millions of deceiving vanities,
Throwne in our waies by Sathans treacheries ;
Depriving men of rich celestiall joyes,
For wretched hopes in momentary toyes.

Now being aspired to his utmost pride,
Each full must have a wane, as ebb a tide,
For having by a thousand subtile hookes,
Squeezed for friends, scribled in mercers bookes,
Perceiving his decay, they summon straight
Their wits together, and doe lie in waite,
(By the devils engins) to deprive him quite
Both of his libertie, and his delight ;
And ere hee can behold his wofull case,
He is immured in some wretched place.
This Butterfly, with all his garish tyre,
Now melteth like the snow against the fire ;
This Grashopper, that th'other day was seene,
Capring within his curious silken greene,
Singing shrill notes unto the summers praise,
Never expected crabbed winter daies,
Till chilling autumnne, with his falling leaves,
Shrivels his body, and his hope deceives :

His silken garments, and his sattin robe,
That hath so often visited the Globe,
And all his spangled, rare, perfum'd attires,
Which once so glistred in the torchy Fryers,
Must to the broakers to compound his debt,
Or else be pawned to procure him meate.
Now debt on debt they doe accumulate,
Upon his carefull body and estate;
Vowing revenge upon his carkasse there,
Sorrowing onely that they did forbear
So long a time, but now the very stones
Will pittie him, before they heare his moanes.
Nor are his creditors alone obdure,
But even his copesmates, whom he thought so sure,
Shall shrink like slimy snailes into the shell,
Whilst he his plaints unto the walls doth tell,
Whose friendship was ingendred by the sun,
Reflecting on their base corruption.
Nay, more—his bosome friends (whose neer relation
Should ne'er admit of any separation,)
Come slowly on, as sorry for his griefe,
But have not wherewithall to yeeld reliefe.
And as the nature of the world is such,
To give the needlesse, and the needy grutch,
So this dejected man, borne to this fate,
(As if thereto hee were predestinate,)
Is now deny'd, who in his prosperous dayes,
Did winter them that winke at his decayes;
For now the equall Justice of the time,
Requires each man to keepe within his clime;
For if hee straggle from his limits farre,
(Except the guidance of some happy starre
Doe rectifie his steps, restore his losse)
He may perhaps come home by weeping crosse.

Now doth his soule begin to gather light,
Which makes his understanding farre more bright ;
Now doth the filme of his obscured soule
Weare off, and manly reason doth controle
The vagrant will and thirsting appetite,
Yeelding unto the soule her due and right ;
Now is his braine more solid and more dry,
By apprehension of his miserie ;
And not so apt to fancies wandering,
That ne'er remaineth firme in anything.
Now with his heart hee wisheth that hee had
But two full yeares of those which were so bad ;
But all too late, for time doth alwayes passe,
But ne'er imployes a retrograding glasse.
Now he commends the bee (though void [of] reason,)
That hoards in summer for the winter season,
Admiring much the fabricke of their cell,
And how they fortifie that Cittadell :
A wonder tis to see what they invent,
Both for their lodging, food, and government ;
For, as some grave philosophers have showne,
Each bee eates nought but that which is her owne.
O ! thinkes hee now, had I but kept my store,
I needed not my carelesnesse deplore ;
Or, had my younger daies afforded wit,
To spend no more then what I now thinke fit ;
Had no insinuating droanes come neere
My plentious hive, I never had come here.

Another while he lookes upon the ant,
Sees her great plenty, fees his greater want,
Admires her providence that laboured still
Her winter barnes in summer time to fill.
Wonder of nature, hater of all sloath,
The most laborious, though of smallest growth !

Lastly, lookes backe, with a dejected eye,
Upon his pampred daies, sports, libertie,
His midnight revels, and abundant wine
He sacrificed unto Bacchus shrine,
His bowles of Nectar, fill'd up to the brim
In which he to his marmosite did swim ;
His oysters, lobstars, caviare, and crabs,
With which he feasted his contagious drabs ;
Oringoes, hartichoakes, potatoe pies,
Provocatives unto their luxuries ;
His musickes consort, and a cursed crue,
That us'd to drinke, untill the ground look'd blew,
'Mongst painted sepulchers, that love excesse,
Who inwardly are full of rottennesse.

Thus, when he viewes with a more perfect sight,
His shining morne turn'd to a gloomy night,
And all his glory, pompe, and vaine expence,
To have their due reward and recompence,
Then, bursting forth with acclamation,
He blames this wicked generation,
Cursing his follies, and the subtle snares,
That in his darknes caught him unawares,
Being forced now thorow his owne decay,
To wish the fragments, erst he threw away.
To quench his thirst with that inebrious cup,
Which indigested hee had belched up :
As if the heavenly power had thus ordain'd
Profuse expence should be with want restrain'd.
And marke the unresisted hand of heaven,
That whatsoever talent it hath given,
Of wit or wealth, it is to some good end,
To praise his God, or to relieve his friend :
But he that still in idle waste is found,
Is worse then hee that hid it in the ground.

I that have sense of blessings and of woe,
In my life's compasse yet did never know
An epicurious and disordred minde
Want his affliction in the selfe-same kinde;
For drunkennesse they thirsting have acquir'd,
And wanted meate, when they have much desir'd;
In stead of health, by fevers they shall melt;
Far wandring, want of liberty is felt.
Thus, every act hath its opposing ill,
Inflicted on it by the Highest will.

This Gallants circuit, and itineration,
Is almost finisht in a lower station,
Whose meagre body pinde away with grieve,
(For want of seasonable friends reliefe)
Howerly watcheth when the day shall come
To lay his body in an earthly tombe:
Yet oftentimes hope doth awake his spirit,
And tells him one day yet hee shall inherit
His freedome, and release; which being done,
Another course he doth intend to run,
So moderate and grave, that by the power
Of Him that sits in the immortall tower,
His second life hatcht by supernall fire,
Cooperating with a true desire
To rectifie his former follies past,
Shall make him shine a brighter star at last.

Epilogue.

You blyth yong rufflers that do looke so big,
Laugh at the precepts of this Whirligigg;
Mock on with safetie both yourselves and me,
Foster your pleasures whilst the golden tree
Beares fruit enough; glory in what you may,
Till lusty youth is vanished away;

Sport like the wanton flie about the light,
 Untill your glorious wings be burned quite ;
 Dance like the fish upon the gentle brooke,
 Untill you swallow both the baite and hooke ;
 Play with the pitfall till you unaware,
 Are clapt up fast, or tangled in a snare ;
 Doe what you please, no counsell Ile bestow
 On those whose pregnant wits doe over-flow,
 But leave them to the mercie of their fate,
 To know themselves before it be too late,
 For this by true experience I doe finde,
 Misery, the salve to cure a haughty minde.
 This epitaph if any doe deny,
 May one day prove his weeping elegie.

Desine plura, puer, et quod nunc instat, agamus ;
 Carmina tum, melius cum venerit ipse, canemus.¹

SECTION XV. THE DIGGERS OF WARWICKSHIRE.

The following curious paper appears to have been written early in the reign of James I., and seems worthy of preservation in connexion with a subject in which our great dramatist is supposed, with great probability, to have interested himself. The original is contained in MS. Harl. 787, art. 11.

The Diggers of Warwickshire to all other Diggers.

Louing ffrriends and subjects, all under one renowned Prince, for whom we pray longe to continue in his most royall estate, to the subuerting of all those subjects, of what degree soeuer y^t haue or would depriuie his most true harted Comūnalty both from life and lyuinge. Wee, as members of y^e whole, doe feelee y^e smart of these ineroaching Tirants, w^{ch} would grinde

¹ The words and phrases in this tract which require explanation will be found in my "Dictionary of Archaisms."

our flesh upon y^e whetstone of pouerty, and make our loyall hearts to faint wth breathing, so y^t they may dwell by themselves in y^e midst of theyr heards of fatt weathers. It is not unknowne unto yo^w selues y^e reason why these mercyleless men doe resist wth force agst our good intents. It is not for y^e good of our most gracious soueraigne, whom we pray God y^t longe he may reygne amongst us, neyther for y^e benefitt of y^e Communalty, but onely for theyr owne priuate gaine, for there is none of y^{em} but doe taste y^e sweetness of our wantes. They haue depopulated and ouerthrown whole townes, and made therof sheep pastures, nothing profitable for our Co^mmonwealth, ffor y^e co^mon ffields being layd open, would yeeld as much co^mmodity, besides y^e increase of Corne, on w^{ch} standes our life. But if it should please God to wthdrawe his blessing in not prospering y^e fruites of y^e Earth but one yeare (w^{ch} Godd forbidd) there would a worse, and more fearfull dearth happen then did in K. Ed. y^e seconds tyme, when people were forced to eat Catts and doggs flesh, and women to eate theyr owne children. Much more wee could giue you to understand, but wee are perswaded y^t you your selues feelee a part of our greiuances, and therefore need not open y^e matter any plainer. But if you happen to shew your force and might agst us, wee for our partes neither respect life nor lyuinge; for better it were in such case wee manfully dye, then hereafter to be pined to death for want of y^t w^{ch} these deuouring encroachers do serue theyr fatt hogges and sheep withall. ffor God hath bestowed vpon us most bountifull and innumerable blessings, and the cheifest is our most gracious and religious kinge, who doth and will glory in y^e flourishing estate of his Co^mmunalty. And soe wee leaue you, co^mending you to y^e sure hold and safeguard of y^e mighty Jehoua, both now and euermore.

ffrom Hampton-field in hast:

Wee rest as poore Deluers and Daylabourers,
for y^e good of y^e Co^mmonwelth till death.

A. B. C. D. &c.

SECTION XVI. SEAL OF SIR THOMAS LUCY.

Thomas

Lucy

I am indebted to the liberality of the British Archæological Association for the accompanying copy of the autograph and seal of Sir Thomas Lucy, made by Mr. Fairholt, the accomplished artist of that society. Mr. Fairholt informs us that the original document is in the possession of Mr. Wheler, of Stratford-on-Avon; it is the presentation of the Rev. Richard Hill to the rectory of Hampton Lucy, in Warwickshire, in the gift of Sir Thomas, and is dated Oct. 8, 1586. Sir Thomas was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and then rebuilt the manor house of Charlecote, where his family had been seated since the days of Richard I. He is celebrated in connexion with Shakespeare and his early adventures; and the seal is interesting, as it displays the three white luces interlaced, which the dramatist is accused of ridiculing. Upon the vanes of the house at Charlecote they are also fancifully disposed, the three luces being interlaced between cross crosslets: an engraving of one of these vanes may be seen in Moule's *Heraldry of Fish*, p. 55, who says "the pike of the fisherman is the luce of heraldry; a name derived from the old French language *lus*, or from the Latin



lucius; as a charge, it was very early used by heralds as a pun upon the name of Lucy."

SECTION XVII. THE PROPERTY OF THE SHAKESPEARES.

The following extracts are taken from a survey of Warwickshire, made in August, 4 James I.

Manerium de Rowington. Thomas Shackspeare clamavit tenere libere sibi et hæredibus suis per cartam datam xxviij. die Januarii, anno regni regis Henrici VIII. xij. unum messuagium et unam virgatam terræ in Losson End, et nuper Johannis Shackspeare, et ante Thomæ Cryar—viz. Domum mansionale, hortum, stabulum, pomarium, gardinum et *le backside*, in occupatione dicti Thomæ, continent: per æstimationem j. acram; clausum pasturæ vocatum *le Longe feall*, per æstimationem vj. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Stockings*, per æstimationem vj. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Well Furlonge*, per æstimationem vj. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Redd Hill*, per æstimationem vj. acras; clausum prati ibidem continent: per æstimationem vj. acras; parvum clausum vocatum *le Kellings* per æstimationem j. acram. Ricardus Shackspeare tenet per copiam datam vij. die Octobris anno regni Elizabethæ reginæ secundo, unum messuagium et dimidium virgatæ terræ cum gardino, nuper Richardi Shackspeare patris sui et Shackspeares ex antiquo, viz. —domum mansionale iij. et dimid: spatiorum, hortum j. spatii, alium hortum j. spatii, et gardinum continent: per æstimationem j. rodum; clausum terræ arabilis sive pasturæ vocatum *le Hillcs*, continent: per æstimationem ix. acras et dimidium; pratum vocatum *Poole Meadoue* continent: per æstimationem ij. acras; ij. parcelas prati continent: per æstimationem j. acram, j. rodum. Richardus Shackspeare junior tenet per copiam datam xx. die Aprilis anno regni regis Jacobi Angliæ ijº. et Scotiæ 37º. unam parcellam terræ vocatam *the little yard*, cum domo superinde ædificiato, continent: per æstimationem

j. rodum. Johannes Shackspere tenet per copiam datam xvj. die Aprilis anno regni Elizabethæ reginæ xliij^o unum cotagium et unam quartam partem virgatæ terræ et gardinum, nuper Richardi Shackspere patris sui et Shacksperes ex antiquo, viz. — domum mansionale ij. spatiorum, hortum ij. spatiorum, et dimid: unum stabulum j. spatii, continent: per æstimationem dimidium aeræ; terras arrabiles sive pasturam vocatam *Little Spencers* continent: per æstimationem ij. acras; terras arrabiles sive pasturam vocatam *Great Spencers* continent: per æstimationem iiij. acras; pratum inclusum continent: per æstimationem ij. acras.

Mousley End. Georgius Shackspere tenet per copiam datam xxv. die Octobris anno regni reginæ Elizabethæ xxxv. unum cotagium et duas croftas nuper Johannis Shackspere patris sui, et ante Johannis Shackspere avi sui, Shackspeares ex antiquo, viz. — Domum mansionale iiij. spatiorum, hortum ij. spatiorum, pomarium, gardinum, et curtilagium, continent: per æstimationem ij. rodos; clausum pasturæ adjacentem vocatum *le Home-close* continent: per æstimationem j. acrum; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Longecrofte*, continent: per æstimationem j. acrum; communis pastura pro una bestia et v. ovibus; habenda ad usum prædicti Georgii Shackspeare, et Jane, uxoris ejus, et hæredum Georgii de corpore prædictæ Jane, &c.

Lowston End. Thomas Shackspeare senior tenet per copiam datam secundo die Junii anno regni reginæ Mariæ primo, unam croftam in Lowston-end nuper Reeves, viz. — unam croftam pasturæ sive arrabilis vocatam *Brochalle* per æstimationem vij. acras.

Mowslee End. Thomas Shackspeare senior tenet per copiam datam vj. die Aprilis anno regni Reginæ Elizabethæ xxxix. et per copiam datam xv. die Aprilis anno regni Reginæ Elizabethæ xliiij. unum messuagium et virgatam terræ cum pertinentibus in Mowslee-end, nuper Johannis Shackspeare patris sui, et ante Birdes, viz. — Domum mansionale iiij. spatiorum, unum hortum iiij. spatiorum, et alium hortum iiij. spa-

tiorum, unum *le Carthouse* j. spatii, gardinum, pomarium et curtilagium, continent: per æstimationem ij. rodos; clausum pasturæ sive arrabilis adjacentem vocatum *le Home Close* per æstimationem vj. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *le Great Oxleasow*, per æstimationem vij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *le Little Oxleasow* per æstimationem iiij. acras; pratum vocatum *Oxleasow Meadowe* per æstimationem ij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Little Netherfeild* per æstimationem iiij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Great Netherfeild* per æstimationem iiij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Greate Hill* per æstimationem iiij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Little Hill* per æstimationem ij. acras.

Kington. Thomas Shackspeare tenet per copiam datam vicesimo die Octobris annis regnorum Philippi et Mariæ quinto et sexto, unum toftum et tres clausa pasturæ cum parte in Kyngton, nuper Willelmi Mathew et ante Johannis Mathew, viz. — unum hortum ij. spatiorum, continent: per estimat. long: xvj. ped. et lat. xvj. ped.; clausum pasturæ sive arr: vocatum Overkington per æstimationem iiij. acras; clausum pasturæ sive arrabilis vocatum *Netherkington* per æstimationem v. acras.

Stratford super Aron. Unfortunately, the entries for the name of William Shakespeare are left blank; and the only information we gather is, that he paid two shillings a-year for certain heriots or fines.

SECTION XVIII. THESE KNIGHTS WILL HACK.

The following ballad, which is contained in MS. Addit. 5832, f. 205, affords a good illustration of the opinion of the commentators that a well-known passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* refers to the large number of knights made by James I. Mr. Hunter has printed another copy of it in his *History of Hallamshire*, but it has not yet been mentioned in connexion with this subject.

*Verses upon the order for making knights of such persons who
had £40 per annum in King James I. time.*

Come all you farmers out of the countrey,
Carters, plowmen, hedgers, and all,
Tom, Dick, and Will, Raph, Roger, and Humfrey,
Leave of your gestures rusticall.
Bidd all your home-sponne russetts adue,
And sute yourselves in fashions new :
Honour invits you to delights :
Come all to court and be made knights.

He that hath fortie pounds per annum
Shalbe promoted from the plowe :
His wife shall take the wall of her grannum,
Honour is sould soe dog-cheap now.
Though thow hast neither good birth nor breeding,
If thow hast money, thow art sure of speeding.

Knighthood in old time was counted an honour,
Which the best spiritts did not disdayne :
But now it is us'd in soe base a manner,
That it's noe creditt, but rather a staine :
Tush, it's noe matter what people doe say,
The name of a knight a whole village will sway !

Sheapherds, leave singing your pastorall sonnetts,
And to learne complements shew your endeavours :
Cast of for ever your twoe shillinge¹ bonnetts,
Cover your coxcombs with three pound beavers.
Sell carte and tarrboxe new coaches to buy,
Then, "good your worshipp," the vulgar will cry.

And thus unto worshipp being advanced,
Keepe all your tenants in awe with your frownes ;

¹ Mr. Hunter's copy reads *tenpenny*.

And lett your rents be yearly inhaunced,
To buy your new-moulded maddams¹ new gownes.
Joan, Sisse, and Nell, shalbe all ladified,
Instead of hay-carts, in coaches shall ryde.

Whatever you doe, have a care of expenses,
In hospitality doe not exceed :
Greatnes of followers belongeth to princes :
A coachman and footmen are all that you need :
And still observe this, let your servants meate lacke,
To keepe brave apparel upon your wives backe.

¹ "Great Ladyes," Mr. Hunter's MS. There are several variations in the two copies, and it should be observed that Mr. Hunter's is dated 1630, and is said to have been written "on account of King Charles the First raising money by knighthood." Mr. Hunter's MS. has also the following additional stanza:—

Now to conclude, and shutt up my sonnett,
Leave of the cart, whipp, hedge-bill and flaile,
This is my counsell, thinke well upon it,
Knighthood and honor are now putt to saile.
Then make haste quickly, and lett out your farmes,
And take my advise in blazing your armes.
Honor invites, &c.

THE END.

THE MORAL PLAY
OF
WIT AND SCIENCE,
AND
EARLY POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,
F.S.A., HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., ETC.



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PREFACE.

Accident and the eccentricities of Fame have now, after a lapse of three centuries, consented to place a laurel, such as it is, around the brow of one John Redford, who in the reign of Henry VIII. composed a dramatic piece involving the union of two symbolical characters, Wit and Science, a moral play of considerable interest in the history of our drama. Yet Redford owes this testimony rather to the rarity of productions of a similar kind, and to the destruction of the works of his contemporaries, than to great intrinsic merits of his own; but his work, preserved in a single manuscript, one of the few records of the early stage that have descended to our times, has been appealed to by our dramatic historian¹ as a "very singular performance;" and it is therefore presumed that few who are interested in such matters will not be thankful for our attempt to make it generally accessible.

There is, however, little, if anything, in the construction of Redford's play to distinguish it from the other moralities of the same period. The dialogue is

¹ Collier's History of Dramatic Poetry, ii., 343.

not in some respects without humour, but the poetry is too contemptible to be patiently endured. The "old-fashioned wit" for which a later writer sneered at Shakespeare is here exhibited in full force, perhaps somewhat difficult to be appreciated by a modern reader, but many portions were no doubt effective at the period at which the drama appeared; and, among these, the scene between Idleness and Ignorance, in which the former attempts an educational episode, although tediously prolonged, may easily be imagined as one which was highly relished by our less critical ancestors.¹

The manuscript which contains this play is probably contemporary with the author, but it is unfortunately imperfect, a circumstance which has deprived us of all but a few lines of two other interludes. It belonged to the late B. H. Bright, Esq., and was sold at the auction-sale of his manuscripts in June, 1844, for £15. Besides Redford's play, there is a collection of songs by John Heywood, and others, of considerable interest to the poetical antiquary, all of which are printed in the following pages; a copy of the entire manuscript being thus presented to the reader. Some of these ballads are remarkably curious, and all of them belong to a period at which the reliques of that class of composition are exceedingly rare and difficult to be met with. The poem on the miseries

¹ A moral play of "The Marriage of Wit and Science" was published about the year 1570. It entirely differs from the piece here given, but Mr. Collier says the later writer is indebted to Redford for the whole of the allegory.

of singing boys, and the punishment inflicted upon them by their master, is exceedingly interesting; and the value of the early versions of the "Hunt's up," and the "Willow Song," as illustrations of our early dramatists, are too obvious to require comment. The others are by no means devoid of interest, and perhaps add new names to the list of English poets of the sixteenth century. Three of the ballads are by John Thorne, two of which appear to be original versions of others by the same author, printed in the "Paradise of Dayntie Devises." Thomas Prideaux may be the same person who wrote an elegy on Bonner, printed in Sir John Harington's "Brief View of the State of the Church of England," but I question whether the MS. is not of too early a date to warrant that supposition. Miles Huggard was a tradesman of London, in the service of Queen Mary, and the author of several pieces besides what is here ascribed to him. He was a virulent opposer of the Reformation. "Master Knyght" is, I suppose, the Edward Knight who has verses prefixed to Munday's "Mirroure of Mutabilitie," 1579; and perhaps a little research would enable us to identify these names with accuracy. Other copies of several of the ballads may most likely be discovered in similar collections, with notes that may lead to the discovery of the writers. In this way, one of the anonymous poems has been traced to Edwards, a native of Somersetshire, and one of the singing-men of Queen Elizabeth's chapel.

No biographical particulars of Redford appear to have been published, although most probably many

notices of him are preserved in the voluminous records at the Rolls' House Record Office, and at the Chapter House. If, however, we are to trust some writers who deal in generalization, and who seem to forget that, by the incessant collection of minutiae, information of real value is almost invariably elicited,¹ it would be waste of time to collect any crumbs that may there be hidden. And, indeed, I am obliged to confess that the time and patience required for the faithful prosecution of such inquiries can scarcely be willingly expended on names of inferior note; for it requires no small exercise of self-denial to tear one's self away from the tomes of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Jonson, to be choked for weeks together by musty rolls of ancient vellum, or to wade through centuries of indices. This is a service I have compelled myself to perform for Shakespeare, but can we name one other writer whose personal history is sufficiently important to be purchased at so dear an expense?²

Some such consideration has led to the abandon-

¹ Thus, for instance, nothing can be more clearly proved than Shakespeare's continual desire of accumulation, but the fact is established on documents, any one of which singly would possess no absolute value. Will any one venture to say that we have not here an important development of character?

² Ben Jonson perhaps may be nearly an exception, and many score of curious notices relating to him are preserved in the Record Offices. A new life of Rare Ben, carefully illustrated from such sources, would be a valuable addition to our biographical series. The MSS. in the Lord Chamberlain's Office would also deserve a careful examination for such a purpose; for, although they certainly afford no information respecting Shakespeare, the names of Jonson, Inigo Jones, and other eminent men of the period, are of frequent occurrence.

ment of any attempt at a biographical sketch of John Heywood, although with the certain knowledge that materials not yet published do exist in the repositories just mentioned. It would take some time to collect them, and it will be sufficient to mention that all known particulars¹ respecting that dramatist will be found in Mr. Fairholt's interesting preface to the Dialogue on Wit and Folly, printed for the Percy Society, 8vo., 1846. He appears to have been a native of Kent, and to have lived at one time at North Mims, in Hertfordshire. His skill in music, and the brilliancy of his conversation, recommended him to the patronage of Henry the Eighth, and even drew smiles from Queen Mary, to whose privy-chamber he is said to have been constantly admitted. One of the anecdotes related of him illustrates a passage in Shakespeare. "When Queen Mary told Heywood that the priests must forego their wives, he merrily answered, 'Then your grace must allow them *lemans*, for the clergy cannot live without sauce.'" The witticisms which formerly passed on this unfortunate word would fill a volume, but here was a joke scarcely befitting a zealous Catholic, and it is therefore most probably apocryphal. Another anecdote is told on the authority of the sage Camden. Heywood being asked by Queen Mary, "What wind blew him to the

¹ In a MS. discovered by Mr. Collier in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere, it is stated that Heywood was a native of Kent. According to Bale, he was a citizen of London. He was alive in 1576, the common assertion that he died about 1565 being altogether an error, originating in a loose statement made by Anthony Wood.

Court?" he answered, "Two, specially; the one to see your Majestie." "We thank you for that," said the Queen; "but, I pray you, what is the other?" "That your grace," said he, "might see me!"

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7

if See a grene wyllde . Wyllde . Be . Or .
all a grene wyllde is my gartand

that by what mene in are I make po to know
that wyndynde for kyndnes that to me to be grene
that wyndynde most kyndnes in me to be grene
most wyndynde to me . the date to be
for all a grene wyllde is my gartand

THE PLAY
OF
WYT AND SCIENCE.

* * * * *

REASON.

Then, in remembrance of Reson, hold yee
A glas of reson,—wherein beholde yee
Youre sealfe to youre selfe namely ; when ye
Cum neere my dowghter Science, then see
That all thynges be cleane and trycke abowte ye,
Least of sum sloogyshnes she myght dowte ye ;
Thys glas of Reason shall show ye all ;
Whyle ye have that, ye have me and shall ;
Get ye foorth, now ! Instruccion, fare well !

INSTRUCCION.

Syr, God keepe ye !

[Heere all go out save RESONE.]

¹ The MS. is unfortunately imperfect, and the first part of the interlude is not to be found. Several leaves of music by Redford are preserved at the commencement of the volume. The songs belonging to this play occur in the original amongst the poems at the end, and the arrangement of the MS. is here strictly followed.

RESON.

And ye all from parell !
 If anye man now marvell that I
 Woolde bestowe my dowghter thus baselye,
 Of truth I, Reson, am of thys mynde,—
 Where partyes together be enclynde
 By gyftes of graces to love ech other,
 There let them joyne the tone wyth the toother ;
 Thys Wyt such gyftes of graces hath in hym,
 That makth my dowghter to wyshe to wyn hym ;
 Yoong, paynefull, tractable and capax,
 Thes be Wytes gyftes whych Science doth axe :
 And as for her, as soone as Wyt sees her,
 For all the world he woold not then leese her.
 Wherefore syns they both be so meete matches
 To love ech other—strawe for the patches
 Of worldly mucke ! Syence hath inowghe
 For them both to lyve ; yf Wyt be throwhe
 Stryken in love, as he synes hath showde,
 I dowte not my dowghter well bestowde.
 Thende of hys jornay wyll aprove all ;
 Yf Wyt hold owte, no more prooffe can fall ;
 And that the better hold out ye may,
 To refresh my soone Wyt now by the way,
 Sum solas for hym I wyll provyde ;
 An honest woman dwellth here besyde,
 Whose name is cald Honest Recreation :
 As men report, for Wytes consolacion :
 She hath no peere ; yf Wyt were halfe deade,
 She cowlde revyve hym ; thus is yt sed.
 Wherefore yf monye or love can hyre her,
 To hye after Wyt I wyll desyre her.

CONFYDENCE *cumth in with a pycture of WYT.*

Ah ! syr, what tyme of day yst ? who can tell ?
 The day ys not far past I wot well,
 For I have gone fast, and yet I see
 I am far from where as I wold be.
 Well ! I have day inowgh yet I spye,
 Wherefore, or I pas hens, now must I
 See thys same token heere, a playne case,
 What Wyt hath sent to my ladyes grace.
 Now wyll ye see a goodly pycure
 Of Wyt hymsealfe, hys owne image sure—
 Face, bodye, armes, legges, both lym and joynt,
 As lyke hym as can be in every poynt ;
 Yt lakth but lyfe, well I can hym thanke !
 Thys token in deede shall make sum cranke,
 For what wyth thys pycure so well faverde,
 And what wyth those sweete woordes so well saverd
 Dystyllyng from the mowth of Confydence,
 Shall not thys apese the hart of Science ?
 Yes, I thanke God I am of that nature
 Able to compas thys matter sure,
 As ye shall see now, who lyst to marke yt,
 How neatly and featly I shall warke yt.

WYT *cumth in without* INSTRUCCION, *wyth* STUDY, &c.

Now, syrs, cum on ; whyche is the way now,
 Thys way or that way ? Studye, how say you ?
 Speake, Dylygence, whyle he hath bethowghte hym.

DYLYGENCE.

That way belyke most usage hath wrowht hym.

STUDYE.

Ye, hold your pease, best ! we here now stay,
 For, Instruccion, I lyke not that waye.

WYT.

Instruccion, Studye, I weene we have lost hym.

INSTRUCCION *cumth in.*

Indeade, full gently abowte ye have tost hym !
 What, mene you, Wyt, styll to delyghte
 Runnyng before thus styll owt of syghte,
 And therby out of your way now quyghte ?
 What doo ye here excepte ye woold fyghte ?
 Cum back agayne, Wyt, for I must choose ye
 An esyer way then thys, or ells loose ye.

WYT.

What ayleth thys way ? parell here is none.

INSTRUCCION.

But as much as your lyfe standth upon ;
 Youre enmye, man, lyeth heere before ye,
 Tedyousnes, to brayne or to gore ye !

WYT.

Tedyousnes, doth that tyrant rest
 In my way now ? Lord, how am I blest
 That occacion so nere me sturres,
 For my dere hartes sake to wynne my spurres !
 Ser, woold ye fere me with that fowle theeafe,
 Wyth whome to mete my desyre is cheafe ?

INSTRUCCION.

And what woold ye doo, you havyng nowghte
 For your defence ? for though ye have cawghte
 Garmentes of science upon your backe,
 Yet wepons of science ye do lak.

WYT.

What wepons of science shuld I have ?

INSTRUCCION.

Such as all lovers of ther looves crave,
A token from ladye Science, wherbye
Hope of her favor may spryng, and therbye
Comforte, whych is the weapon dowteles
That must serve youe agaynst Tedyousnes.

WYT.

Yf hope or comfort may be my weapon,
Then never with Tedyousnes mee threaten ;
For as for hope of my deere hartes faver,
And therby comfort inowghe I gather.

INSTRUCCION.

Wyt, here me ! tyll I see Confydence
Have browght sum token from ladye Science,
That I may feele that she favorth you,
Ye pas not thys way, I tell you trew !

WYT.

Whych way than ?

INSTRUCCION.

A playner way I told ye,
Out of danger from youre foe to hold ye.

WYT.

Instruccion, here me ! or my swete hart
Shall here that Wyt from that wreche shall start
One foote, thys bodye and all shall cracke !
Foorth I wyll, sure, what ever I lacke !

DYLYGENCE.

Yf ye lacke weapon, syr, here is one.

WYT.

Well sayde, Dylygence, thowe art alone !
How say ye, syr, is not here weapon ?

INSTRUCCION.

Wyth that weapon your enmy never threton,
For wythowt the returne of Confydence,
Ye may be slayne, sure, for all dylygence !

DYLYGENCE.

God syr, and Dylygence, I tell you playne,
Wyll play the man or my master be slayne !

INSTRUCCION.

Ye, but what sayth Studye no wurde to thys ?

WYT.

No, syr, ye knowe Studyes ofyce is
Meete for the chamber, not for the feeld ;
But tell me, Studye, wylt thou now yeld ?

STUDYE.

My hed akth sore, I wold wee returne.

WYT.

Thy hed ake now, I wold it were burne ;
Cum on, walkyng may hap to ese the.

INSTRUCCION.

And wyll ye be gone, then, wythout mee ?

WYT.

Ye, by my fayth, except ye hy ye after,
Reson shall know yee are but an hafter.

Exceat WYT, STUDY, and DYLYGENCE.

INSTRUCCION.

Well, go your way ! whan your father Reson
Heerth how ye obay me at thys season,
I thynke he wyll thynke hys dowghter now
May mary another man for you.

When wytes stand so in ther owne conceite,
Best let them go tyll pryde at hys heyghte
Turne and cast them downe hedlong agayne,
As ye shall see provyd by thys Wyt playne.
Yf Reson hap not to cum the rather,
Hys owne dystruccion he wyll sure gather ;
Wherefore to Reson wyll I now get me,
Levyng that charge whereabout he set mee.

Exceat INSTRUCCION.

TEDYOUSNES *cumth in with a vyser over hys hed.*

Oh the bodye of me !

What kaytyves be those
That wyll not-once flee
From Tediousnes nose !

But thus dysese me

Out of my nest,
When I shoold ese mee

Thys body to rest.
That Wyt, that vylayne,

That wrech, a shame take hym !
Yt is he playne
That thus bold doth make hym

Wythowt my lycence
To stalke by my doore,
To that drab Syence,
To wed that whore !
But I defye here,
And for that drabes sake,
Or Wyt cum ny her,
The knaves hed shall ake :
Thes bones, this mall
Shall bete hym to dust,
Or that drab shall
Once quench that knaves lust !
But, hah ! mee thynkes
I am not halfe lustye,
Thes jontes, thes lynkes,
Be ruffe, and halfe rustye ;
I must go shake them,
Supple to make them !
Stand back, ye wrechys !
Beware the fechys
Of Tediousnes,
Thes kaytyves to bles !
Make roome, I say,
Rownd evry way,
Thys way, that way,
What cares what way ?
Before me, behynd me,
Rownd abowt wynd me !
Now I begyn
To swete in my skin ;
Now am I nemble
To make them tremble ;
Pash hed, pash brayne,
The knaves are slayne,

All that I hyt !
Where art thou, Wyt ?
Thou art but deade,
Of goth thy hed
A the fyrst blo !
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

WYT *spekyth at the doore.*

Studye !

STUDYE.

Here, syr !

WYT.

How, doth thy hed ake ?

STUDYE.

Ye, God wot, syr, much payne I do take.

WYT.

Dylygens !

DYLYGENCE.

Here, syr, here !

WYT.

How dost thou ?

Doth thy stomak serve the to fyght now ?

DYLYGENCE.

Ye, syr, wyth yonder wrech, a vengans on hym
That thretneth you thus ! set evyn upon hym !

STUDYE.

Upon hym, Dylygence ! better nay.

DYLYGENCE.

Better nay, Studye ! why should we fray ?

STUDYE.

For I am wery, my hed akth sore.¹

DYLYGENCE.

Why, folysh Studye, thow shalt doo no more,
But ayde my master wyth thy presens.

WYT.

No more shalt thow nether, Dylygence ;
Ayde me wyth your presence both you twayne,
And for my love myselfe shall take payne.

STUDYE.

Syr, we be redye to ayde you so.

WYT.

I axe no more, Studye. Cum then, goe.

TEDYIOUSNES *rysyth up.*

Why, art thow cum ?

WYT.

Ye, wrech, to thy payne !

TEDIOUSNES.

Then, have at the !

WYT.

Have at the agayne !

Here WYT fallyth downe and dyeth.

¹ This and the two previous speeches are erased in the original MS.

TEDIOUSNES.

Lye thow there! now have at ye, kaytyves!
 Do ye fle, ifayth? a, horeson theves!
 By Mahowndes bones, had the wreches taryd,
 Ther neckes wythowt hedes they showld have caryd!
 Ye, by Mahowndes nose, myght I have patted them,
 In twenty gobbetes I showld have squatted them,
 To teche the knaves to cum neere the snowte
 Of Tediousnes! walke funder abowte,
 I trow now they wyll; and as for thee,
 Thow wylt no more now troble mee!
 Yet, lest the knave be not safe inowghe,
 The horeson shall bere me another kuffe!
 Now, ly styll, kaytyv, and take thy rest,
 Whyle I take myne in myne owne nest.

Exceat TEDY.

*Here cumth in HONEST RECREACION, CUMFORT,
 QUICKNES, and STRENGHT, and go and knele about
 WYT, and at the last verce reysyth hym up upon hys feete,
 and so make an end; and than HONEST RECREACION
 sayth as folowyth.*

HONEST RECREACION.

Now, Wyt, how do ye? wyll ye be lustye?

WYT.

The lustier for you needes be must I.

HONEST RECREACION.

Be ye all hole yet after your fall?

WYT.

As ever I was, thankes to you all!

RESON *cummth in, and sayth as folowyth.*

Ye myght thanke Reson that sent them to ye,
But syns the have that the shoold, do ye
Send them home, soonne, and get ye forwarde.

WYT.

Oh ! Father Reson, I have had an hard
Chance synce ye saw me.

RESON.¹

I wot well that !
The more to blame ye,² when ye wold not
Obay Instruccion, as Reson wyld ye.
What marvell, thowgh Tedyousnes had kyld ye !
But let pas now, synce ye ar well agayne,
Set forward agayne Syence to attayne.

WYT.

Good father Reson, be not to hastye ;
In honest cumpany no tyme wast I.
I shall to youre dowghter all at leyser.

RESON.

Ye, Wyt, is that the grete love ye rayse her ?
I say yf ye love my dowghter Science,
Get ye foorth at once, and get ye hence.

Al go out save HONEST [RECREACION].
Here COMFORT, QUIKNES, and STRENGTH go out.

WYT.

Nay, by Saynt George, they go not all yet !

¹ The MS. reads, *Reson cumth in.*

² This sentence is repeated in the MS. by mistake, but part of the previous line seems to be wanting.

RESON.

No, wyll ye dysobey Reson, Wyt?

WYT.

Father Reson, I pray ye content ye,
For we parte not yet.

RESON.

Well, Wyt, I went ye
Had bene no such man as now I see.
Fare well !

Exceat.

HONEST RECREACION.

He ys angry.

WYT.

Ye, let hym be,
I doo not passe !
Cum now, a basse !

HONEST RECREACION.

Nay, syr, as for bassys,
From hence none passys,
But as in gage
Of mary-age.

WYT.

Mary, evyn so.
A bargayne, lo !

HONEST RECREACION.

What, wythout lycence
Of ladye Science ?

WYT.

Shall I tell you trothe ?
I never lovde her.

HONEST RECREACION.

The common voyce goth
That mariage ye movd her.

WYT.

Promyse hath she none,
Yf we shalbe wone,
Wythowt mo wurdes grawnt.

HONEST RECREACION.

What, upon this soodayne,
Then myghte ye playne
Byd me avawnt !
Nay, let me see,
In honesté
What ye can dco
To wyn Recreation ;
Upon that probacion,
I grawnt therto.

WYT.

Small be my dooinges,
But apt to all thynges
I am I trust.

HONEST RECREACION.

Can ye dawnce than ?

WYT.

Evyn as I can,
Prove me ye must.

HONESTE RECREACYON.

Then for a whyle
Ye must excyle.
This garment cum bryng.

WYT.

In deede, as ye say,
This cumbrus aray
Woold make Wyt slumbryng.

HONEST RECREACION.

Yt is gay geere
Of Science cleere ;
Yt seemth her aray.

WYT.

Whose ever it were,
Yt lythe now there.

HONEST RECREACION.

Go to, my men, play.

*Here they dawnce, and in the mene whyle IDELLNES
cumth in and sytth downe, and when the galyard is doone,
WYT sayth as folowyth, and so falyth downe in IDELLNES
lap.*

WYT.

Sweete hart, gramercys !

HONEST RECREACION.

Why, whether now have ye doone synce ?

WYT.

Ye, in fayth, with wery bones ye have possest me.
Among thes damselles now wyll I rest me.

HONEST RECREACION.

What, there ?

WYT.

Ye, here, I wylbe so bold.

IDLENES.

Ye, and wellcum by hym that God sold !

HONEST RECREACION.

Yt ys an harlot, may ye not see ?

IDLENES.

As honest a woman as ye be !

HONEST RECREACION.

Her name is Idlenes. Wyt, what mene you ?

IDLENES.

Nay, what meane you to scolde thus, you quene, you ?

WYT.

Ther, go to ! Lo ! now, for the best game !
Whille I take my ese, youre toonges now frame.

HONEST RECREACION.

Ye, Wyt, by youre fayth, is that youre facion ?
Wyll ye leave me, Honest Recreacion,
For that common strumpet, Idellnes,
The verye roote of all vyciousnes ?

WYT.

She sayth she is as honest as ye ;
Declare yourselves both now as ye be.

HONEST RECREACION.

What wolde ye more for my declaracion,
 Then evyn my name, Honest Recreation?
 And what wold ye more her to expres
 Then evyn her name to Idlenes,
 Dystruccion of all that wyth her tarye?
 Wherefore, cum away, Wyt; she wyll mar ye!

IDELNES.

Wyll I mar him, drabb? Thow, calat, thow!
 When thou hast mard hym all redye now!
 Cawlyst thou thysealfe Honest Recreation,
 Ordryng a poore man after thys facion,
 To lame hym thus, and make his lymmes fayle,
 Evyn wyth the swyngyng there of thy tayle?
 The dyvyll set fyre one the, for now must I,
 Idlenes, hele hym agayne I spye.
 I must now lull hym, rock hym, and frame hym
 To hys lust agayne, where thou dydst lame hym.
 Am I the roote, sayst thou, of vyciousnes?
 Nay, thou art roote of all vyce dowteles!
 Thou art occacion, lo! of more evyll
 Then I, poore gerle, nay, more then the dyvyll!
 The dyvyll and hys dam can not devyse
 More devlyshnes then by the doth ryse
 Under the name of Honest Recreation.
 She, lo! bryngth in her abhominacion!
 Mark her dawnsyng, her maskyng, and mummyng,
 Where more concupyscence then ther cummyng?
 Her cardyng, her dycyng, dayly and nyghtlye,
 Where fynd ye more falcehod then there? not lyghtly,
 Wyth lyeng and sweryng by no poppetes,
 But teryng God in a thowsand gobbetes.

As for her syngyng, pypyng, and fydlyng,
 What unthryftynges therin is twydylyng?
 Serche the tavernes, and ye shall here cleere
 Such bawdry as bestes wold spue to heere.
 And yet thys is kald Honest Recreacion,
 And I, poore Idlenes, abhomynacion.
 But whych is wurst of us twayne, now judg, Wyt.

WYT.

Byrladye, not thow, wench, I judge yet.

HONEST RECREACION.

No? ys youre judgment such then that ye
 Can neyther perseve that best, how she
 Goth abowte to dyceve you, nor yet
 Remembre how I savyd youre lyfe, Wyt?
 Thynke you her meete wyth mee to compare,
 By whome so manye wytes curyd are?
 When wyll she doo such an act as I dyd,
 Savynge your lyfe when I you revyved?
 And as I savyd you, so save I all
 That in lyke jeoperdy chance to fall.
 When Tediousnes to grownd hath smytten them,
 Honest Recreacion up doth quyken them,
 Wyth such honest pastymes, sportes, or games,
 As unto myne honest nature frames,
 And not, as she sayth, wyth pastymes suche
 As be abusyd lytell or muche;
 For where honest pastymes be abusyd,
 Honest Recreacion is refused.
 Honest Recreacion is present never
 But where honest pastymes be well usyd ever.
 But in deede Idlenes, she is cawse
 Of all such abuses. She, lo! drawes

Her sort to abuse myne honest games,
 And therby full falsly my name defames.
 Under the name of Honest Recreation
 She bryngth in all her abhomynacion,
 Dystroyng all wytes that her imbrace,
 As youre selfe shall see wythin short space;
 She wyll bryng you to shamefull end, Wyt,
 Except the sooner from her ye flyt.
 Wherefore, cum away, Wyt, out of her pawse:
 Hence, drabb ! let hym go out of thy clawse !

IDLENES.

Wyll ye get ye hence, or by the Mace
 Thes clawes shall clawe you by youre drabbes face.

HONEST RECREACION.

Yt shall not neade, syns Wyt lyethe as wone
 That neyther heerth nor seeth. I am gone !
Exceat.

IDLENES.

Ye, so fare well, and well fare thow toonge !
 Of a short pele this pele was well roong,
 To ryng her hence, and hym fast asleepe,
 As full of sloth as the knave can kreepe.
 How, Wyt, awake ! how doth my babye ?
Neque vox neque sensus — byr ladye !
 A meete man for Idlenes no dowte,
 Hark, my pygg, how the knave dooth rowte !
 Well, whyle he sleepth in Idlenes lappe,
 Idlenes marke on hym shall I clappe.
 Sum say that Idlenes can not warke,
 But those that so say now let them marke.
 I trowe they shall see that Idlenes
 Can set hersealfe abowt sum busynes,

Or, at the lest, ye shall see her tryde,
 Nother idle nor well occupyde.
 Lo ! syr, yet ye lak another toye ;
 Wher is my whystell to call my boye ?

Here she whystleth, and IGNORANCE *cumth in.*

I cum ! I cum !

IDLENES.

Coomme on, ye foole !
 All thys day or ye can cum to scoole.

IGNORANCE.

Um ! mother wyll not let me cum.

IDLENES.

I woold thy mother had kyst thy bum !
 She wyll never let the thryve, I trow.
 Cum on, goose ; now, lo ! men shall know
 That Idlenes can do sumwhat, ye,
 And play the scoolemystres to, yf neade bee.
 Mark what doctryne by Idlenes cummes.
 Say thy lesson, foole.

IGNORANCE.

Upon my thummes ?

IDELNES.

Ye, upon thy thummes ; ys not there thy name ?

IGNORANCE.

Yeas.

IDELNES.

Go to, than spell me that same.

Wher was thou borne ?

INGNORANCE.

Chwas i-bore in Ingland, mother sed.

IDLENES.

In Ingland ?

INGNORANCE.

Yea.

IDLENES.

And what's half Ingland ?

Heeres ing and heeres land, whats tys ?

INGNORANCE.

Whats tys ?

IDELLNES.

Whats tys ? horeson, whats tys ?

Heeres ing and heeres land, whats tys ?

INGNORANCE.

Tys my thum !

IDELLNES.

Thy thum ? yng, horeson, ing, ing !

INGNORANCE.

Yng, yng, yng, yng.

IDELLNES.

Foorth shal I bete thy narse, now.

INGNORANCE.

Um, m, m,—

IDELLNES.

Shall I not bete thy narse now ?

INGNORANCE.

Um-um-um !

IDELLNES.

Say no, foole, say no.

INGNORANCE.

Noo, noo, noo, noo, noo !

IDELLNES.

Go to, put together yng.

INGNORANCE.

Yng.

IDELLNES.

No !

INGNORANCE.

Noo.

IDELLNES.

Forth now ! what sayth the dog ?

INGNORANS.

Dog barke.

IDLENES.

Dog barke ? dog ran, horeson, dog ran ?

INGNORANCE.

Dog ran, horson, dog ran, dog ran !

IDELLNES.

Put together ing.

INGNORANCE.

Yng.

IDELLNES.

No.

INGNORANCE.

Noo.

IDELLNES.

Ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran.

IDLENES.

Foorth now, what seyth the goose?

INGNORANCE.

Lag, lag.

IDLENES.

Hys, horson, hys !

INGORANCE.

Hys, hys, s-s-s-s.

IDLENES.

Go to, put together yng.

INGNORANCE.

Ing.

IDLENES.

No.

INGNORANCE.

Noo.

IDLENES.

Ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran.

IDLENES.

Hys.

INGORANCE.

Hys, s-s-s-s-s-s.

IDLENES.

No, who is a good boy?

INGNORANCE.

I, I, I, I, I, I.

IDLENES.

Go to, put together ing.

INGNORANCE.

Ing.

IDLENES.

No.

INGNORANS.

Noo.

IDELLNES.

Ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran.

IDELLNES.

His.

INGNORANCE.

Hys—s, s, s, s, s.

IDELLNES.

I.

INGNORANCE.

I.

IDELLNES.

Ing, no, ran, his, I.

INGNORANCE.

Ing, no, ran, hys—s-s-s.

IDLENES.

I.

INGNORANCE.

I.

IDELLNES.

Ing.

INGNORANCE.

Ing.

IDELLNES.

Foorth.

INGNORANCE.

Hys-s-s-s.

IDELNES.

Ye, no, horeson, no !

INGNORANCE.

Noo, noo, noo, noo.

IDLENES.

Ing, no.

INGNORANCE.

Ing, noo.

IDELLNES.

Forth now.

INGNORANCE.

Hys, s-s-s-s.

IDELLNES.

Yet agayne ; ran, horeson, ran, ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran, horson, ran, ran.

IDELLNES.

Ran say.

INGNORANCE.

Ran say.

IDLENES.

Ran, horson.

INGNORANCE.

Ran, horeson.

IDELLNES.

Ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran.

IDELLNES.

Ing, no, ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ing, no, ran.

IDELLNES.

Foorth, now, what sayd the goose?

INGNORANCE.

Dog barke.

IDLENES.

Dog barke? Hys, horson, hys—s-s-s-s-s.

INGNORANCE.

Hys—s-s-s-s-s-s.

IDLENES.

I.

INGNORANCE.

Ing, -no, -ran, -hys, I.

Ing,-no-ran,-lys, I-s-s-s.¹

IDELLNES.

I.

INGNORANCE.

I.

IDELLNES.

How sayst, now, foole, is not there thy name?

INGNORANS.

Yea.

IDELLNES.

Well than, can me that same.

What hast thou lerned?

IGNORANCE.

Ich can not tell.

IDELLNES.

Ich can not tell, thou sayst evyn very well.

For yf thou cowldest tell, then had not I well

Towght the thy lesson, whych must be tawghte

To tell all, when thou canst tell ryghte noght.

INGNORANCE.

Ich can my lesson.

IDELLNES.

Ye, and therfore

Shalt have a new cote, by God I swore!

¹ This speech should possibly be given to Idleness, but the MS. is apparently carelessly written in this place.

INGNORANCE.

A new cote?

IDELLNES.

Ye, a new cote by and by ;
Of wyth thys old cote, " a new cote " crye.

INGNORANCE.

A new cote, a new cote, a new cote.

IDELLNES.

Pease, horson foole, wylt thou wake hym now ?
Unbuttun thy cote, foole ; canst thou do nothyng ?

INGNORANCE.

I note how choold be.

IDELLNES.

I note how choold be ? a, foole, betyde the !
So wysly hyt spekyth ; cum on now, whan.
Put bak thyne arme, foole.

INGNORANCE.

Put backe ?

IDELLNES.

So, lo, now let me see how thys geere
Wyll trym this jentle man that lyeth heere ?
Ah ! God save hyt, so sweetly hyt doth sleepe !
Whyle on your back thys gay cote can creepe,
As feete as can be for this one arme.

INGNORANCE.

Oh ! cham a-cold.

IDELLNES.

Hold foole, keepe the warme,
And cum hyther; hold this hed here; softe now, for wakyng,
Ye shall see wone here browght in such takynge,
That he shall soone scantlye knowe hymsealfe.
Heere is a cote as fyt for this elfe
As it had bene made evyn for this bodye;
So yt begynth to looke lyke a noddye!

INGNORANCE.

Um-m-m-m—

IDELLNES.

What aylest now, foole?

INGNORANCE.

New cote is gone.

IDLENES.

And why is it gone?

INGNORANCE.

Twool not byde on.

IDELLNES.

Twool not byde on? twoold if it cowlde,
But marvell it were that byde it shoold:
Sciens garment on Ingnorance bak!
But now lets se, syr, what do ye lak.
Nothyng but evin to bukell heere this throte,
So well this Wyt becumthe a fooles cote!

INGNORANCE.

He is I now.

IDELLNES.

Ye, how lykste him now ?
Is he not a foole as well as thow ?

INGNORANCE.

Yea.

IDELLNES.

Well, than, won foole keepe another ;
Geve me this, and take thow that brother.

INGNORANCE.

Um-m—

IDLENES.

Pyke the home, go !

INGNORANCE.

Chyll go tell my moother.

IDELLNES.

Yea, doo !
But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo !
Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo ! and heer lo !
And heere agayne ; and now this heele
To bles his weake brayne ; now, are ye weele
By vertu of Idellnes blessing toole,
Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole !

CONFYDENCE *cumth in with a swoord by his syde, and
sayth as folowyth.*

I seake and seake, as won on no grownde
Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde,

Wandryng all abowt, seakyng his master.
 Alas ! jentle Wyt, I feare the fasster
 Thy my tru servyce clevth unto thee,
 The slacker thy mynd cleevth unto mee.
 I have doone thye message in such sorte,
 That I not onlye, for thy comfort,
 To vanquishe thyne enmy have browght heere
 A swoord of comfort from thy love deere,
 But also further, I have so enclynd her,
 That upon my wurdes she hath assynd her
 In her owne parson half way to meete thee,
 And hytherward she came for to greeete thee ;
 And sure, except she be turned agayne,
 Hyther wyll she cum, or be long playne
 To seake to meate the heere in this cost ;
 But now, alas ! thy selfe thow hast lost,
 Or at the least thow wylt not be fownd :
 Alas ! jentle Wyt, how doost thow woonde
 Thy trusty and tru servant, Confydence,
 To lease my credence to ladye Science ?
 Thow lesyst me to, for yf I can not
 Fynd the shortly, lenger lyve I ma not,
 But shortly get me evyn into a corner,
 And dye for sorowe throwhe such a scorner !

Exceat.

Here the cum in with vyols.

FAME.

Cum, syrs, let us not dysdayne to do
 That the world hath apoynted us too.

FAVOR.

Syns to serve Science the world hath sent us,
 As the world wylth us, let us content us.

RYCHES.

Content us we may, synce we be assynde
To the fayrest lady that lyvth in my mynde.

WOORSHYP.

Then let us not stay here muet and mum,
But tast we thes instrumentes tyll she cum.

Here the syng Excedyng Measure.¹

EXPERYENCE.

Dowghter, what meanyth that ye dyd not syng?

SCIENCE.

Oh, mother, for heere remaynth a thyng.
Freendes, we thanke you for thes your plesures
Takyn on us, as chance to us measures.

WOORSHYPPE.

Ladye, thes our plesures and parsons too
Ar sente to you, you servyce to doo.

FAME.

Ladye Science, to set foorth your name,
The world to wayte on you hath sent me Fame.

FAVOR.

Ladye Science, for your vertues most plentye,
The world to cherysh you Favor hath sent ye.

RYCHES.

Lady Science, for youre benefytes knowne,
The world to mayntayne you Ryches hath thrown !

¹ This song is given in the latter portion of the manuscript, and will be found in the following pages.

WOORSHYP.

And as the world hath sent you thes three,
So he sendth mee, Woorshypp, to avawnce your degré.

SCIENCE.

I thank the world, but cheefly God be prayسد,
That in the world such love to Science hath rayسد !
But yet to tell you playne, ye iiij. ar suche
As Science lookth for, lytell nor muche ;
For beyng as I am, a lone wooman,
Neede of your servyce I nether have nor can ;
But thankyng the world and you for your payn,
I send ye to the world evyn now agayne.

WOORSHYPPE.

Why, ladye, set ye no more store by mee ?
Woorshypp, ye set nowght by yourselfe I se.

FAME.

She setth nowght by Fame, wherby I spye her,
She carethe not what the world sayth by her.

FAVOR.

She setthe nowght by Favor, wherby I trye her,
She caryth not what the world sayth or dooth by her.

RYCHES.

She setth nowght by Ryches, whych dooth showe
She careth not for the world ; cum, let us goe !

SCIENCE.

In deede smalle cawse gevyn to care for the worldes favering,
Seeyng the wyttes of worlde be so waveryng.

EXPERYENCE.

What is the matter, dowghter, that ye
Be so sad? open your mynd to mee.

SCIENCE.

My marvell is no les, my good moother,
Then my greefe is greate to see, of all other,
The prowde scorne of Wyt, soone to dame Nature,
Who sent me a pycture of hys stature,
Wyth all the shape of hymselfe there openyng,
Hys amorous love therby betokenyng,
Borne toward me in abundant facion ;
And also furder to make ryght relacion
Of this hys love, he put in commyshion
Such a messenger as no suspicion
Cowld growe in mee of hym, Confydence.

EXPERIENCE.

Um !

SYENCE.

Who, I ensure ye, wyth such vehemence
And faythfull behavoure in hys movynge,
Set foorth the pyth of hys masters lovyng,
That no lyvyng creature cowld conjecte
But that pure love dyd that Wyt dyrect.

EXPERIENCE.

So.

SCIENCE.

Now this beinge synce the space
Of three tymes sendyng from place to place
Betwene Wyt and hys man, I here no more
Nether of Wyt, nor his love so sore.

How thynk you by thys, my nowne deere mother ?

EXPERIENCE.

Dowghter, in this I can thynke none oother,
 But that it is true thys proverbe old,
 Hastye love is soone hot and soone cold !
 Take hede, dowghter, how you put youre trust
 To lyght lovers, to hot at the furst ;
 For had this love of Wyt bene growndyd,
 And on a sure fowndashyon fowndyd,
 Lytell voyde tyme wold have bene betwene ye,
 But that this Wyt wolde have sent or seene ye.

SCIENCE.

I thynke so.

EXPERIENCE.

Ye, thynke ye so or no,
 Youre mother Experience prooffe shall showe
 That Wyt hath set hys love, I dare say,
 And make ye warrantyse another way.

WYT *cumth before.*

But your warrantyse warrant no trothe !
 Fayre ladye, I praye you be not wrothe,
 Tyll you here more, for deere ladye Science
 Had your lover Wyt, ye, or Confydence,
 Hys man, bene in helth all this tyme spent,
 Long or this tyme Wyt had cumme or sent ;
 But the trothe is they have bene both sykke,
 Wyt and hys man, ye, and wyth paynes thycke
 Bothe stayde by the way, so that your lover
 Could neyther cum nor send by none other ;
 Wherefore blame not hym, but chance of syknes.

SCIENCE.

Who is this ?

EXPERIENCE.

Ignorance, or his lykenes.

SCIENCE.

What, the common foole ?

EXPERIENCE.

Yt is much lyke him.

SCIENCE.

By my soothe, his toong servth him now trym !
What sayst thou, Ignorance ? speak agayn.

WYT.

Nay, ladye, I am not Ignorance playne,
But I am your owne deere lover, Wytt,
That hath long lov'd you, and lovth you yet ;
Wherefore I pray the now, my nowne swetyng,
Let me have a kys at this our meetyng.

SCIENCE.

Ye, so ye shall anone, but not yet.
Ah, syr, this foole here hath got sum wyt !
Fall you to kyssyng, syr, now a dayes ?
Your mother shall charme you, go your wayes !

WYT.

What nedth all this, my love of long growne ?
Wyll ye be so strang to me, your owne ?
Youre aquayntance to me was thowht esye,
But now your woordes make my harte all quesye,

Youre dartes at me so strangely be shott!

SCIENCE.

Heere ye what termes this foole here hath got?

WYT.

Well, I perseve my foolyshnes now.

Indeede, ladyes, no dasterdes alowe!

I wylbe bolde wyth my nowne darlyng!

Cum now, a bas, my nowne proper sparlyng!

SCIENCE.

What wylt thou, arrand foole?

WYT.

Nay, by the mas,

I wyll have a bas or I hence pas!

SCIENCE.

What wylt thou, arrande foole? hence, foole, I say!

WYT.

What, nothyng but foole, and foole all this day!

By the mas, madam, ye can no good!

SCIENCE.

Art a sweryng to? Now by my hood,

Youre foolyshe knaves breeche vj. strypes shall bere!

WYT.

Ye, Godes bones! foole and knave to be! ye there

By the mas call me foole once agayne,

And thou shalt sure call a blo or twayne!¹

¹ The commencement of the last speech by Science is by mistake written in the MS, but erased.

EXPERIENCE.

Cum away, dowghter, the foole is mad !

WYT.

Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall gad !
We wyll gre better, or ye pas hence.
I praye the now, good swete ladye Science,
All this strange maner now hyde and cover,
And play the goodfelowe wyth thy lover !

SCIENCE.

What goodfelowshyppe wold ye of me,
Whome ye knowe not, nether yet I knowe ye ?

WYT.

Know ye not me ?

SCIENCE.

No, how shoold I know ye ?

WYT.

Dooth not my pycture my parson shoow ye ?

SCIENCE.

Your pycture.

WYT.

Ye, my picture, ladye,
That ye spake of ; who sent it but I ?

SCIENCE.

Yf that be youre pycture, then shall we
Soone se how you and your pycture agree.
Lo ! here the pycture that I named is this !

WYT.

Ye, mary, myne owne lykenes this is ;
You havynge this ladye, and so lothe
To knowe me, whych this so playne showthe.

SCIENCE.

Why, you are nothyng lyke in myne eie !

WYT.

No ! how say ye ?

EXPERIENCE.

As she sayth, so say I !

WYT.

By the mas, than are ye both starke blynde !
What dyference betwene this and this can ye fynd ?

EXPERIENCE.

Marye, this is fayer, plesant, and goodlye,
And ye are fowle, dysplesant, and uglye !

WYT.

Mary, avawnt ! thow fowle ugly whoore !

SCIENCE.

So ; lo ! now, I perseve ye more and more.

WYT.

What perseve you me, as ye wold make me
A naturall foole ?

SCIENCE.

Nay, ye mystake me !

I take ye for no foole naturall,
But I take ye thus,—shall I tell all?

WYT.

Ye, marye, tell me youre mynd, I pray ye,
Wherto I shall trust; no more delay ye.

SCIENCE.

I take ye for no naturall foole,
Browght up among the innocentes scoole,
But for a nawgty vycious foole
Browght up wyth Idellnes in her scoole!
Of all arrogant fooles thow art one!

WYT.

Ye, Goges bodye!

EXPERIENCE.

Cum, let us be gone!

WYT.

My swerd, is yt gone? a vengeance on them!
Be they gone to, and ther hedes upon them!
But, prowde quenes, the dyvyll go wyth you both!
Not one poynt of curtesye in them gothe!
A man is well at ease by sute to payne him,
For such a drab, that so doth dysdayne hym;
So mokte, so lowted, so made a sot!
Never was I erst synce I was begot!
Am I so fowle as those drabes wold make me?
Where is my glas that Reson dyd take me?
Now shall this glas of Reson soone trye me,
As fayre as those drabes that so doth belye me!
Hah! Goges sowle! what have we here, a dyvyll?
This glas I se well hath bene kept evyll!

Goges sowle ! a foole, a foole by the mas !
What, a very vengeance aylth this glas,
Other this glas is shamefully spotted,
Or els am I to shamefully blotted !
Nay, by goges arnes, I am so no dowte !
How loke ther facis heere rownd abowte ?
All fayre and cleere they evrychone,
And I, by the mas, a foole alone,
Deckt, by Goges bones, lyke a very asse !
Ingnorance cote, hoode, eares, ye by the masse !
Kokescome and all, I lak but a bable !
And as for this face, is abhominable,
As black as the devyll ! God, for his passion !
Where have I bene rayde affter this fassyon ?
This same is Idlenes, a shame take her !
This same is her wurke, the devill in hell rake her !
The whoore hath shand me for ever, I trow ;
I trow ? nay, verely I knowe.
Now it is so the stark foole I playe,
Before all people now se it I maye ;
Evrye man I se lawhe me to scorne !
Alas, alas, that ever I was borne !
Yt was not for nowght, now well I se,
That those too ladyes dysdayned me !
Alas, ladye Science, of all oother,
How have I rayled on her and her moother !
Alas ! that lady I have now lost,
Whome all the world lovth and honoryth most !
Alas ! from Reson had I not varyd,
Ladye Science or this I had maryd,
And those fower gyftes which the world gave her
I had woon to, had I kept her favor :
Where now, in stede of that lady bryght,
Wyth all those gallantes seene in my syght,

Favor, Ryches, ye, Worshyp, and Fame,
I have woone hatred, beggry, and open shame.

SHAME *cumth in wyth a whyppe.*

WYT.

Out upon the, Shame ! what doost thowe heere ?

RESON.

Mary, I, Reason, bad hym heere appeere.
Upon him, Shame, wyth stryppes inow smitten,
While I reherce his fawtes herein wrytten ;
Fyrst, he hath broken his promyse formerly
Made to me, Reson, my dowghter to marye ;
Nexte, he hath broken his promyse promisyd,
To obay Instruccion, and him dyspised ;
Thurdlye, my dowghter Science to reprove,
Upon Idlenes he hath set his love ;
Forthlye, he hath folowed Idellnes scoole,
Tyll she hath made him a verye stark foole ;
Lastlye, offendyng both God and man,
Sweryng grete othes as any man can,
He hath abused himselfe, to the greteshame
Of all his kynred, and los of his good name !
Wherfore spare him not, Shame, bete him well there !
He hath deservyd more then he can beare !

WYT *knelith downe.*

Oh ! father Reson, be good unto me !
Alas ! thes strypes of Shame will¹ undo mee !

RESON.

Be still a while, Shame ! Wyt, what sayst thou ?

¹ The word *wold* was originally written, but *will* was afterwards substituted for it.

WYT.

Oh, syr, forgeve me, I beseech you.

RESON.

Yf I forgeve the thy ponyshment,
Wylt thou than folow thy fyrst entent,
And promyse made, my dowghter to marye?

WYT.

Oh! syr, I am not woorthy to carye
The dust out where your dowghter shoold syt.

RESON.

I wot well that; but yf I admyt
The, unwoorthy, agayne to her wooer,
Wylt thou then folow thy sewte unto her?

WYT.

Ye, syr, I promyse you, while lyfe enduryth.

RESON.

Cum neere, masters, heere is wone ensuryth

Here cumth INSTRUCCION, STUDYE, and DILIGENS *in.*

In woordes to becum an honest man!
Take him, Instruccion, do what ye can.

INSTRUCION.

What, to the purpose he went before?

RESON.

Ye, to my dowghter prove him once more;
Take him and trym hym in new aparell,
And geve that to Shame there to his farewell.

INSTRUCCION.

Cum on your way, Wyt, be of good cheere!
 After stormy clowdes cumth wether clere.

INSTRUCION, STUDY, WYT, *and* DYLGIGENS *go out*.

RESON.

Who lyst to marke now this chance heere doon,
 May se what Wyt is wythout Reson;
 What was this Wyt better then an asse,
 Being from Reson strayde as he was?
 But let pas now, synce he is well poonyshyd,
 And therby I trust meetely well monyshyd;
 Ye, and I lyke him never the wurs, I,
 Thowgh Shame hath handled hym shamefullye;
 For lyke as yf Wyt had prowldy bent hym
 To resyst Shame, to make Shame absent hym,
 I wold have thowght than that Wyt had bene,
 As the sayeng is and daylye seene,
 Past shame once, and past all amendment:
 So contraye, syns he dyd relent
 To Shame, when Shame ponysht him evyn yll,
 I have, I say, good hope in him styll;
 I thynke as I thowght, yf joyne thei can,
 My dowghter wel bestowd on this man;
 But all the dowte now is to thynke how
 My dowghter takth this, for I may tell yow,
 I thynk she knew this Wyt evyn as weele
 As she seemd heere to know him no deele;
 For lak of knoledge in Science there is none,
 Wherefore she knew him, and therupon
 His mysbehavior perchance evyn strykyng
 Her hart agaynst him, she now myslykyng,
 As women oft tymes wylbe hard hartyd,
 Wylbe the stranger to be revertyd;

This must I helpe ; Reson must now walke
 On Wytes part wyth my Science to talke ;
 A neere way to her know I, wherebye
 My soonnes cummyng prevent now must I :
 Perchance I may bryng my dowghter hyther ;
 Yf so, I dowght not to joyne them together.

Exceat RESON.

CONFYDENCE *cumth in.*

I thanke God yet at last I have fownd hym,
 I was afrayde sum myschance had drownd him :
 My master Wyt, wyth whome I have spoken,
 Ye, and deliverd token for token,
 And have anoother to Science agayne
 A hart of gold, syngnifyeng playne
 That Science hath wun Wytes hart for ever,
 Whereby I trust, by my good endever,
 To that good ladye, so sweete and so sortly,
 A maryage betwene them ye shall see shortlye.

CONFYDENS *exceat.*

INSTRUCCION *cumth in wyth* WYT, STUDY, and
 DYLYGENCE.

Lo ! syr, now ye be entryd agayne
 Toward that passage, where dooth remayne
 Tedyousnes, your mortall enmy ;
 Now may ye choose whether ye wyll trye
 Your handes agayne on that tyrant stowte,
 Or els walkyng a lytell abowte.

WYT.

Nay, for Godes pashion, syr, let me meete him !
 Ye se I am able now for to greete him !
 This sword of cumfort, sent fro my love,
 Upon her enmy needes must I proove !

INSTRUCCION.

Then foorth there, and turne on your ryght hand
 Up that mownt, before ye shall see stand ;
 But heere ye, yf your enmye chance to ryse,
 Folowe my cowncell in anye wyse ;
 Let Studye and Dyligence flee ther towche,
 The stroke of Tediousnes, and then cowche
 Themselves, as I told ye ; ye wot how !

WYT.

Ye, syr, for that how marke the prooffe now ?

INSTRUCCION.

To mark it indeede, heere wyll I abyde
 To see what chance of them wyll betyde,
 For heere cumth the pyth, lo ! of this iornaye ;
 That mowntayne before which they must assaye
 Is cald in Laten *Mons Pernassus*,
 Which mowntayne, as old auctors dyscus,
 Who attaynth ones to sleepe on that mownt,
 Ladye Science his owne he may cownt ;
 But or he cum there, ye shall see fowght
 A fyght with no les polycye wrowght
 Then strength, I trow if that may be prayسد.

TEDIOUSNES.

Oh ! ho ! ho !

INSTRUCCION.

Hark !

TEDIOUSNES.

Out, ye kaytyves !

INSTRUCION.

The feend is raysyd !

TEDIOUSNES.

Out, ye vilaynes ! be ye cum agayne ?
Have at ye, wretches !

WYT.

Fle, syrs, ye twayne !

TEDIOUSNES.

Thei fle not far hens.

DYLIGENS.

Turne agayne, Studye.

STUDYE.

Now, Dylygence.

INSTRUCCION.

Well sayde ! holde fast now !

STUDYE.

He fleeth !

DYLIGENCE.

Then folowe !

INSTRUCCION.

Wyth his owne weapon now wurke him sorow !
Wyt lyth at resepte !

TEDIOUSNES (*dyeth*).

Oh ! ho ! ho !

INSTRUCION.

Hark ! he dyeth !

Where strength lackth, policye ssupplieth.

*Heere WYT cumth in and bryngth in the hed upon his
swoorde, and sayth as folowyth,*

WYT.

I can ye thanke, syrs ! this was well doone !

STUDYE.

Nay, yours is the deede !

DYLIGENCE.

To you is the thank !

ISTRUCCION.

I can ye thank all ; this was well doone !

WYT.

How say ye, man ? is this feelde well woonne ?

CONFYDENCE cumth running in.

Ye, by my fayth, so sayth your deere hart.

WYT.

Why, where is she that here now thow art ?

CONFIDENS.

Upon yonder mowntayne on hye

She saw ye strike that hed from the bodye,

Wherby ye have woonne her, bodye and all ;

In token whereof reseve heere ye shall

A gowne of knoledge, wherin you must
Reseve her here strayght.

WYT.

But sayst thow just?

[CONFYDENCE.]

So just I say, that except ye hye ye,
Or ye be redye she wylbe by ye.

WYT.

Holde! present unto her this hed heere,
And gyve me warning when she cumth nere;
Instruccion, wyll ye helpe to devyse
To trim this geere now in the best wyse?

INSTRUCCION.

Geve me that gowne, and cum wyth me all.

DYLIGENCE.

Oh! how this gere to the purpose dooth fall!

CONFIDENS *cumth running in.*

How, master, master, where be ye now?

WYT.

Here, Confydencc; what tydynges bryngst thow?

CONFYDENS.

My ladye at hand heere dooth abyde ye?
Byd her wellcum! what, do ye hide ye?

*Here WYT, INSTRUCCION, STUDYE, and DILIGENCE,
syng Wellcum my nowne,¹ and SYENCE, EXPERIENCE,*

¹ See this song in the after portion of the volume.

RESON, *and* CONFIDENCE *cum in* at *L*, *and answer eвре second verse; and when the song is doone, RESON sendyth INSTRUCCION, STUDYE, and DYLIGENCE, and CONFIDENS out, and then, standyng in the myddell of the place, WYT sayth as folowyth.*

WYT.

Wellcum, myne owne, wyth all my hole harte,
Whych shalbe your owne, till deth us depart !
I trust, ladye, this knot evyn syns knyht.

SCIENCE.

I trust the same, for syns ye have smitt
Downe my grete enmye, Tedyousnes,
Ye have woon me for ever dowghtles,
Althowgh ye have woon a clogg wyth all !

WYT.

A clogg, sweete hart, what ?

SCIENCE.

Such as doth fall
To all men that joyne themselves in mariage,
In kepyng ther wyves ; a carefull cariage !

WYT.

Careful ? nay, ladye, that care shall imploye
No clogg, but a key of my most joye !
To kepe you, swete hart, as shall be fyt,
Shalbe no care, but most joy to Wyt !

SCIENCE.

Well, yet I say, mark well what I saye,
My presence bryngth you a clogg, no naye !
Not in the kepynge of me onelye,
But in the use of Science cheeflye ;

For I, Science, am in this degree,
 As all or most part of woomen bee ;
 Yf ye use me well in a good sorte,
 Then shall I be youre joy and comfort,
 But yf ye use me not well, then dowl me,
 For sure ye were better then wythout me !

WYT.

Why, ladye, thinke you me such a wyt,
 As being avansyd by you, and yet
 Wold mysuse ye? nay, yf ye dowl that,
 Heere is wone lovth thee more then sumwhat:
 Yf Wyt mysuse ye at any season,
 Correct me then, your owne father Reson.

RESON.

Ho ! dowghter, can ye desyre any more?
 What neede thes dowtes? avoyde them therfore !

EXPERIENCE.

Byrlakyn ! syr, but under your favor,
 This dowgt our dowghter doth well to gather ;
 For a good warnyng now at begynnyng,
 What Wyt in the end shall looke for in wyning,
 Whych shalbe this, syr ; yf Science here,
 Whych is Godes gyft, be usyd meere
 Unto Godes honor and profyt both
 Of you and your neybowre, whych goth
 In her of kynd to do good to all :
 This seene, to Experience I shall
 Set you forth, Wyt, by her to imploye
 Doble encrece to your doble joye ;
 But yf you use her contrarywyse
 To her good nature, and so devyse

To evyll effectes to wrest and to wry her,
 Ye, and cast her of and set nowght by her,
 Be sure I, Experience, shall than
 Declare you so before God and man,
 That thys talent from you shalbe taken,
 And you ponyshyt for your gayne forsaken.

WYT.

Once warne half armd, folk say namely whan
 Experience shall warne a man than
 Tyme to take heede, mother Experience,
 Towchyng youre dowghter, my deere hart Siens,
 As I am sertayne that to abuse her,
 I brede myne owne sorow; and well to use her
 I encrece my joy, and so to make yt,
 Godes grace is redye, yf I wyll take yt:
 Then but ye cownt me no wyt at all,
 Let never thes dowtes into your hed fall;
 But as yourselfe, Experience, cleryng
 All dowtes at lenght, so tyll tyme aperyng,
 Trust ye wyth me in God, and swete hart,
 Whyle your father Reson takth wyth parte,
 To reseve Godes grace as God shall send it,
 Dowte ye not our joy, tyll lyves end yt.

SCIENCE.

Well, than, for the end of all dowtes past,
 And to that end whiche ye spake of last,
 Among our weddyng matters heere rendryng,
 Thend of our lyves wold be in remembryng;
 Which remembrance, Wyt shall sure defend ye
 From the mysuse of Science, and send you
 The gayne my mother to mynd did call,
 Joy wythout end, that wysh I to all.

RESON.

Well sayd ! and as ye, dowghter, wyshe it
That joy to all folke in generall,
So wysh I, Reson, the same ; but yet
Fyrst in this lyfe wysh I here to fall
To our most noble Kyng and Quene in especiall,
To ther honorable cowncell, and then to all the rest,
Such joy as long may rejoyse them all best !

All say Amen !

*Heere cumth in foure wyth violes and syng, Remembre
me, and at the last quere all make cursye, and so goe forth
syngyng.*

*Thus endyth the play of Wyt and Science, made by
master Jhon Redford.*

FINIS.

* * * * *

D. Marye, Tom, such poyntes God send him mani !

T. Well, go to, mok on ! your mokes bere can I,
Tyll we shall once be evin I trust !

G. Nay, Tom, all Malles lay in the dust,
And syns we have droonke all of one cup,
Shake handes lyke freendes ! all quarelles geve up !

D. Ye, by my sowle, and syns the payne is past,
Let us be merye, and care away cast.

I. What els, Tom, syns we have leve to play ?
Let us be merye all thys long daye !

Fynis, quod master Jhon Redford.

*Here the syng Hey nony nonye, and so go furth
syngyng.¹*

[A POEM ON THE GRACE OF GOD.]

Comfort at hand, pluck up the hart,
Thus sayde grace to my thowght,
Syns the redres of all thy smarte
So nye at hand is wrowghte ;
Pluck up thy hart !

Pluck up thy harte, whye dowlst thou so ?
Se who doth lose thy bandes,
And toward the hevyns, I loking tho,
In the eie of faythe ther standes
Coomfort at hand.

¹ This curious fragment occurs in the MS. without any explanation, and is cancelled with a pen. It is apparently a portion of another interlude.

Comfort at hand I say, sayth Grace ;
Marke, man, what tale I tell,
And thow shalte see cawse in this case
All care cleere to expell ;
Pluck up thy harte !

Pluck up thy harte, and gyve it Hym,
That gave hynisealfe for the,
In deite of whose diadym,
Looke up I say and see
Comfort at hande.

Comfort at hand thyne enmyse yealde,
Yf thow forsake thy syn ;
A new woon lyfe, a new woon feald,
This victorye to wyn.
Pluc up thy harte !

Pluck up thy harte, syns thow art sewre
Showrs are as shorte as sharpe ;
The worlds conflyctes can not endure,
On this sweete stryng now harpe,
Comfort at hand.

Comfort at hand, hark now what sowndes
The captayne generall
Evin wyth his bloody bleeding woondes
Dooth sle thine enmyes all !
Pluck up thy hart !

Pluck up thi hart, and this shorte lyfe
Lyvyng in lovyng fayth,
For endles rest at endles stryfe,
Looke where he sytthe that saythe
Comfort at hand !

Comfort at hand to the and me,
 Synce God gyvth by his grace ;
 Let us by grace in unitye
 This cumfort to imbrace !
 Pluck up our hartes.

Finis.

[SONG OF EVER OR NEVER.]

Of ever or never folke ever conjecter,
 That never is longer by wone lytle letter ;
 But ever or never, which ever be greter,
 Where never a good is theres never a better !

Ever in graffyng and never in growing,
 Ever in plowing and never in sowing,
 Ever in repyng and never in mowinge,
 Ever in trowing and never in knowinge.¹

Ever full gorgid, and never from tappynge,
 Ever at sylence and never from clappyng,
 Ever acold and never from wrappyng,
 Ever in hopyng and never in happyng.

Ever in travell and never at byrth,
 Ever in smylyng and never in myrth,
 Ever in swellyng and never slack gyrrh,
 Ever in purchace and never owght wurth.

Ever at hand and never at wyll,
 Ever styk fast and never stande styll,

¹ The MS. has *corus* marked after several of these verses, but apparently not properly arranged.

Ever cum toward and never cum tyll,
 Ever a clarke and never can skylle.

Syns ever and never shall never have end,
 Good is it ever never to offend;
 For ever shall never kepe fawtes in safe mend,
 But ever shall scowrg fawtes that never amend!

*Finis.*¹

[THE MAIDEN'S LAMENTATION.]

How shold I rock the cradle, serve the table, blow
 the fyre, and spyn, a?

But late in place
 A pretye lasse,
 That was both fayre and yonge e,
 Wyth wepyng eie,
 Right secretlye,
 Untyll hersealfe she soonge e.

This lytle foote,
 And ite toote,
 With notes both swete and cleere e.
 She syght full ofte,
 And soong alofte
 In forme as ye shall here e;
 How showle I.

Alas! she sayde,
 I was a mayde,
 As other maydens be e;

¹ Several leaves are here wanting in the MS.

And though I boste,
In all the coste
Ther was no more lyke me e.

My byrth ryght good,
Of jentle blood
I am undowghtydyly e :
They calde me wyse,
I bare the pryce
Of all then who but I e.
How shoolde.

I was belovde,
Of ech man provde,
And long I did denye e,
Tyll at the last
I have purchast
This babe that here dooth lye.

Alas ! the tyme
Of such a cryme
That I showle live to see e.
Now am I thrall
Unto them all,
That were thrall unto me e.
How showld I.

Clene out of syght
And all delyght,
Now heere in servitude e.
At the behest
Of most and least
That be, God wot, full rude e.

I may not swerve
 The boord to serve,
 To blow the fyre and spin e.
 My chyld to rock,
 And plese this flock,
 Where shall I first begin e.
 How showld I.

Preserve, god God,
 All maydynhode,
 That maydenlye entend e.
 Let my defame
 And endless shame
 Kepe them from shamefull end e.

Beware, good maydes,
 Of all such braydes,
 Before all other thing e ;
 Or all in vayne,
 As I complayne,
 Thus wepyng shall ye syng e.

Fynis.

[IN PRAISE OF VIRTUE.]

Yf vertu sprynge, wheras youth raynythe,
 There must all goodnes neades ensue,
 And contrarye, where vice remayneth,
 Myschance doth sorow oft renue.
 Then it is best
 For youthe alwayes vice to refrayne,
 And geve God prayse, for it is playne
 Servire Deo regnare est.

The that in youth no vertu wyll use,
 Nor to no vertue¹ themselves applye,
 In age all honor wyll them refuse ;
 Let youth therfore then call and crye,
 And never rest ;
 Who calth for grace to God above,
 In tyme and space shall fynde and prove
Servire Deo regnare est.

The that delyghtyth in syn and vice,
 Not feryng God, nor kepyng his lawes,
 Let them remember, yf they be wyce,
 That God from suche his grace wythdrawes,
 And them detest ;
 But such as dooth with hart and mynd
 Love hym for sooth, he shall well fynd
Servire Deo regnare est.

Fynis.

[THE SUFFICIENCY OF GRACE.]

Corus.

I desyre no number of manye thynges for store,
 But I desyre the grace of God, and I desyre no more !

My grace to the suffysyth, sayth God unto seynt Powle,
 Whiche grace, as God promiseth, suffysyth body and sowle.
 What neade I number crave, to have thynges evrychone,
 Yf al of neade to have be had, havyng this one.

I desyre no number.

¹ *Goodnes* is written over this word in the MS.

The grace of God well usyd, as Chryst offrythe the same,
 All thynges arfull refused, that myght turne man to blame;
 Grace being such a gyfte, as grace by grace may sownd,
 My voyce with hart I lyfte, repetyng thus this grownd,
 I desyre no number.

The texte that wryten is, is wryten for our healthe,
 Takyng no texte amis, all textes may healpe to healthe;
 Faythe, hope and charytee, thes graces wyth the reste,
 Godes gyftes of grace they be, in texte this is exprest.
 I desyre no number.

Least gyft of God to man, man can not full commend;
 Much les this most gyfte than mans prayse can comprehend:
 God grawnt us all the grace, for grace by grace to kall,
 That grace may get us place in place celestiall!
 I desyre no number.

ffynis, quod Jhon Heywoode.

[LAMENTATION OF BOYS LEARNING PRICK-SONG.]

Of all the creatures, lesse or moe,
 We lytle poore boyes abyde much woe.

Lo! who must holde the candle, but he that wurst may?
 Well, syns that I am chosen this pageant for to playe,
 Have at hyt, for out it shall evry whit by this daye,
 How we, poore sylve boyes, abyde much woe.

Wee have a cursyd master, I tell you all for trew;
 So cruell as he is was never Turke nor Jue!

He is the most unhappiest man that ever ye knewe,
For to poore syllye boyes he wurkyth much woe.

Do wee never so well, he can never be content,
But for our good wylles we ever more be shente,
And oft tymes our lytle butokes he dooth all to-rent,
That we, poore syllye boyes, abyde much woe !

We have so manye lasshes to lerne this peelde songe,
That I wyll not lye to you now and then among ;
Out of our buttokes we may plucke the stumpes thus
long !
That we, poore syllye boyes, abyde much woe !

Well, I tell you trothe, this is no lawhyng game !
Yf ye felte as much as we doo, ye would say the same,
For of mye poore honestye, we geve him to good a name,
That to poore syllye boyes dooth wurke so much woe.

He plokth us by the nose, he pluckth us by the hawes,
He pluckth us by the eares wyth his most unhapye pawes,
And all for this pevysh pryk song, not wurth to strawes,
That we poore syllye boyes abyde much woe !

He sayth we syng starke nowght, when we make a ryght
good noyse,
For I tell you he must have his knakes, ye, he must have
his toyse !
Oh ! the payne that we have wyth hym, we lyttle poore
boyes !
Truly, poore boyes abyde much wo !

He is in our det manye tymes, that is his saynge,
But we wouold forgeve hym all the dett, and never take
daynge,

But geve hyme frely ij. as muche, so that we myght make
 good payng
 To that cursed master that wurkyth so much woe !

But what mynd or good consyence hath this man, I pray
 you ?

Sumtyme at our freendes desyre he sayth to us, go play yow,
 And by and by to scoole we must agayne ; is not this a
 shame, how say you,
 That we, poore syllye boyes, shuld abyde so much woe ?

Sumtyme I shrynke and I stand behynd the doore,
 I tell yow to see hym yt grevyth me ryght sore ;
 Ye, by thes ten bones, I wold I myght never se hym more,
 For to poore syllye boyes he wurkyt much woe.

We must ever be in hys syght, when yt grevyth us sore
 to thinke on him ;
 God wottes full often tymes, when we have loe but a
 wynke on him,
 We wysh hym full hartellye in Newgate with a lynke on
 him,
 That to pore syllye boyes he workyth much woe !

Evry day thus we complayne, but for all that he mendth
 not ;
 Nor for owght that we can se, to mend he entendth not ;
 He that wold hang hym evyn up, in my consyence
 offendeth not,
 For than we pore syllye boyes shold be ryd of much woe !

Yet for to hang hym I wene it be not best,
 For yf he were gone, we shold have another gest
 As yll as he, for nowght they be all the hole nest,
 And to poore syllye boyes the worke much woce.

Therefore, thowghe he be starke nowght, yet we must kepe
hym still ;

But to show our charytee and to do good for yll,
We shall pray to Cryst to amend hym, when it is his wyll,
That to poore sylly boyes he wurke no more woe.

Fynis quod master Jhon Redforde.

[A MORAL VERSION OF THE HUNT IS UP.]

The hunt ys up,
The hunt is up,
 Loe ! it is allmost daye.
For Chryst our kyng
Is cum a huntynge,
 And browght his deare to staye.

When God tooke in hand
To make see and land,
 And cumpast it rownd, as wee see,
With bewtyfull skyes,
Where he dyd devyse
 The soone and moone showld be.

To furnysh his warke,
And expulce the darke,
 The soone shoolde rule by day ;
The moone sober lyghte,
To enjoye the nyght,
 And kepe there coorse allway.

Then affter his mynde,
The fyshe were assynde
 To flowe in seas and floode.

The byrdes in the ayre,
And beastes showld apeere,
On yearthe to seake ther foode.

And last be dyd frame,
To set foorth hys name,
A creature most cleere,
Unto his owne lyknes,
With reson and quycknes,
And chose them for his deare.

The most plesant grownde
That ever was fownde,
Inclosyd with swerd defence ;
For, loe ! his wyll was
His deare showld not pas
The pale of abstynence.

But that falce deseaver,
That lovyd them never,
Came wyth his charmyng tayle ;
And by his falce wyll
Dyd them sore begyle,
And cawsyd them lepe the payle.

Thus were they lost clene,
For they by no meane
Cowld not returne agayn ;
So that many yeares,
Among thornes and breres,
The sowght ther foode with payne.

Wherefore they myssed
Both drynke ther and breade,
Became ther enmyse praye.

The mercifull Lord
Yet would not accomde
 To cast them clere away,

But sent his owne soone,
Who strongly begoon
 To hunt both hill and playne ;
No one kynd of payne
But he dyd sustayne,
 To wyn his deare agayn.

He chose other twelve,
And tawght them himselve
 To blow so just a note,
That every deare,
That lyst now to heare,
 May blys that happye note !

To fynysh hys warke,
He inclosyd a parke,
 Both plesant, large, and wyde ;
In palyng it sewer
With commandmentes puer,
 Wherin his deare shoulde byde.

Thus were they restoryd ;
But, Lord ! how he roryde,
 That fyrst dyd wurke ther faule
With sondrye entyceys ;
Wherfore he devycis
 Agayne to make them thrall.

Now yow that be keepers,
Take heede be no sleepers,
 But watch bothe day and owre :

For there is no dowte,
 The thefe goth abowte,
 And sekyth whome to devowre.

Wherefore ye had neade
 To take ryght good heede,
 Among all other thynges ;
 That is, ye be sure
 Ther feedyng be pure,
 And drynke of holsome sprynges.

For yf the do not,
 They wyll have the rot ;
 What wyll the Lord then saye ?
 When he shall vewe
 Of his deare and yowe,
 At that most dredefull daye.

Wherby this is cleere,
 Yf so be his deare
 Wythin the parke persever ;
 Then shall the rejoyse
 To heere his swete voyce,
 And be his deere for ever !

The hunt is up &c.

Fynis quod master Jhon Thorne.

[NOLO MORTEM PECCATORIS.]

Nolo mortem peccatoris: hæc sunt verba Salvatoris.

Father, I am thine onely soone,
 Sent downe from hevyn mankynd to save !

Father, all thynges fullfyld and doone
Accordingyng to thy wyll I have :
Father, now all my wyll is this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Father, behold my paynes most smart,
Takyn for man on evry syde,
Evyng from my byrth to deth most tart ;
No kynd of payne I have denyed,
But suffred all for love of this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Behold my byrth, in what degree
Into thys wrechid worlde I came,
Takyng mans vyle nature on mee,
Wythe all the myseries of the same,
Save onelye syn ; and all for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Beholde my tendre infancy
Scante viij. dayes old, but that I was
Cut in my fleashe most paynfullye,
To shedd my bloode for mans trespas
I not disdanid, for love of this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Heere dwelt I thyrtye yeares and three,
In hoonger, thyrst, in cold and heate,
In greate contempt of the world at mee,
For my goode deedes and travelles greate
Takyn for man, and all for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

When thyrtye yeares and three were run,
Tyme drawyng neare of my most woe ;

Oh ! Father, now behold thy soone,
My paynes increcyng moe and moe !
For which, O ! Father, harken to this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Behold my syghes, my sorowful hart,
Beholde my teares, my blooddye sweatt !
Behold my paynes in evry parte
Had on the mownt of Olivet,
Before my death, declaryng this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Beholde the Jues most fearse and woode,
Thysoone they sowght wyth glayves and bylles !
Behold thy Soone most meake of moode,
Gevyn to there handes to do there wylles,
To whome I bowed my wyll for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Then to a post fast was I teyde,
Scorgyd and beten on evry syde,
Tyll no scin left, but as one fleyde,
Ther stode thy sonne in blode all dyde,
Most mekely suffryng all for thys,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Beholde, also, then how the browght
Thy innocent lambe before ther judges,
As one that had all myschefe wrowght,
Condemd to deth upon ther grudges
Growen agaynst me for prechyng this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Behold my hed then how they crowned
Wythe thornes, ye, percyng nere the brayne !

My face, my necke, in blood all drowned,
My fleshe all tremblyng in evry vayne,
For passyng payne ; and all for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

To bere my crosse then forth they drave me,
Tyll the grete wayte threw me ther under,
But then hard strokes inowe they gave me,
Betyng me forth wyth shame and wunder !
All whych I mekely suffred for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

My garmentes then to me fast clevyng,
Most violently fro me they drew ;
The fleshe evyn from the bone then ryvyng,
My bloody woondes they dyd renew
With no small payne ! oh, Father ! yet this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

But then behold those cruell folke,
One at ech arme, wone at ech fote,
Thorow flesh and bone grete nayles they stroke,
The stremes of blod were set aflote ;
To washe ther syn that wrowght all this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Then up aloft my crosse they cast,
The fall wherof downe in the rest
My joyntes and sinewes all to-brast !
Whych payne of paynes was not the lest,
That I ther mekely suffryd for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Upon that cros behold how I there
Hong thre long howres or lyfe wer gon,

Havyng no stay my body to bere,
But those hard nayles thorow fleshe and bone ;
Yet I evyn ther declaryd this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

When all my blode was thorowly spent,
My flesh dried up for lack of lycker,
Then wyth a spere my hart they rent,
To trye my dethe for man most sycker ;
The which I mekely suffred for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Who may expres those paynes to me delt ?
Who may bethynk them to dysclose,
In myne humanité sensybylye felt ;
Yet is ther one payne more then those.
Oh ! Father, why showld I say this ?
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

This my most payne, this my most care,
Is for to see mans unkyndnes ;
For all my deth he wyll not spare
Me to offend, my lawes transgres,
And all in hope and trust of this,—
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

The world, the flesh, ye, and the devyll,
Man wyll not spare to serve all three,
Takyng occasion of all this evyll
Of myne owne wurdes ; sayng to me,
Whatever we do, yet Cryst sayth this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

But unto man I say agayne,
Deth of a sinner wyll not I,

Yf he amend and sin refrayne ;
 But when in syn styll he wyll lye,
 Then unto him I speak not this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

O man, for thy love have I dyede !
 I ax no more of the therfore,
 But love for love in thy dedes tryed ;
 Forsake thy syn and kepe my lore,
 And then to the I say evyn this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Now here an end of this our song ;
 Now to that Lord that dyed for man
 Geve thankes, and pray for grace among,
 To kepe his lawes, that we may then
 Enjoy his mercyfull woordes in thys,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Finis quod Mr. Redford.

[FRAGMENT OF AN INTERLUDE.]

CORAGE.¹

Shall we three joyne in unitee
 To cheere these gestes ?

KYNDNES.

By my trothe, ye.

CLENNES *cumth in*, and CON. *stelyth away*.

Not so, my freendes, here me speake. Mum !

¹ This fragment is cancelled in the manuscript.

CORAGE.

Where is Concupiscence becum ?

CLENNES.

My presens hath put her to flyght !
 Where Clennes doth in place apeere,
 Ther is Concupiscence gone quighte.

[FAIR WORDS MAKE FOOLS FAIN.]

In youthfull yeares, when first my yonge desires beganne
 To pricke me forth to serve in court, a sclender, tall yonge
 manne :

My fathers blessinge then I asked uppon my knee,
 Who, blessinge me wyth tremblinge hand, these woordes
 gan say to me :

My sonne, God guide thy waye, and shielde thee from
 mischaunce,

And make thy just desartes in court, thy pare estate to
 advaunce :

But when thou art become one of that courtlie trayne,
 Thinke on this proverbe olde, quod he, that faire woordes
 make fools faine.

This counsell gravelie geven, most straunge appeares to me,
 Till tract of time with open eyes had made me plainelie
 see

What subtile sleites are wrought by painted talkes de-
 vise,

When hollowe hartes with frendlie showes the simple
 dooe entise

To thinke all golde that shines, to fede their fonde desier,
 Whose shivering coulde is warmde with smoke, in stede
 of flaminge fier ;

Sith talke of tickle trust dooth breede a hope most vaine,
This proverbe true by profe I finde, that faire woordes
make fooles faine.

Faire speache alwaye dooth well, wheares deedes insue
faire woordes ;

Faire speach againe alwaye dooth evill, that bushes geves
for birdes ;

Who hopes to have faire woordes to trie his luckie lott, ;
If I maye counsell, let him strike it while the yron is
whot !

But them that feede on cloddes, instede of pleasaunt grapes,
And after warninge geven, for better lucke still gapes,
Full loth I am, yet I must tell them in woordes plaine,
This proverbe olde proves true in age, that faire woordes
makes fooles faine !

Wo worth the time that woordes so slowelye prove to
deedes !

Wo worth the time that faire swete flowers ar turnde to
rotten wedes !

But thrise woo worth the time, that truth awaye is fled,
Wherein I see howe simple hartes with woordes are vaine-
lie fed !

Trust not faire woordes, therefore, where no dedes dooe
ensue ;

Trust woordes as skilfull falkeners dooe trust haukes that
never flewe ;

Trust dedes ; let wordes be woordes, which never wrought
me gaine ;

Let my experience make you wise, and let woordes make
fooles faine !

[SLEEP COMPARED WITH DEATH.]

Lett not the sluggish sleape
Close up thy wakinge eye,
Untill with judgment deepe
Thy daylie deedes thou trie.

He which one sinne in conscience kepes,
When hee to quiet goes,
More venterous is then he that sleepes
With twentie mortall fooes.

Wherefore at night, call unto minde
How thou the daye hast spent ;
Praise God, if nought amisse thou finde ;
If ought, in time repent.

And sith thy bed a paterne is
Of death and fatall hearse,
Bedward it shall not bee amisse
Thus to record in verse !

My bedd is like the grave so coulde,
And sleape which shuts mine eye
Resemble death : clothes which me folde,
Declare the moulde so drie.

The friskinge fleas resemble well
The wringlinge worme to me,
Which with me in the grave shall dwell,
Where I no light shall see.

The nightlie bell which I dooe heare,
As I in bed dooe lye,

The passinge bell may seme t'apere,
Which soundes when I must dye.

The risinge in the morne likewise,
When slepie night is past,
Puttes me in minde howe I shall rise
To judgment at the last.

I gooe to bed as to my grave,
God knowes when I shall wake !
But, Lord ! I trust thou wilt me save,
And me to mercie take !

Finis.

[INVOCATION TO GOOD ACTIONS.]

Man, for thyne yll lyfe formerly,
And for thine ill lyfe presently,
Let penitence penitently
Declare good liffe consequently,
As loving faythe may frutfully
Bringe hoope of end mercifully
By Christ, whose woundes most bledingly
Wyne merceye most excedingly.

For whose sweate love incessantly,
Take no hard happe displesantly ;
Loke what thou sufferist rightfully,
That sufferance take paciently,
And what thou sufferest wrongfully,
That sufferance take rejoycyngly ;
Take ryght or wrong contentidlye ;
Man, bere the cros consentedlye !

And yf thy foes delyghtfully
Show yll for good most spightfullye,
Show good for yll most wyllinglye,
To showe Godes woord fulfyllinglye ;
Thy foe fautyng offendynglye,
Wyn as thow mayst amendynglye,
But in no wyse intendynglye
Requite thy foe revenginglye.

Bere all thyne enmyes quietlye,
Forgeve thyne enmyes hartelye,
And axe forgiveness humblye,
Where thow offendst offensyvelye ;
Premeditate advysedly,
What troobles may fall folowynglye,
Lest trouble towch the terreiblye
By towchyng the to sodenly.

Fancy not greves more dredfullye
Then standth wyth reson nedefullye ;
Yf mene greves towch but tenderlye,
Those greves can greve but slenderlye ;
Yf mayné greves grype the gredelye,
Those greves remove them spedilye :
Let comfort vanquysh cherefullye,
Faynt fancies fallyng ferefullye.

Syns welth and wo abydynglye,
Remayne not here but slydynglye,
The wealth and wo ensuenglye
Remaynyng aye renewynglye ;
Man, pray for grace continuallye
To pas from all paynes fynallye,
Both erthly and infernally,
To heavenly joyes eternallye.

Finis quod Jhon Heywood.

[SONG AGAINST IDLENESS.]

What hart can thynk or toong expres
The harme that groweth of idlenes?

This idlenes in sum of us
Is sene to seme a thyng but sleight,
But yf that sum the sums discus,
The totall sum doth show us streyght
This idlenes to way such wayght,
That it no tounge can well expres
The harme that growght of idlenes.

This vice I lyken to a weede
That husbond-men have named tyne,
The whych in corne doth roote or brede;
The grayne to grownd yt doth inclyne,
Yt never rypyth but rottyth in fyne;
And evyn a lyke thyng is to gesse
Agaynst all vertu, idellnes.

The prowde man may be pacyent,
The irefull may be lyberall,
The glotonus may be continent,
The covetous may geve almes all,
The lecher may to prayer fall;
Ech vyce bydyth sum good busynes,
Save only idle idlenes.

As sum one vertu may by grace
Supresse of vyces many one,
So ys one vyce once taken place
Distroyeth all vertues evrychone;
Where this vyce cumth, all vertues ar gone,

For noe kynd of good busynes
Can cumpany with idlenes.

An yll wynd that blowth no man good,
The blower of whych blast is she ;
The lyther lustes bred of her broode
Can no way brede good propertye ;
Wherfore I say, as we now se,
No hart can thynke or toong expres
The harme that growgth of idlenes !

To clense the corne, as men at nede
Wedde out all wedes, and tyne for chefe,
Let dilygence our wedehooke weede
All vice from us for lyke releefe ;
As fayth may faythfully show preefe,
By faythfull frutefull busynes,
To wedde out frutles idlenes.

Finis quod Jhon Heywood.

[LONG HAVE I BEEN A SINGING MAN.]

Long have I bene a singyng man,
And sondry partes oft have I soong,
But one part, sins I fyrst began,
I cowlde nor can syng, old nor yong ;
The meane I mene, whych part showth well
Above all partes most to excell.

The base and treble are extremis ;
The tenor standyth sturdely ;
The cownter rangyth then, me sems ;
The mene must make our melodye ;

Wherby the mene declaryth well
Above all partes most to excell.

Marke well the maner of the mene,
And therby tyme and tune our songe
Unto the meane, where all partes lene,
All partes ar kept from syngyng wrong;
Thowghe syngyng men take this not well,
Yet doth the mene in thys excell.

The mene in cumpas is so large,
That evry parte must joyne therto;
Yt hath an ore in evry barge,
To syng, to say, to thynke, to doo;
Of all thes partes this part showth well
Above all partes most to excell.

To low, to hyc, to lowde, to softe,
To few, to many at a part;
To swyft, to slowe, to sealde, to oft,
Where imperfection woold pervart,
There doth the mene aprove ryght well
Above all partes most to excell.

The mene is so commodious,
That sang we but that part alone,
The mene is more melodious
Then all those partes, lackyng that one;
Wherby the mene comparyth well
Among all partes most to excell.

The mene in losse, the mene in gayne,
In welth or in adversytye;
The mene in helth, the mene in payne,
The mene menyth allwayes equitye:

This is the mene who menyth well,
Of all our partes most to excell.

To me and myne, with all the rest,
And God grant grace with harty voyce
To syng the mene that menyth best,
All partes in the best to rejoyce ;
Whych mene in menyng menyth well,
The mene of menes that doth excell.

Jhon Redford.

[GIVE PLACE TO HONEST RECREATION.]

The fyrst song in the play of Science.

Gyve place, gyve place to Honest Recreacion ;
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

When travelles grete in matters thycke
Have duld your wyttes and made them sycke,
What medson than your wyttes to quykke,
Yf ye wyll know the best phisicke,
Is to geve place to Honest Recreacion ;
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

Where is that Wyt that we seeke than ?
Alas ! he lyeth here pale and wan !
Helpe hym at once now, yf we can :
O Wyt, how doest thou ? looke up, man !
O Wyt, geve place to Honest Recreacion !
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

After place gyvyn, let eare obay,
Gyve an eare, O Wyt ! now we the pray

Gyve eare to that we syng and say;
 Gyve an eare, and healp wyll cum strayghteway;
 Gyve an eare to Honest Recreation,
 Gyve an ere, now, for thy consolacion.

After eare gyvyn, now gyve an eye;
 Behold thy freendes abowte the lye,
 Recreation I, and Comfort I,
 Quicknes am I, and Strength herebye;
 Gyve an eye to Honest Recreation,
 Gyve an eye, now, for thy consolacion.

After eye gyvyn, an hand gyve ye;
 Gyve an hand, O Wyt, feele that ye see,
 Recreation feele, feele Comfort fre,
 Feele Quicknes here, feale Strength to the;
 Gyve an hand to Honest Recreation,
 Gyve an hand, now, for thy consolacion.

Upon his feete woold God he were!
 To rayse hym now we neede not fere;
 Stay you hys handes, whyle we here bere;
 Now all at once upryght him rere!
 O Wyt, gyve place to Honest Recreation,
 Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

Finis.

[THE SONG OF EXCEEDING MEASURE.]

The ij. song.

Exceedyng mesure wyth paynes continewall,
 Langueshyng in absens, alas! what shall I doe?

Infortunate wretch, devoyde of joyes all,
 Syghes upon syghes redoublyng my woe,
 And teares downe fallyng fro myne eyes toe;
 Bewty wyth truth so doth me constrayne,
 Ever to serve where I may not attayne !

Truth byndyth me ever to be true,
 How so that fortune faverth my chance;
 Duryng my lyfe, none other but you
 Of my tru hart shall have the governance !
 O, good swete hart, have you remembrance
 Now of your owne, whych for no smart
 Exyle shall yow fro my tru hart ?

Finis.

[SONG OF WELCOME MINE OWN.]

The thyrd Song.

Wellcum myne owne,
 Wellcum myne owne.

WYT and his Cumpanye.

O ladye deere,
 Be ye so neere
 To be knowne ?
 My hart yow cheere
 Your voyce to here ;
 Wellcum myne owne !

SCIENCE and hir Cumpanye.

As ye rejoyse
 To here my voyce
 Fro me thus blowne ;

So in my choyce
I show my voyce
 To be your owne.

WYT *and his companye.*

Then drawe we neere
To see and heere
 My love long growne.
Where is my deere ?
Here I apeere
 To see myne owne.

SCIENCE *and hir cumpanye.*

To se and try
Your love truly
 Till deth be flowne,
Lo ! here am I,
That ye may spie
 I am your owne.

WYT *and his cumpanye.*

Then let us meete
My love so sweete
 Halfe way heere throwne.

SIENS *and hir cumpanye.*

I wyll not sleete
My love to greete ;
 Wellcum myne owne !

WYT *and his cumpanye.*

Wellcum myne owne !

All sing.

Wellcum myne owne !

Finis.

[WILL AND POWER.]

Where Power with Wyll can not agre,
 There Wyll can not be satysfied ;
 Where thes too want equalytye,
 No unytye can be aplied ;
 Which in mysealf I have espied,
 In that that Power cannot fulfill
 The faythfull menyng of my Wyll.

My Wyll is to do that I owght,
 But Powre therto cannot attayne ;
 Thus Wyll to pas cannot be browght,
 As Wyll to have yt wold be fayne ;
 Yet wyll yng Wyll shall styll remayne,
 Thowgh Powre be able in no wyse
 My wyll yng Wyll for to suffyse.

Thus Wyll I have, but Powre I want,
 Whych shold to Wyll be healp at nede ;
 Syns Power so far is discordante
 From Wyll, alas ! Wyll can not speede,
 Thowghe Wyll deserve both thanke and meede ;
 That want of Powre then may I wayle,
 Wherby good Wyll can not prevayle.

Finis quod John Redford.

[SONG OF A GREEN WILLOW.]

All a grene wyllow, wyllow, w. w.
 All a grene wyllow is my garland.

Alas ! by what mene may I make ye to know,
The unkyndnes for kyndnes that to me doth growe ?
That wone who most kynd love on me shoold bestow,
Most unkynd unkyndnes to me she doth show,
For all a grene wyllow is my garland !

To have love and hold love, wher love is so sped,
Oh ! delycate foode to the lover so fed !
From love woon to love lost wher lovers be led,
Oh ! desperate dolor, the lover is deade !
For all a grene wyllow is his garland !

She sayde she dyd love me and woold love me still,
She sware above all men I had her good wyll ;
She sayde and she sware she woold my will fulfill :
The promyse all good, the performans all yll,
For all a grene wyllow is my garland !

Now, wo wurth the Wyllow, and wo wurth the wyght,
That wyndyth wyllow, wyllow garland to dyght !
That dole delt in allmys is all amys quyght !
Wher lovers ar begers for allmys in syght,
No lover doth beg for this wyllow garland !

Of this wyllow garland the burden semth smal,
But my brecke neck burden I may yt well call ;
Lyke the sow of lede on my hed it doth fall !
Breke hed and breke necke, back, bones, brayn, hart, and all !
All partes prest in peces !

To yll for her thynk I best thinges may be had,
To good for me thynkthe she thynges beyng most bad,
All I do present her that may make her glad,
All she dothe present me that may make me sad ;
This equityé have I with this wyllowe garland !

Cowld I forget thee, as thow canst forget me,
 That were my sownde fawlte, which can not nor shalbe?
 Thowghe thow, lyke the soryng hawlke, evry way fle,
 I wylbe the turtle most stedfast still to the,
 And paciently were this grene wyLOW garland !

All ye that have had love and have my lyke wrong,
 My lyke truthe and paciens plante still yow among;
 When femynyne fancis for new love do long,
 Old love can not howld them, new love is so strong,
 For all.

Finis, quod Jhon Heywood.

[THE LAMENTATION OF DIDO.]

Behowlde of pensyfnes the pycture here in place,
 Beholde myne eyes whose teres do moyst my paled face;
 Beholde myne eres denyde of there desyrid solas,
 Beholde my playntes of yll, my mornyng hevvy case !
 I Dido, quene of Carthage cooste,
 For Eneas love my lyfe have lost !

My fame, my love, mysealfe, I gave into his hand !
 My kingdome and my welth at his owne heast did stand !
 Yet promis nor desartes cowld binde his harte in trothe band,
 But fled, alas ! fro me by nyght out of my land !
 Forgettyng all respectes of trothe,
 He falste his honor and his othe !

As the whyte swan dothe singe towardes her dieng day,
 And as the turtle tru her mone doth make alway,

So I, pore Dido, do my myseries here bewraye,
 And with my death my dolefull desteny display !
 O, lawles love, no hearbe is fownd
 To salve the sore wher thow dost woond !

O worthy women all, of hye and lowe degré,
 A merror Dido make Eneas love to flee !
 Trust not mens wordes or teares,
 Which most tymes deceptfull be,
 And are, alas ! the baytes that breedes our misserie !
 Sufficeth for my love I die,
 That you may live and learne thereby.

O rockie ruthlesse hartes,
 Your owne with spite to spill !
 O curssed crewell men,
 How can you worke such ill ?
 O dolfull deepe dispaier,
 Ringe out my carefull ends knill !
 Welcome to me, swete death !
 To me my grave, yt is my wyll !
 I came of earth and wylbe thyne,
 By trayne of hym whom I thought myne !

Finis Thomas Pridioæ.

[ARISE, ARISE, I SAY !]

Aryse, Aryse, Aryse, I say ;
 Aryse for shame, yt ys fayre day !

After mydnyght, when dremes do fall,
 Sum what before the mornynge graye,

Me thougth a voyce thus dyd me kall,
O lusty yowth, aryse I say !

O youth, he sayd, lyft up thi hed !
Awake ! awake ! yt ys feyre day !
How canst thou slepe or kepe thy bed
This feyre mornynge ? aryse, I say.

The sonne is up with hys bryght beames,
As thoughe he wolde with the now fraye,
And bete the up out of thy dreames
To rayse the up : aryse I say.

Hark how the byrdes all with wone voyce
Of one concorde theire cordes the kay,
Wythe joyfull tewnes the to rejoyse
And chere the up ! Arise, I say.

Beholde the fealde now in lyke foorme,
Furnisht with flowres both swete and gay ;
It saythe to thee, thou slothfull woorme,
Cum walke in me ! arise, I say.

The day, the soone, the byrd, the fealde,
Syns all thes call, thou lumpe of clay !
Unles shameles now be thy sheelde,
For very shame aryse, I say.

With this me thoughte the voice reherste
Hys wordes and sayde, youthe, I the praye
What meanth thys day and all the rest
That saythe to the, arise, I say.

Truly thys day now to dysclose
Is Cristis fayth, that long hyd lay,

And now full fayre and clere it shouse
To rayse the up. Aryse I say.

What is this sun that shynith so brighte?
The veri sun of God, no nay!
Whoose beames of Grace be bent even ryghte
To beate the up! Aryse, I say.

What are thes byrdes that so accorde,
That eche swete corde eche ere wolde tay?
Truly, tru prechers of the Lord,
At whos swete cordes aryse I say.

What is this fealde furnisht so fayre
With floweres so swet in ther araye?
The word of God most swete of ayre
To walke therin. Aryse, I say.

And se thow walk among thes flowres,
Not for to pastime, jest, and play,
But reverently pressyng thy powres
From wanton pryde. Aryse, I say.

For clarkes ther hath bene many a wone,
That in this feald themselves dyd slay,
Trusting to muche themselves upon;
Beware ther fall! Aryse, I say.

The surest way to walke is thys,
Meakely on Cristys church to stay;
The lower thow walkest in hart sure is,
The hyer thow shalt aryse, I saye.

Now syns thow knowst both wher to walke,
And how to walke thow knowst the waye;

Let age lye still as drye as chalke,
And lustye youthe, arise, I saye.

To this me thought doubting the truthe,
And lest this voice shoulde me betraye,
I saide, O voyce, why more to youthe
Than unto age, arise, I saye.

That thyng, saide he, I shall declare,
This youthe and age now to bewraye,
The Jwes and Gentills suer they are !
Now gese to whome arise I saye.

The Jwe he is so olde and worne,
That speke to him in vaigne ye maye,
But thou youthe art newlye borne ;
Wherefore to the arise I saye.

Sins Christ thy lorde hath chose thy stocke,
And lest his owne flocke go astraye ;
Now shew thyselfe a lovinge flocke,
And unto Christ arise I saye.

This saide, I harde no more to tell,
But waked, and seing faire clere daye,
Saide to myselfe, these words might well
Be saide to me—Arise, I saye !

Finis.

[THE PLEASURE OF GODLINESS.]

Now will you be merye,
And can you be merye ?

We praye you be merye,
Merye, merye, merye !
We praye you be merye,
Merye, merye, merye,
Merye, merye, merye, merye !

From Christmas to Ester

Be as merye as you can,
So you maye please bothe God and man.

From Ester to Whytsontide

Let us all now joye and singe,
Be merye all in Christ risinge !

Ofte hathe this songe bene put in ure,
That honest myrthe doth vertew allure ;
But now of mirth who will be suer,
He must begine at vertuze pure ;
For vertu bringithe chefe mirth to man :
In vertuouse mirth be merye than.

This vertuouse mirth now to begine,
To men of faithe we speake here in—
Is to feare God and fle frome sinne,
Which feare of God dothe wisdom wine ;
Which wisdom bringethe all knowlage to man,
In vertwe how to be merye than !

Where wisdom joyneth and rulleth the harte,
Man knowithe himselfe in everye parte ;
God and his lawes with all thy harte
Obayed of man syn to subvarte,
The daungerous dawnger unto man ;
How can man but be merye than ?

Whan God's worde hathe put syne to flyght,
In commethe Cleane Consyence shyninge bright,
In whome man fyndethe so greate delyght,
That she can naythar daye nor night
Be absent frome the harte of man ;
How can man but be merye than ?

Whan Cleane Consyence in harte is sett,
Faithe rysethe up, and withowte let
Saithe unto man, This howse is net
Met to receyve a gost ryght greate ;
What yf thy Lorde woulde prise the man,
How can man but be merye than ?

O Faithe, saithe man, what haste thou tolde ?
Yf that my howse were made of golde,
And I muche bettar a thowsande folde,
Yet so to think were overbolde
My lorde to vysett me, wretched man ;
But oh ! how mery shoulde I be than.

Why man, saithe Faithe, dost thou dowte me ?
No, no, saithe man, I dowte not the.
What dowghtest thou, than ? saith faithe, tell me.
Myne owne unworthynes, saithe he.
Despayre not, man, saithe Faithe to man.
No, no, saithe man, Faithe gone were than.

As man and Faythe be thus talkinge,
In commethe Suar Hope to man runnyng.
O man, sayethe he, thy lorde and kinge
Senthe me to the to gyve warninge ;
This daye will he dyne with the, man ;
Prepare now to be merye than.

Make spede, sayethe man, fayre consyence clere,
With faythe and hope, thow messingere,
And ladye love, cum all you nere ;
Let all dylygence in you appere
In welcumynge my lorde to man,
That we in hym be merye than !

Cleane Conscyence saithe, as I ever must
To trayne this howse is all my lust ;
Love saithe, my dedes shall shew, I trust,
How my Lordes presence I do thurste ;
Hope saithe, then trust well, dowte not, man !
O man saythe, Faythe, be merye than !

Man havinge now greate gostlye care
For his deare Lorde well to prepare,
His power to weake his wyll to declare ;
Sodanlye a-none, or man beware,
Oure Lorde imbrasethe the harte of man !
O man, how arte thow merye than ?

Where man was late in carefull plighte
His Lorde to see receyved ryght,
Now hathe he lost bothe tounge and myght !
Welcum, my Lorde, he cryethe in sprite ;
For joye no word can pase fro man,
In harte man is so merye than.

Now maye man thinke himselfe now blest
To se his Lorde become his gest,
To lodge and kepe howse in hys brest ;
Noe townge can tell that joyfull fest,
That is betwene now God and man !
Man ys with God so merye than !

Now man, with Mary, takth good hede
What from hys lorde dothe there procede ;
Hys holly woordes doo man so fede,
That man in wysedome is now indede,
Ye, more lyke angell then lyke man ;
Gret cawse hath man to be mery than !

Man showth furth marthase dylygens
To chere hys gest in evry sens ;
Hys gest dothe know by hys pretens
How glad he is of hys presens,
For whych hym lykth to dwell with man ;
How can man but be mery than ?

With gostly wysedome man thus fedde,
Of gostly strength now is she spedd,
Hys gostly fooes under to treadd !
All gostly myrthe in hym is spred ;
No carefull care can now hurt man !
What man can not be mery than ?

Man sayth our Lord synce in good quarte,
Thow art by me now as thow art,
So show thyselfe in outward part,
Therby thy brother to convart ;
Won man to wyn another man,
That man wythe man be mery than.

Man, with Zacheus, then, sayth he,
Lo ! Lord, even halfe my goodes fro me
I geve to the pore for love of the ;
Man saythe, our Lord, glad mayst thow be !
Thys day is helth to thys howse of man !
O man, how art thow merye than !

Man heryng this, man is not scilent,
 But with dew thankes and hart reverent,
 With Peter and Jhon he doth frequent
 Unto the temple, with prayer fervent ;
 Man talkthe with God, and God with man,
 In whom man is full merye than.

Man now desyrth none other gayne,
 But as hys Lordes dyscyples twayne,
 Going to Emawce dyd constrayne
 Ther Lord to tary with them so fayne ;
 So tary with me, O Lord, sayth man,
 That we allway may be merye than !

Man, sayth our Lorde, I am with the
 Unto the worldes end, I so decre !
 Walke in my wayes and thou shalt be
 Never voyde of myrth, but dwell with me
 In endles myrth, prepard for man,
 For ever to be merye than !

O gracious God, what wordes be theese,
 To stere all folke of all degrees
 To myrth in God, wherby man sees
 That endles myrthe shalbe hys fees !
 Which myrth God grawnt us evry man,
 That we may all be merye than !

Finis, quod Jhon Redford.

[THE GOODNESS OF ALL GOD'S GIFTS.]

JESUS.

Walkyng alone ryght secretly,
 Musyng on thynges late sene with eye,

All sortes of peple yong and olde
Sortyd in sortes, as shalbe tolde ;
Sum hye, sum low, sum ryche, sum poore,
Sum lernd, sum unlernd, sum lesse, sum more ;
Sum hole, sum sycke, sum in such rate
As nothyng plesde with there estate.

Sodaynly methowghte I hard a sownd,
That from the hevens dyd rebownde !
A song yt semd sentens to frame
To evry sort that I cowld name,
Which sownd or songe dyd both repreve,
And generally allso releve,
But syngulerly the sentens ran,
As ye shall here thus yt began.

Yf gyftes of grace in all tyme past,
Yf gyftes of grace in tyme present,
Yf gyftes of grace to cum at last,
Yf al be gyftes ryght excelent,
Yf all which gyftes be geven and ment
To make the mynd thy Lord so kynde, O man,
Mynd well my gyftes, and thanke me than !

Yf I made the to myne owne lyknes,
Yf reson, wyll, and memorye,
Yf sowle and bodye, lyfe and quiknes,
Yf thes to the be gyftes most hye ;
Yf all my creatures els worldlye
Unlyke to the be made for the, O man,
Why thankst not me, thy Maker, than ?

Yf thou were lost by Adams syn,
Yf ryghtwysenes condemd the quyte,

Yf Adams syn damd all hys kyn,
Yf dethe were dew to the of ryghte ;
Yf I, of my mere mercye pyghte,
Bowghte the from deth by myne owne deth, O man,
Why thanks not thy Redemer than ?

Yf thow hast dayly gyftes of me,
Yf I geve thee gyftes naturall,
Yf I geve worldlye gyftes to the,
Yf I geve gyftes spyrytuall,
Yf thow deservest no gyfte at all,
But geven of me frelye to the, O man,
Why thankst not me, the gyver, than ?

Yf dyvers wayes my gyftes I plant,
Yf I geve the gyftes above other,
Yf I geve the that other want,
Yf I geve the gyftes for thy brother,
Yf all be gyvyn won for an other,
To helpe wyth mede where thow seyst nede, O man,
As I geve the, geve other than !

Yf I geve the gyftes grete and manye,
Yf I to hy degree the kall,
Yf I geve the cure over anye,
Yf I geve the cure over all ;
Yf thow for all make answer shall
That I set the to kepe for mee, O man,
Remember where I set the than !

Yf I set the in low estate,
Yf I geve the lest cause to boste,
Yf I geve the gyftes in ech rate,
Yf my lest gyfte may make the moste ;
Yf paciens be a gyfte thow knowste

Of all to wyn the pryce therin, O man,
In pacience be thow thankfull than !

Yf I send the sycknes or healthe,
Yf I send the plesure or payne,
Yf I send the scarcnes or welthe,
Yf I knowe best what is thy gayne,
Yf for the best I send all playne,
As thow shalt see by profe to thee, O man,
Take well all that I send the than !

Synce these my gyftes thow dost acheve,
Synce of my gyftes thow canst none mysse,
Synce wyth my gyftes I the releve,
Synce by my gyftes my love showde is ;
Synce for my gyftes I axe but thys,
Thy love for myne to lyve in fyne, O man,
Now love and lyve for ever than !

Fynis quod Jhon Redforde.

[THE SINFULNESS OF MAN.]

Wher Ryghtwysnes doth say,
Lorde, for my synffull partes,
In wrath thow shouldest me paye
Vengeance for my deseartes !
I can it not denye,
But nedes I must confes
How that contynuallye
Thy lawes I doo transgres !

But yf yt be thy wyll
With synners to contende,

Then all thy flock shall spyll,
And be lost wythout ende;
For whoo lyvthe here so ryghte,
That he can ryghtly saye,
He synthe not in thy syghte
Full oft and evry day?

Thy Scrypture playne telth me,
The ryghtwyse man offendes
Seven tymes a day to the,
Wheron thy wrath depends;
So that the ryghtwyse man
Doth walke in no such pathe,
But he falth now or than
In danger of thy wrath!

Then synce the cace so standes,
That even the man ryghtwyse
Falth oft in synfull bandes,
Wherby thy wrath may ryse;
Lorde, I that am unjust,
And ryghtwysenes none have,
Wherto shall I then trust
My synfull sowle to save,

But only to the poste,
Wherto I cleve and shall,
Whyche is thy mercye moste?
Lord let thy mercye fall,
And mytygate thy moode,
Or els we peryshe all!
The pryce of thys thy bloode,
Wherin mercye I calle!

Thy scrypture doth declare
No droppe of blood in the,

But that thou dydst not spare
 To shedd ech droppe for me !
 Now let thos dropps most weete,
 To clense my hart most drye,
 That I wyth syn replete,
 My lyve and syn may dye !

That being mortyfied,
 Thys syn of myne in me,
 I may be sanctyfied
 By grace of thyne in the !
 So that I never fall
 Into such dedlye syn,
 That my foes infernall
 Rejoyse my dethe therin !

But voutsafe me to kepe
 From thos infernall foes,
 And from that lake so depe,
 Wheras no mercede growes,
 And I shall syng the songes
 Confyrmed with the justes,
 That unto the belongses,
 Whyche art myne onely truste !

Fynys quod Master Redforde.

[IN PRAISE OF LEARNING AND VIRTUE.]

In worldlye welthe for mans releafe
 Vertu and lernyng are the cheafe !

Well ys the man that dothe bestowe
 Hys tyme in vertu here to spende,

For sure ther is no man dothe knowe,
 Excepte the same he do attende,
What quietnes ther doth ensue
To those that lerne and trade vertue.

For sure these too the safegarde are,
 Wherby we pas the sturdye stremes,
And the grete stormes of worldly care ;
 For never cytees, landes nor remes,
That can atayne prosperyté,
Unles thos too regarded be.

To vertu yet have thys respecte,
 Whos prayse is allway permanente,
For lerninge is of small effecte
 Wher vertu is not resydent ;
But wher they both are knit in place,
Oh that man ys in happye case !

Sum onlye lerne for knowledge sake,
 But that is kewriosyté ;
And sum for prayse grete paynes do take,
 But that is foolyshe vanité ;
Sum lerne for gayne, but lyghtly those
Do leve the texte, and use to glose !

Now all thies sumes, and all thys sorte,
 Have lost ther labor and ther warke,
For sum shotte wyde and sum shotte shorte,
 Yet all in fyne do mys the marke !
Wherfore let vertue furst be plaste,
Or els is lernyng quighte dysgraste !

Thus may ye evydentlye see
 How lerninge joynde with vertuous lyfe

Showld of ech man regardyd bee,
 For hyt hath thys prerogatyve,
 That God hymselfe dothe those imbrace
 That trede the pathes of vertuse trace !

Synce God and man dothe love that man
 That studyeth to lyve vertuouslye,
 Who wyll not styfflye labor than
 To folowe vertue instantlye,
 When he therby shall sure obtayne
 The joyes that ever shall remayne ?

Fynis, quod Jhon Thorne.

[BE MERRY, FRIENDS !]

Be merye, frendes, take ye no thowghte,
 For worldlye cares care ye ryght nowghte ;
 For who so dothe, when all ys sowghte,
 Shall see that thowghte awaylethe nowghte ;
 Be mery, frendes !

All suche as have all wealthe at wyll,
 Ther wylles at wyll for to fullfyll,
 From greafe or grudge or anye yll,
 I nede not syng thys them untill,
 Be merye, frendes !

But unto suche as wyshe and wante
 Of worldlye welthe wroghte them so scante,
 That welthe by wurke they can not plante,
 To them I syng at thys instante,
 Be mery, frendes !

And suche as when the rest seme nexte,
Then be they strayte extremelye vexte ;
And suche as be in stormes perplexte,
To those I syng thys shorte swete texte,
Be mery, frendes !

To lawghe and wyn ech man agrees,
But eche man can not lawhe and lese,
Yet lawhyng in the laste of these
Hathe bene alowde of sage decrees ;
Be merye, frendes !

Be merye with sorowe, wyse men sayde,
Whyche saynge beynge wyselye wayde,
Yt seamyth a lesson lyvelye layde,
In thys sayde sens to bee a an eyde ;
Be merye, frendes !

Make ye not too sorowes of wone,
For of wone greefe graffedd alone
To graffe a sorowe ther upon,
A sowrer crabbe we can graffe none ;
Be merye, frendes !

Takyng our sorowes sorowfullye,
Sorowe augmentythe our maladye ;
Takyng our sorowes merylye,
Myrthe salvythe sorowes moste sowndlye ;
Be merye, frendes !

Of greves to cum standyng in fraye,
Provyde defence the best we maye ;
Whyche done, no more to doo or saye,
Cum what cum shall cum, care awaye !
Be merye, frendes !

In suche thynges as wee can not flee,
 But neades they must abydden bee,
 Let contentashyn be decree
 Make vertue of nessessytee ;
 Be merye, frendes !

To lakke or lose that we wolde wyn,
 So that our fawte be not therein ;
 What wo or wante end or begynne,
 Take never sorowe but for syne !
 Be merye, frendes !

In los of freendes, in lakke of healtie,
 In los of goodes, in lakke of welthe,
 Wher lybertee restraynte expelthe,
 Wher all thes lak, yet as thys telthe,
 Be mery, frendes !

Man hardly hath a rycher thyng
 Then honest myrth, the whyche well-spryng
 Watryth thee rootes of rejoytsyng,
 Feedyng the flowers of flooryshynge ;
 Be mery, frendes !

Bee meery in God, saynt Powle sayth playne,
 And yet, sayth he, be mery agayne ;
 Synce whose advyce is not in vayne,
 The fect therof to entertayne,
 Be mery, frendes !

Fynis, quod Master Haywood.

[MY CONSTANCY IN LOVE.]

Yf love for love of long tyme had
 May joyne with joy, and care hens cast.

Then may remembrans make me glad,
 Dayes weekes and yeaeres in all tyme past,¹
 My love hath lovꝝd me so loovyngly,
 And I wyll love her as trewlye !

And as we twayne have lovꝝd and doo,
 So be we fyxyd to love evyn styll ;
 The lawe of love hath made us too
 To wurk to wylles in wone wyll :
 My love wyll love me so loovyngly,
 And I wyll love her as trewlye.

Ye lovers all in present place,
 That long for love contynuall,
 I wysh to you lyke plesant case,
 As ye perseve by me doth fall,
 And yours to love as loovyngly !

Fynis, quod Master Haywood.

[O HEAR ME, LORD, AND GRANT MERCY.]

O Lord, whych art in hevyn on hye,
 And seest the synnes of synners all,
 For grace, O Lord, to the I crye,
 Withowt the whych perysh I shall !
 O here me, Lord, and grawnt mercye !

My syns, O Lord, I can not hyde
 From thy presens ; therefore I crave
 Thy grace in erth to be my guide,
 That thow my synfull sowle mayst save !
 O here me, Lord, and grant mercye !

¹ The above four lines are repeated in the MS. by a clerical error in the preceding song.

No ryghtwysenes in mee doth rayne,
 But synne I knowe and wyckednes;
 Unles thy grace I doo obtayne,
 Dew unto mee is deth endles!
 O, here me, Lord, and grant mercye!

From thi justice, Lord, I apele,
 No sinner in thy syght can stand,
 But thy mercy my sowle may hele,
 The whych I crave, Lord, at thy hand!
 Oh here

Suffer not me, thy creature,
 O Lord! to peryshe in thy syghte!
 Thowe canst make clene that is unpure!
 Clense me, O Lord, a wofull wyght!
 O here me, Lord, and grant mercye!

Alas! good Lord, yf I contende
 By thy justyce my wurkes to trye,
 Then am I damned wythout end
 Fro thy presence eternallye!
 O heere me, Lord, and grant mercye!

O Lord, what woold it profyt the,
 That thou made me to thyne owne lyknes,
 Yf I shoold now condemned be
 To hell, for myne owne wyckednes?
 O here me, Lord, and grante mercye!

O Lord, syth grace so needfull ys
 To mee, poore wretch, with syn infect,
 Let thy mercye exceede justyce,
 That I may be thyne owne elect!
 O here me, Lord, and grant mercye!

But yet, O Lord, in thee I trust,
That as thow hast created mee,
I confessyng my synne unjust,
Thow wylt not cast me of from the !
O here me, Lord, and grant mercye !

Finis quod Myles Huggarde.

[ON LAWFUL LIBERTY.]

Men most desyre, as most men most tymes see,
To banyshe bondage and at lybertee to bee.

Men take lybertee to man, as thyng most plesant,
Whych tale to bee true wee agree to grante,
In case that wee our lyberté do use,
Enbracyng vertu and vyce cleerly refuse.

But yf wee wyll abuse our lybertee,
Then lybertee is mean to bryng captyvytee.

So that lybertee yll usyd or understonde,
Is onlye the thyng that makthe freemen bonde,
As hath bene seene in folke of all degrees,
And dayly is seene, whych syghte ech wyse man sees !

Thys danger done, who wyll lerne to eschewe,
Mark well thys lesson that after doth ensue.

Synce our lyberté use makthe good and yll,
And that lybertee wee wyll desyre styll,
Wysh we to use lyberté in eche thyng
As standeth with the lawes of God and our kynge.

Fynis.

[THIS WORLD IS BUT A VANITY.]

Who shall profoundly way and scan
The unassured state of man,
Shall well perseve by reson than
That where is no stabylytee,
All is subject to vanitee !
Now mortall man, behold and see
This world is but a vanité !

If thou be kyng or emperowre,
Prynce ether lord of myghte and powre,
Thy poore subjectes doo not devowre :
Beware of pryde and cruelté,
Lose not thy fame for vanité !

Yf thou be set to do justice,
Regard vertu and poonysh vyce ;
O ! pres no man, I the advyce ;
Abuse not thyne auctorytee
To vexen poore men for vanité !

Yf thou have landes and goodes grete store,
Consyder then thy charge is more,
Synce thou must make acownt therfore ;
They are not thyne, but lent to the,
And yet they are but vanitee !

If thou be stronge or fayre of face,
Syknes or age doth both dysgrace ;
Then be not proud in any case,
For how can ther more folly bee
Then to be prowde of vanité ?

But yf thow fortune to be poore,
So that thow go fro dore to dore,
Humbly geve thanks to God therfore,
And thynke in thine adversité,
This world &c.

But yf thow have mens sowles in cure,
Thy charge is grete I the ensure ;
In woord and deed thow must be pure :
All vertu must abownd in the,
Thow must exc Chew all vanyté !

Then since ye do perseve right clere,
That all is vayne as doth apeere,
Lerne to bestow, while thow art heere,
Your wyt, your powre, your landes, your fees ;
Lerne to bestow thes vanitees !

Now, fynallye, be not infect
Wyth worly cares, but have respecte
How God rewardth hys tru electe
With most perfyt felycytee,
Fre from all worldly vanité !
Now, mortall man, behold and see
Thys world is but a vanytee !

Fynis, quod Mr. Thorne.

[IN PRAISE OF A GOOD WELCOME.]

Ye be wellcum, ye be wellcum,
Ye be wellcum won by wone ;

Ye be hartely wellcum,
Ye be hartely wellcum everychone !

When freendes lyke freendes do frendlye showe
Unto ech other hye or low,
What cheere encrece of love doth growe,
What better cheere than they to knowe !

Thys is welcum !
To bread or drynke, to flesh or fyshe,
Yet wellcum is the best dysh !

In all our fare, in all our cheere
Of deintye metes, sowght far or nere,
Most fyne most costlye to apeere,
What for all thys, yf all thys geere
Lak thys welcum !
Thys cheere, lo ! ys not wurth won ryshe,
For welcum is the best dyshe !

Where welcum is, thowgh fare be smalle,
Yet honest hartes be plesed withall ;
Where wellcum wanthe, thowghe grete fare fall,
No honest hart content it shall
Wythout welcum ;
For honest hartes do ever wyshe
To have welcum to the best dyshe.

Sum with small fare be not plesed,
Sum with much fare be much dyssested ;
Sum with mene fare be scant apesed,
But of all sums none is dysplesed
To be wellcum !

Then all good chere to acomplyshe,
Wellcum must be the best dyshe.

Yet sum to thys wyll say that they
Without wellcum with mete lyve maye,
And wyth welcum without meate, naye !
Wherefore mete seemth best dyshe, thay saye,
And not wellcum !

But thys vayne sayng to banishe,
We wyll proove wellcum here best dyshe.

Thowgh in sum case, for mannes releafe,
Meate without wellcum may be cheafe ;
Yet wher men cum, as here in preefe,
Much more for love then hoongeris greafe,
Here is wellcum.

Thorowghe all the chere to furnyshe,
Here is wellcum the best dyshe.

What is thys wellcum now to tell ?
Ye are wellcum, ye are cum well,
As hart can wysh youre cummyng fell,
Your cummyng gladth my hart ech dell !

Thys is welcum !
Wherefore all dowtes to relynquishe,
Your wellcum is your best dyshe.

Now as we have in woordes heere spent
Declard the fecte of wellcum ment,
So pray we you to take thentent
Of thys poore dyshe that wee present
To youre wellcum,
As hartely as hart can wysh ;
Your wellcum ys here youre best dyshe !

Finis quod Jhon Haywood.

[AGAINST SLANDER AND SLANDERERS.]

Gar call hym downe,
Gar kall hym downe,
Gar kall hym downe, downe, ey.
God send the faccion
Of all detraccion,
Kall downe and cast awaye !

Allmyghty God
Doth shake hys rod
Of justys on all those,
That uniustlye
Detractivelye
Detract ther frendes or foes.

He telth ech wone,
Thow shalt judge none,
And yf thow judge unbydden,
Thyselfe, sayth he,
Shall judged be !
Thys lesson is not hydden.

To thys now sturd,
Thys is concurde,
Which wylth us in ech dowghte
To deme the best,
That may be gest,
Tyll tyme the trothe trye out.

Knowyng by thys,
That thynke amys
Agaynst no man we may ;

Much more must we
Ill language flee,
And call hyt downe, downe, ey !
Gar call hym downe !

With sword or skayne
To see babes slayne
Abhorth to looke upon !
Attend to mee,
And ye shall see
Murder and sklander one !

Lyke as a knyfe
Berevyth lyfe,
So sklander fame hath slayne ;
And both once doone,
Both alyke soone
May be undoone agayne.

Then what more yll,
Wyth knyfe to kyll,
Then wyth the toonge to styng ?
Wyth knyfe or toonge,
Stryke old or yong,
All in effect one thyng !

Thes woordes ar short,
But they importe
Sentence at length to way ;
Of all whych sens,
To fle th'ofence,
To call them downe, downe, ey !
Gar call hym !

When vyce is sowghte,
All vyce is nowghte,
But sum vyce wurs then sum ;

And eche man sees
Soondry degrees,
In ech vyce selfe doth cum.

Now synce the least
We showld detest
Vyce or degré in vyce ;
Yf in the most
We show our bost,
That showth us most unwyce !

If I in the
Such fawtes once see,
As no man els doth knowe,
To the alone,
And other none,
Those fawtes I owght to showe.

Then of intent
Yf I invent
Falce tales, and them dysplaye ;
That is most vyle,
Whych to excyle
God kalthe yt downe, downe, eye.

Sum cownt no charge
To talk at large
Such yll as they doo here ;
But Godes accownt
Doth not amownt
To take such talkers cleere.

Of work ill wrowghte
When we here owghte,
In tellyng foorth the same,

Though it be true,
The talke may brue
Drynke of damnable blame !

To frame excuse
For toonges mysuse,
We have no maner meane ;
So that by this
No way ther is
Yll tales to cary cleane :

Whych makth me call
Upon you all,
As calyng call you may,
Tales falce or trew,
Meete to eschewe,
To kall them downe, downe, ay.
Gar call hym.

Sklander to feare,
Or to forbeare,
Thys texte standth well in place.
Wo be the toong,
Whereby is sproong
Sklander in any case.

Cryst cryth owt styll,
Say good for yll ;
But we say harme for harme ;
Ye, yll for good
Yll toonges do brood,
Wrath is in them so warme !

To sleke thys fyre
Of sklandrus yre
Repentance must devyse

To set all handes
To quench the brandes
Wyth water of our eies !

Whych brandes then blowe
To make them glowe,
As grace by grace may stay ;
And by resort
Of good report,
Call sklander downe, I say !

Fynis, quod Jhon Heywood.

[AGAINST MALICE AND REVENGE.]

Man, yf thou mynd heven to obtayne,
Bere no males to no wyghte humayne !

Whoever thou hate is good or yll ;
Yf he be good, hate showth the nowght ;
Yf he be yll, and yll shalbe styll,
Wherby at end he hath so wrowght,
That to damnacion he bee browght,
Then charyté showth much more reson
To pitye hys payne, then malyngne hys parson !
Man, yf thou.

If he be nowght to whom thou art foe,
And shall here after so amend,
That he be savid, and thou allso,
Then shall he love the tyme without end !
Then why showldes thou thys tyme pretend
In mallys towards him to persever,
That shall hereafter love the for ever.
Man, yf thou.

By this thow mayst in reson see
To hate the good is wretchednes ;
To hate the yll lakkyth charité ;
To good or yll then bere no malles.
But love the good for ther goodnes,
And for the ill continuallie,
Pray for amendment lovyngly !
Man, yf thow.

Sum wyll perchans objecte to thys,
That good folke wyth good consciens may
Wysh harme to hym that harmfull is,
Wherby the harmles may allway
Unharmd be in quiet stay ;
But of this roote the branches are
Far over long now to declare.
Man, yf thow.

But for breafe end, by myne assent,
All such as be of mene degree
Desyne or devise of ponishment,
Let us remyt to those that be
Joyned therto by auctorytee,
Whos wysdooms do by grace attend
To ponysh the yll, and the good defend.
Man, yf thow.

And wher we suppose ani man in hart
To bee any wurse then wee wold he were,
Let us, I say, set malles apart,
And loovynly fall we to prayer
For hys amendment in thys maner ;
As by our owne fawte we see in deede
Our owne amendment of prayer hath neade !
Man, yf thow.

Fynis, quod Jhon Haywoode.

[KEEP SURE A FAITHFUL HEART.]

Yt hath beene oft both sayde and soonge,
Take heede what wordes do pas the toonge ;
But now say we to olde and yonge,
Take heede what thowghtes in harte ar sproonge,
For of all partes cownt every parte,
No parte comparth to a faythfull harte !

The toong is but an instrument
Onlye to show the hartes entent ;
Except the hart doo fyrst consent,
What good or yll can toong invent ?
Synce in the toonge lyth not that parte,
Be sure to keepe a faythfull hart.

For as the harte is good or yll,
So by the toong apeere yt wyll ;
Yf the hart be good, tong good wyll styll ;
Yf the hart be yll, toong sure wyll kyll ;
Thus yf the hart rule toong ech parte,
Be sure to keepe a faythfull harte.

Yet sumtyme toonges full fayre can glyde,
When hartes full falce from toonges be wyde ;
But what soever hartes do hyde,
By toonges at length it wylbe spyed :
Then is not toong the surest part.
Wherefore keepe sure a faythfull hart.

How oft see wee now in our dayes,
Toonges thowght most sure prove unsure stayes ;
By wyne, or yre, or other wayes,
The clocest hart the toong bewrayes !

Synce daylye playde we see thys parte,
Be sure to keepe a faythfull hart.

Then synce our toonges be nothyng sure,
Except our hartes all pure endure,
And that our hartes beeing all pure,
Our toonges can put none yll in ure ;
Then be wee sure the surest parte
Ys to keepe sure a faythfull hart.

Whych faythfull hartes God grawnt to spryng
In us and all the harts lyvyng ;
But specialy now let us syng
Fyrst unto God and next our kynge,
As we be bowne in thes owr partes,—
God grawnt us all good faythfull hartes !

Fynis quod Master Knyght.

NOTES.

Page 1, line 9, Trycke.] Neat, elegant.

Page 2, line 12, Axe.] One of the many genuine Anglo-Saxon words now considered vulgarisms.

The kynge these thre demandes *axeth*.
To the knight this lawe he taxeth,
That he shall gone and come ageine
The thirde weke, and tell him pleine
To every point, what it amounteth,
And if so be that he miscounteth,
To make in his answer a faile,
There shall none other thyng availe,
The kynge saith, but he shall be deade,
And lese his goodes and his head.

Gower's Confessio Amantis, fol. 1554, f. 25.

For he hath waged me wel,
As Wisdom hym taughte,
And I forgyve hym that gilt
With a good wille,
So that the kyng assente,
I kan seye no better;
For Mede hath me amendes maad,
I may na moore *axe*.

Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 71.

Page 2, line 14, Leese.] To lose. (A.S.)

And as Daniel divined,
In dede it fel after;
The kyng *lees* [*lost*] his lordshipe,
And lower men it hadde.

Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 148.

Page 3, line 22, Feately.] Elegantly. The term occurs in the *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale*.

Page 7, line 3, Hafter.] A deceiver.

For when he goeth to it, he is no *hafter*;

He drinketh dronke for two dayes after.

Doctour Double Ale, n. d.

Page 7, line 20, The bodye of me.] A common exclamation, expressive of astonishment.

Page 8, line 20, Fechys.] Cunning tricks.

Mere *fetches*;

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

King Lear, act ii., sc. 4.

Page 8, line 33, Pash.] To break by striking. "I'll pash him over the face."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

Page 9, line 20, Doth thy stomak serve the to fyght now.] That is, have you any inclination to fight. The phrase is not unusual. "Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you."—*Taming of the Shrew*.

Page 13, line 15, A basse.] A kiss.

Page 15, line 19, The galyard.] A quick and lively dance, introduced into this country about the year 1541. It is alluded to in *Twelfth Night*.

Page 17, line 9, Calat.] A scold, or drab. "Callat of boundless tongue."—*Winter's Tale*.

O good condycyon to her housbonde,

Yf he call her *calat*, she calleth hym knave agayne,

She shyll not dye in his dette.

Cocke Lorelles Bote, Sig. B. i.

Page 18, line 2, Twydylyng.] Forley has, "*Twiddle*, to be busy and bestow seeming pains about the merest trifles. Ex.—What are you *twiddling* about there?"—*Vocabulary of East Anglia*, p. 360. This is undoubtedly the same word used by Redford.

Page 18, line 12, Perseve.] *Peseve*, MS.

Page 19, line 25, Rowte.] Snore.

Page 30, line 4, In such takynge.] Fright, or dilemma. "What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Page 31, line 14, Chyll.] I will. Provincial.

Page 31, line 26, Masterles.] Without a master. The term occurs in *Cymbeline*, act ii., sc. 4.

Page 34, line 3, To avawnce.] To advance; to raise.

Page 35, line 22, Conjecte.] To think; to conjecture. The word occurs in an early edition of Othello, iii., 3, in place of *conceits* in the folio.

Se ye not dayly of all maner estate,
How in the lawe they travers and *conject*.

The Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous, n. d.

Page 36, line 18, Warrantyse.] Warrant, or surety. The term is used in Shakespeare's Henry VI., First Part.

Page 36, line 25, Cumme.] *Cumne*, MS.

Page 37, line 10, Trym.] Neatly. "He that shot so trim."—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Page 37, line 27, Quesye.] Squeamish, sick with nausea. Hence, metaphorically, troubled. Shakesperian commentators have not entered quite fully into the uses of this word, which occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Lear*. "So manie of hir Majesties privie counsell as could in that *quesie* time be assembled."—Holinshed, *Chronicles of Ireland*, p. 136.

Page 38, line 8, Sparlyng.] The smelt was so called, but I do not remember to have seen the term used elsewhere as one of endearment.

Page 39, line 5, Gre.] Agree.—*Merchant of Venice*.

Page 40, line 16, Dysplesant.] Unpleasing. See *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, act i., sc. 1.

Page 41, line 23, Lowted.] This word occurs in 1 Henry VI., incorrectly explained by all editors. See my *Dictionary of Archaisms*, p. 531.

Page 45, line 11, Monyshyd.] Admonished.

Page 53, line 1, To wry.] To turn.—See *Cymbeline*.

Page 55, line 12, Hey nony nonye.] It is scarcely necessary to observe this is a burden in a song in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Page 59, line 8, I bare the pryce.] Excelled, bore away the prize.

Sche seyde, y have welle sped,
That soche a lorde hath me wedd,
That *beryth the pryce* in prees.

MS. Cantab., Ff. ii. 33, f. 82.

Page 59, line 12, Provde.] *Prove*, MS.

Page 62, line 4, Grownd.] Burden.

Page 63, line 5, To-rent.] Tear in pieces. (A.S.)

Page 63, line 7, Peelde.] Pilled, bald. It seems to be used here as a term of contempt.

Page 64, line 6, Sumtyme.] This line appears to have been left unfinished.

Page 64, line 12, By thes ten bones.] This, of course, alludes to the fingers of the speaker. "By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour."—2 *Henry VI*.

Page 64, line 29, Nest.] Company. "A nest of traitors."—*Winter's Tale*, act ii., sc. 3.

Page 65, line 8, The hunt ys up] This was the name of the song or tune used for waking hunters in the morning. "Hunts-up to the day."—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Page 65, line 21, Expulce.] To expel. Shakespeare uses the term in the First Part of *Henry VI*.

Page 68, line 18, Persever.] This fine old word, the accent, of course, on the second syllable, should never be lost sight of by our editors.

Page 70, line 11, Woode.] Mad.

Page 71, line 5, Drave me.] "A troubled mind drave me to walk."—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Page 71, line 25, To-brast.] Burst in pieces.

Page 72, line 9, Which I.] An unnecessary alteration is made here in the original manuscript.

Page 74, line 7, Fair words make fools fain.] This poem was written by Edwards, and is printed in the "Paradise of Dayntie Devises." The variations between the copies are very trifling.

Page 75, line 1, Tickle.] Uncertain; inconstant. "Stands on a tickle point."—2 *Henry VI*.

Page 77, line 18, Bringe.] *Brange*, MS.

Page 78, line 5, Fautyng.] Committing faults.

Page 78, line 22, Remove them.] Originally, *must take in*.

Page 80, line 5, Lyther.] Wicked. (A. S.)

Page 80, line 19, Long have I.] There is another copy of this song in MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv, which is printed in Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, i., 70. It contains many variations from the version here printed.

Page 80, line 27, Rangyth.] *Reignethe*, Cotton. MS

Page 81, line 2, Above all partes.] The next stanza in the Cottonian MS. fol. 141, is as follows,—

Of all our partes, if anye jarre,
Blame not the meane, beinge songe trewe;
The meane must make, it maye not marre;
Lackinge the meane, our mirth adewe!
Thus showthe the meane not meanelie well,
Yet dothe the meane in this excell.

It should be observed that in the Cottonian manuscript this song is attributed to Heywood, but the MS. here printed is, I suspect, a better authority on that point, and it is there ascribed to Redford.

Page 81, line 17, Sealde.] Seldom. The word is used by Shakespeare in *Troilus and Cressida*.

Page 86, line 25, All a grene wyllow.] This is perhaps the earliest song with the willow burden, a chorus immortalized by Shakespeare in *Othello*. The following copy of the later song is taken from MS. Addit. 15117, in the British Museum, written about the year 1633.

The poore soule sate sighinge by a sickamore tree,

Singe willo, willo, willo;

With his hand in his bosom, and his heade upon his knee,

O willo, willo, willo!

O, willo, willo, willo, willo, shalbe my gareland!

Singe all a greene willo,

Willo, willo, willo!

Aye me, the greene willo must be my gareland.

He sight in his singinge and made a greate moane. singe &c.

I am deade to all pleasure, my trewe love he is gone, &c.

The mute bird sate by hym was made tame by his moanes, &c.

The trewe teares fell from hym would have melted the stones. singe &c.

Com all you forsaken and mourne you with mee,

Who speakes of a false love, mynes falsen then shee. singe &c.

Let love no more boast her in pallas nor bower;

It buds, but it blastethe ere it be a flowere. singe &c.

Thowe faire and more false, I dye wth thy wounde;

Thowe hast lost the truest lover that goes upon the ground! singe &c.

Let nobody chyde her, her scornes I approve;

Shee was borne to be false, and I to dye for love. singe &c.

Take this for my farewell and latest adewe;

Write this on my tombe, that in love I was trewe. singe &c.

Page 88, line 13, Behowlde.] The tune of Queen Dido was formerly a great favourite, and Mr. Collier considers this to be the original ballad.

Page 96, line 19, In good quarte.] In great joy.

Page 98, line 10, Name.] *Ame*, MS.

Page 99, line 3, Pyghte.] Prepared. Literally, placed, fixed. It

occurs in *King Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*: "found him pight to do it."

Page 100, line 10, Acheve.] Originally written *achyve*.

Page 101, line 6, And.] Originally written *the*.

Page 102, line 14, Rejoyse.] *Rejose*, MS.

Page 104, line 13, Be merye, frendes.] A modernized copy of this ballad, printed about the year 1600, is printed in Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 135.

Page 106, line 4, Make vertue of nessessytee.] This is a very old proverb, and is not obsolete.

Are you content to be our general,
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv., sc. 1.

Page 106, line 15, Be mery.] The five concluding stanzas of the modernized ballad take the place of the two last ones of that here printed; and I give them, were they merely to afford an example of Sly's phrase, "let the world slide," in *Taming of the Shrew*, induction.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy's man's without a shirt,
And never comes to maim or hurt.
Be merry, friends.

All seasons are to him the Spring,
In flowers bright and flourishing,
With birds upon the tree or wing,
Who in their fashion alway sing
Be merry, friends.

If that thy doublet has a hole in,
Why, it can keep the less thy soule in,
Which rangeth foorth beyond controuling,
Whilst thou hast nought to do but trolling,
Be merry, friends.

Be merry in God, St. Paule saith plaine:
Be merry in God, I say again,
And let not his advice be vain;
Or, if thou wilt, thou cannot complain.
Be merry, friends!

Let the world slide, let the world go:
 A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
 If I cant pay, why, I can owe;
 And death makes equall the high and low.
 Be merry, friends!

Page 107, line 2, All tyme.] A duplicate version of this line in the MS. reads *sorrowes*.

Page 111, line 6, But yf thow.] The arrangement of the stanzas in this poem in the MS is somewhat obscure, and may be interpreted in two ways. Following one series of directions, the present stanza would be the fourth.

Page 111, line 13, Thow.] This word is not in the MS.

Page 111, line 16, Infect.] Infected, tainted. So in Troilus and Cressida,—

And in the imutation of these twain,
 Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice, many are infect.

Page 112, line 5, Cheere.] Qu. *cleere*?

Page 112, line 10, Fare.] *Faree*, MS.

Page 112, line 29, Then all good, &c.] Originally thus,—
 Wherefore all doubtes to relinquish.

Page 114, line 2, Gar.] To cause, or make.

Page 115, line 5, Skayne.] A kind of scimitar.

Page 118, line 27, Him to persever.] His to persever, MS.

Page 121, line 6, Ure.] Use. It is occasionally used for luck or fortune.

And some men are so prone to steale, I thinke
 It is as nat'rall as their meate and drinke;
 They are borne to't, and cannot doe withall,
 And must be filching still, whate'r befall,
 A wispe of rushes, or a clod of land,
 Or any wadde of hay that's next to hand,
 They'l steale, and for it have a good excuse,
 They doe't to keepe their hands in *ure* or use.

Taylor's Workes, fol. 1630, ii., 123.

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